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War 10.37



1944-57

THE
ARMY AND NAVY
MAGAZINE.

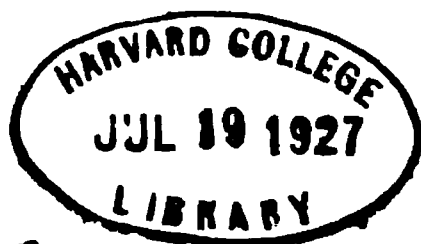
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THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1886.

The Nation in Arms.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LIEUT.-COL. BARON VON DER GOLTZ.

(Continued from page 542, Vol. XII.)

INSEPARABLE from the consideration of marches and transport is that of quarters. The soldier who, after a fatiguing march, finds good quarters, rapidly recovers himself, and gains strength for the following day; whilst, bivouacking in the open field, exposed to wind and weather, he would, perhaps, have become incapable of continuing his march. A prudent regard paid to quartering the troops is the best means of counteracting the losses caused by the march. We have now arrived at a pitch of civilisation that has disaccustomed us to regard the wood as our night-quarters and the moon as our sun.

If the troops, immediately on the outbreak of hostilities, bivouacked in camps, they would soon be destroyed, without having recourse to battle for this purpose. Let us only reflect, how much our troops suffered during the first rainy days of August 1870. Bivouacking in the open must, of course, when circumstances demand, not be avoided; but it is and remains a misfortune. In the future attention will be paid to bringing the troops, as far as possible, and for as long a time as possible, under roof. Especially is this indispensable at the commencement of a campaign, when much in the organisation must shake into place, and when the greater part of the soldiers only begin by degrees to accustom themselves again to a military life.

The worst quarters are always better than the best bivouac. But bad quarters are also a bad thing for the condition of the

army. To avoid them is in no wise the result of effeminated habits, but the command of very prudent considerations.

He who has seen war, knows how rapidly, in a place over which a living stream of soldiery pours, the means of existence become exhausted. The shops are emptied or are closed, the supplies disappear, and their importation ceases. A wide distribution of the men is therefore necessary. The affluence, occupation, and mode of life of the inhabitants regulates this. In the open country, where only agriculture is engaged in, as a rule one man's billet is reckoned for every soul, if quarters shall be comfortable. In the case of manufacturing towns, industrial villages, mining districts, and larger towns, an exception must, of course, be made. Berlin, with its million of inhabitants, would never be able to accommodate 1,000,000 soldiers, whilst a tolerably well-built village can shelter even more than its population. Under ordinary circumstances, an army corps needs on the average eight to ten square miles of country. That is exactly the square of the length which it takes up on the march, without its train.

Bivouacking in the open certainly makes it easy to set the resting masses again in motion. A quarter of an hour after the order has been issued, it can commence. If they can be allowed to form in a broad front so that it will not be necessary to thread in a marching column, the saving of time will be considerable. The troops gradually arriving from scattered districts would be obliged to first form for such a purpose. In bivouacking, too, the marches to and from the quarters are saved. But only under specially pressing circumstances are the disadvantages hereby removed.

To the latter belongs that troops in camp are much more readily discovered by the enemy and their strength ascertained, than those lying in quarters. When the night is dark, the reflection of great bivouac fires can be seen many miles distant. By daylight, especially towards evening, from a sufficient height, the smoke can be descried a like distance.* And yet only in exceptional cases must troops be prohibited from making fires, if they are not to suffer intensely.

Napoleon allowed the "great army" in the year 1812, when advancing from the Vistula to the Niemen, to bivouac incessantly—hence the rapid forward movement of his masses of troops, but also their great losses on march. The opposite mistake was made

* From the Church-tower of Pitteiviers, at the end of November 1870, when the sun was near the horizon, the smoke of the great French camp at Gidy and Cercottes, before Orleans, could be discerned, although five German miles distant.

in 1806 on the retreat of the Prussian army, when the troops were distributed at such great distances among villages and towns in order to provision them, that the marches were intensely increased, and the night's rest was lost. The old tents have been entirely abandoned, because they either much increase the baggage of the army, or encumber the individual soldier too much.

In these days, accordingly, as soon as the operations are in full swing, there is only one kind of quartering; that is as follows: as soon as the day's march is at an end, the troops are distributed among all accessible places, with total indifference as to whether by this means rules are broken and all statistics and authenticated proofs utterly disregarded. In every village each company accommodates itself as it best can. He who cannot find quarters remains in the open, builds himself a hut of bushes or straw, and finds even shelter under garden walls against which doors, boards, &c. are leant. For this kind of war-lodging the name *ortschaftslager* has been invented, which may be retained as being very descriptive.

In olden times camps were considered requisite for the safety of the recumbent troops. It was believed to be otherwise impossible to draw them up sufficiently quickly in case of an attack made by the enemy. Quarters were always conceived of as being very scattered. But since the art of packing closely together in the houses has been learnt, and the disarrangement of the ordinary order of battle a matter of no consequence, the fear is groundless. It is at variance with the simplest rules dictated by practicability to encamp in the proximity of a village and then to occupy it quickly in the event of an attack being made by the enemy. It is better to quarter oneself there at once. In the village, watchfulness and readiness for combat can be quite as well observed as in the open. The separate divisions of the troops lie together in great buildings and farm-houses. Each body can find its whereabouts at the proper time, prepare for defence, and arrange for it in every way. Then, so soon as the enemy appears, all will be ready earlier than it would be the case had the troops bivouacked in the open and then in perfect darkness entered the village to defend it. Only the precaution must be observed that the troops must from the first be quartered according to certain tactical dispositions; that is, each must lie in that part of the place which he must, in case of need, defend. Even at the times of great decisions, when considerable masses are concentrated within a very narrow compass, and straw and bush-huts cannot be quite avoided, as many troops as possible will be placed in the neighbouring villages. The advantage of this quartering

does not alone consist in the fact that the troops are resting in shelter from the bad weather, but also in the fact that they find cooking appliances, which facilitate the preparation of their food. This is, in the open, and with incomplete appliances, always difficult; and when the wind is strong quite impossible. The dust upon the sand-fields of the Mark makes sometimes, even in peace-manceuvres, all that is cooked uneatable. Moreover, in the most densely-packed places there can always be found a welcome addition to the supplies furnished by the columns and provision-waggon. Accordingly the advantage of better food is also combined with the advantage of quarters. In the winter campaign, 1870-71, the German troops even did not hesitate, even during the battles, to seek night-quarters in the villages and farms lying close to their posts. This was the case at Beaugency, at Le Mans, and on the Lisaine. Even should a body of troops be for once surprised and suffer losses, as at Beaugency, yet this disadvantage is as nothing compared with that which results to the troops when, out of apprehension for such disasters, they are allowed to bivouac permanently in the open. The worse the time of year and the weather, the more necessary will it be to encamp in the villages (*ortschaftslager*) even in crowded quarters. A few nights unnecessarily spent in the open are on a par with the effects of an unfavourable battle, and at all events worse than night-marches. The most difficult thing will always be, of course, to stable the horses, especially those of great masses of cavalry. The horses and men of the columns and trains find certain shelter with the waggon.

Every body of troops, which has a place assigned to it as quarters, is naturally jealous of its temporary right of possession, and regards the uninvited or the trespassing guest askance. As it is practical in every large place to distribute the various quarters among the different troops, so must from head-quarters the various authorities be exactly instructed as to the ground they are to occupy; conflicts otherwise are unavoidable. In matters affecting quarters and commissariat, selfishness is the rule. Thus the commander-in-chief for the army corps, the general commanding a division for his division, the corps artillery, the trains and columns mark out certain *rayons* within which they may severally spread themselves out. But here it is not sufficient merely to define boundaries, but it is necessary to add to which body the places situate within them shall belong.

The form that the *rayons* shall have is dependent upon circumstances. It is essential to know what is next going to happen. Whilst in motion, long narrow strips of land of the depth of the

columns on march, on either side of the main road, are best chosen. The troops are "echeloned" upon it, to use military language. It is also quite correct when the hindmost troops of an army corps are quartered three miles from the extreme van; for they require this distance, in order to be able to join on to the marching column as soon as a start is made.* How far it is allowable to spread out right and left, depends upon the situation of the roads and villages. If a deviation of more than a mile from the main road were made, and then the particular body of troops were the next morning required to move back to the road, a full second day's march would be expected of it, and it would probably be better to get the requisite room for quarters further ahead. Seldom will the troops go further afield than half-a-mile from the main road. In this case, certainly, the space necessary for comfortable quarters is not attained, but the quarters will, all the same, be sufficient for a single night. If a halt is made, or if a longer stay is proposed, the troops can spread further. For this latter purpose a square or circular form is best for the *rayons*, in the middle of which the head-quarters are best stationed, as then the communication with all parts is easiest. The same thing is done when, on the spot, a defence is to be organised, because it is essential to be able to concentrate the troops rapidly.

In the several villages all three arms will mix together, in order to make proper use of the existing houses and stables. But it immediately follows that the normal order of march, in which the whole movement has been begun, cannot be for long maintained. According to the position of the quarters, within the larger unities smaller groups of all three arms are formed, viz. within the army corps and the divisions the brigades with some cavalry and several batteries, which are also combined for the march. Only the corps artillery the commanding general will prefer to keep out of the confusion and allow to follow in a compact body.

But even here unnecessary marches of the several parts must be, as far as possible, avoided; for every movement entails an expenditure of strength, as an engagement does. The endeavour to restore the original tactical disposition of all normal unities must never be given up; but it is necessary to cleverly discern the opportunities, when this can be done without imposing extra exertion upon the troops engaged.

In this sketch of marches and quarters, I have not taken into consideration movements of troops across large barren tracts, such

* The trains and columns look for their shelter further back.

as, for instance, Napoleon passed through in 1812. Housing here will be an impossibility ; to say nothing of food-supplies from the villages occupied by the troops. Camps must be resorted to, but in consequence of the inclement climate of the inhospitable country their effect upon the troops is worse. Hence it is necessary to consider here how far unusual means of shelter, tents that have been discarded, or, where a longer halt is made, barracks on a great scale, can be utilised.* As they must live much more entirely upon the provisions they carry with them, than they would do in a fruitful and thickly-populated country, the provision-waggons must not follow at the rear of the marching columns. Otherwise, upon the bad roads, they would only seldom reach the head of the column, and then never at the proper time. Some parts of the commissariat must be attached to the troops and wedged in between them. Similar deviations from the usual order occur under such circumstances much more often than is advisable.

In the dispositions for the march and the quartering of the troops, the care, cleverness, and experience of commanders, and especially of the general staff, is pre-eminently shown. In war there is much more marching done than fighting. All the more necessary is it, therefore, to devote all possible trouble to lessening the difficulties attendant upon the march.

Now that we have studied the manner of moving troops, it is next fitting to examine their employment in the ever-changing purposes of war. But for this purpose an examination of both so-called prime forms of battle is first necessary.

7.—Attack and Defence.

“ Offensive or defensive ” was ever a favourite subject with war theorists, for the question, which form of operation of the two is the stronger, is quite as attractive as various ways of answering it, according to the thousand circumstances which we presuppose. Clausewitz says: “ The defensive form of war-waging is in its nature stronger than the offensive.” Blume maintains: “ The strategic offensive is the more effective form of warfare.” Treatises upon this subject sound for the most part as though attack and

* It will be necessary to provide for the material for building barracks being stored in large quantities close to the station where the troops are unloaded on the frontier, as well as in the fortresses, because it is important just in the first days of the war not to allow the troops to suffer ; but, on the other hand, a conglomeration of men ensues which makes bivouacking in the open otherwise unavoidable.

defence were exclusively a matter of free choice on the part of the combatants. Instead thereof, this is hardly ever the case. Circumstances will from the first assign to the one side the offensive, to the other the defensive. It is, accordingly, much more important to study the peculiar demands of both forms, rather than to make a comparison between their inherent advantages and disadvantages. It is doubtful whether, altogether, it is correct or not to attempt a comparison.

As a rule *strategical and tactical offensive*, and *strategical and tactical defensive* are distinguished from each other. At the bottom, both species are the same. The strategical offensive denotes attacks generally, both movement and battle, which are directed to the end of defeating the enemy. The tactical offensive embraces only the attacking conduct on the individual battle-field. It is the apex where the strategical attack ends. Strategical defence consists in repelling on a great scale; tactical, the warding off of the attack in the position we have chosen. Though the nature of the case may not justify the difference, yet it is often convenient to use names, in order to be able to shortly state which special act of attack or defence is intended.

A modern writer has rightly pointed out that the historical offensive must precede the strategical. The same is true of the defensive. The latter will in most cases depend upon a general repelling, the former upon an aggressive attitude of the nation.

The historical is, of course, the starting point, the military, that is attached thereto, having been already granted. No one marvelled that the Turks in 1877 adopted from the first a defensive attitude. Certainly no one ever thought for a moment of strategical motives, but accepted the fact as something quite natural, because Turkey had entered upon a stage of historical development, in which the defensive was alone possible; whilst Russia, driven violently forward by the idea of Panslavism, was naturally forced to attack. Accordingly, even before the war, the historical standpoint dictates to the belligerent the manner in which he must wage the war. States, both historically and politically offensive, seek the objects of their aim beyond their own frontier, and must accordingly act on the offensive. The state that has arrived at self-satisfaction, naturally acts on the defensive.

Exceptions are possible. Military misunderstandings may compel a power ordinarily aggressive to act temporarily on the defensive. All states that are ceaselessly striving to escape from narrow limits to more extended ones, pass through epochs in which they see themselves confronted by a combination of foes, and are obliged

to confine themselves to the defensive. Such times has Rome, and such times has Prussia experienced.

The case, that both parties take the offensive, is only conceivable in the case of a war between two equally strong states, and which have a like military organisation. A difference of a few days in the preparedness for war, forces in these modern times that belligerent, who is in arrear, to take the defensive.

Napoleon I. by his bold and rapid aggressive wars established the opinion that the preference should undoubtedly be given to the offensive. The progress that fire-arms of all kinds have made since those days, makes now the opposite appear correct from a tactical point of view. Since a strategical offensive is, as we shall later demonstrate, only practicable when in combination with a tactical offensive, the disadvantage which is inherent in this latter form would make its effect felt in the strategical also.

According to this, the party upon whom a defensive is enjoined by all the circumstances, being at the same time the passive part, must at once reap the advantage. This internal contradiction would show that the idea of the greater strength of the defensive is, in spite of all that may be said, born of deception.

True that in action in these days the defender sweeps the field clean with his weapons of precision within a thousand *metres* of his lines. A broad deadly zone, ten times as broad as was formerly the case in the days of the smooth-bore rifles, must be passed by the attacker. The protection that the terrain, walls, and artificial means of strengthening his position afford—all these are of advantage to the defender. He is at rest and prepared for the attack. His fire can be unceasingly vomited by the iron mouths of his cannon, whilst the attacker must often desist from firing, in order to move forward under the most trying circumstances. In so doing, besides the loss and the danger, he must also bear the fatigue. In the defence, things are simpler. The command can rest entirely in the supreme authorities; within the army not nearly so many separate commanders will be in activity. The providing of the troops with ammunition, the bringing up of the existing reserves will be easier, as only a definite line is asserted; the troops are, moreover, not detached on an advance, split up and confused together; directions are not changed, and on one side the attack is not stopped, and on the other renewed with redoubled vigour, such as offensive action always entails.

Besides, beyond the tactical province the defensive is sure of some advantages. The commissariat, the bringing up of reserves of men and horses, and supplies of all sorts, is less risky, because

the army is not far from its resources, frequently returns to them, and the lines of communication are not, as in the case of the offensive, continuously lengthened. In the case of the defensive, more strength is put forth, in so far as the combatant on the defensive can employ many troops, which the attacker is not capable of bringing up. On the side of the defender, the garrisons of fortresses, which are within the theatre of war, are of great service. They attract the forces of the enemy, be it only to observe them. The attacker cannot bring up his own fortress-garrisons, because he must not leave these strongholds without guard, and must also have before his mind the possibility of a repulse. Besides, garrison troops are, for the most part, unsuited for offensive service in the enemy's country. The defender can employ forces of this sort in hilly country or in fortresses. He is even aided by public levies to arms, which the attacker cannot for his purposes set in motion. The citizen and the peasant of advanced years take up arms to defend their own hearths, but not to assist an army which has penetrated into the enemy's country to extend its conquests.

It is correct to say that the attacker must reckon upon more losses and exertion than the other. He is subjected to this great disadvantage, that his absolute strength is, as he progresses, weakened to a much greater proportion than that of his opponent, the defender.

Firstly, the attacker enters the enemy's country and must occupy it. He must penetrate through a more or less complicated system of frontier fortresses, must besiege a number of them, or must permanently watch them. Both entail expenditure of forces. As he penetrates further, his lines of communication are lengthened and are rendered more unfavourable. The army daily needs more small garrisons at its back, in order to ensure its base of operations; and the bringing up of the reserve drafts of men becomes, in like measure, more difficult. Armies acting on the offensive melt like fresh snow in spring. The frontier is passed with hundreds of thousands, and only with thousands after the lapse of a few months is the war being prosecuted in the heart of the enemy's country. Napoleon, who, in October 1805, appeared on the theatre of war in Germany with 200,000 men, was, in spite of his excellent way of economising strength, only able on the 2nd December to collect 80,000 for the decisive struggle at Austerlitz.

And then, again, it will be difficult for the attacker to keep alive the old enthusiasm. The object seems attained after the first battles, and the advantage won. The necessity of having

ever to employ fresh strength and resources in order to keep the successes going, and to retain what has been won, is only difficult to bring home to those who have to make the sacrifices. The defender is in quite a different position. If the enemy presses forward and keeps coming nearer, and the danger becomes more apparent, new sources are opened to him. Extraordinary measures, in order to get recruits, arms, and money, are justified by the situation. From reverses at first, material strength may, —when a proud and strong nation is at its back—accrue to the defence. The Northern States during the great rebellion, and France in the second half of the last war, furnish remarkable instances.

Yet to counter-balance all these advantages, the attack possesses, in a much higher degree than the defence, the capability of setting in motion all the intellectual and moral forces of the army. This capability explains how it happens that it has all the triumphs on its side. The attacker proceeds from the first in greater consciousness of the object in view. He chooses a certain aim, and his intellectual exertions are thus guided into a certain groove. In like manner the force of circumstances makes his intellect fertile. Much is gained merely by the fact that the attack is productive of more energy than the defence; for, of two opponents equal in other respects, the more energetic will be the victor.

The defender awaits the thrust in order to parry it. He must observe the enemy, and regulate his action by the action of the other. It is impossible for him to feel the same impulse as the other. Therefore, the attacker becomes the party that controls the movements, and the feeling of having to perform such a rôle communicates itself rapidly and certainly to the masses, and does wonders. The bearing of an army which is pressing forward is wondrously different from that of a retreating or even of an awaiting army. The spirit of enterprise is aroused, and the attack gives it a scope quite different from that of the defence. The former sets in motion far more active factors. We know that the field marshal only lays down general directions. The inferior commanders are called upon to follow the encouragement that has been given them for spontaneous action, and to make use of it. *Every one of them, even the most inferior, can be a chief actor in the drama, as soon as chance puts him into a decisive place.* A line of defence a mile in length may be in general admirably chosen, and yet may have a weak place. He who throws his force upon it, to him belongs the honour of the day. By the sense of this possibility,

the aggressive army has always the greater dash. With the number of co-operating forces, the number of chances of success is increased. A point, where the defenders' line has been pierced, acts as a magnet for all the parts of the attacking army not otherwise engaged. Like as waters rush thither, where a dam has been broken, in order to widen the opening, so do here the waves of combatants dash to the spot, where a bold thrust has made the first breach. Success in attack is besides of double importance. A successful defence only proves that the enemy was at the moment not stronger, but the lucky attack shows that the attacker is actually the stronger.

Psychological moments in war have quite as much force as material ones. Let us only conceive of a situation in which danger is apprehended, without our knowing when it will occur, and of the position of an army that, acting on the defensive, awaits the onslaught of the enemy. The defensive lacks the impulsive element. It fetters its forces instead of increasing them; it easily forces upon the soldier the feeling that the army and its commanders are controlled by circumstances, and do not rather control them. And this feeling is not dispelled by energetic action. In every defence the consciousness that the result can only be good, if the whole line can be successfully asserted, is disquieting. It is of no avail to successfully assert oneself on five-sixths of it, if the enemy crushes the sixth part. Nay, it is even quite sufficient for him only as a result to gain a flank, where he can break up the whole line. On the 18th August 1870, it was at last only a few battalions, which, after having succeeded in turning the right flank of the enemy, who had the whole day until the evening held his ground with a front a mile in extent, and, in conjunction with the forces storming the front, in destroying a small part of the right wing of the French position, decided the battle. *A disastrous difference is this; that the defender is only victorious when he is victorious at all points; while the attacker triumphs if he gains the upper hand in a single spot.*

In this truth, which declares against the tactical defensive, so often praised as being advantageous, more than against the strategical, is contained also the reason that the defence of rivers and chains of hills has hardly ever succeeded for any length of time. Neither the Danube nor the Rhine have impeded armies. The isolation of each detachment of troops placed at probable points of passage is dangerous. But still more must be the conviction that each one is lost as soon as one of its neighbours retires too precipitately. The "seasonable retreat" is in a certain way praise-

worthy, as it weakens the energy of the opponent. The poet, who makes generals after a defeat quarrel together as follows—"Yours fled first," "No one held his ground, the flight was universal," "No, Sir; it began on your wing!"—had a defensive battle with an extended front before his eyes.

In the defence of the Balkans, in the winter of 1878, at the only place where a brave resistance was made, the defender met with a catastrophe. Jomini calls mountains "insurmountable impediments which, however, are always surmounted."

Even though, as Clausewitz asserts, the defence *per se* may be the stronger form, and the weaker side may occasionally avail itself of it with advantage, in order, supported by the terrain and artificial means, to attain at all events the more modest aim of repelling the foe, yet *the greater living force dwells in the attack*. The task of the attacker has certainly been rendered more difficult within the last decade. The greatest exertions will be required to crush decisively the masses of troops which the defender will in future bring into the field, and who await the attacker, possibly in a safe position under the guns of their fortresses, right and left of his path. The commander-in-chief must be more cautious in weighing everything, but more daring than hitherto. Dash, or the attempt to turn the enemy's flank, will not alone suffice in the future. By taking the initiative in movements combined with engagements, in order to deceive the enemy by independent great artillery battles and by a rapid transplantation of troops from one point to another, the battles must be arranged beforehand and then fought out in the most daring situations. Where hitherto five or six army corps have kept the front engaged, whilst one threw itself upon the flank, and this sufficed, in the decisive wars of the future this will, perhaps, be reversed. The next war will doubtless bring episodes of the co-operation of all forces in a manner older campaigns have no notion of.

Yet this will alter nothing in the general views respecting attack and defence. For it is dependent upon internal, and not external motives; upon reasons which spring from the secret of human nature. *All impediments in his way will awake in the assailant new ideas and new vigour, will sharpen his mind, and enhance his love of enterprise; and thus will, although they demand much of him, give him back more in return. Happy the belligerent who is by fate destined to play the part of assailant.*

The object of all war, the crushing of the enemy's forces, can, after all, only be attained by attack. The partisans of the defensive also always maintain that it can only be temporarily main-

tained, that at last the defender also must begin to attack, and answer the thrust he has parried by a thrust in return, and that he must ever have this before his eyes. That is to say, in other words, that the defender will also be attacker, and only awaits the time when he will be able to take the offensive with prospect of success. This is an acknowledgment that defence is not entitled to be considered an independent form of waging war; it is, after all, only an episode. No one asserts that a man who has been attacked and has warded off the blows which were intended for him has been engaging in a fight. In like manner, it cannot be correctly said of the defender that he is waging war; he rather suffers one. To wage war is identical with attacking.

We proceed to explain, after this general consideration of the subject, the conditions for a successful issue of the attack.

Certain it is that attack demands the greatest expenditure, whether it be in physical or moral force, or in intelligence. It demands, accordingly, where a numerical superiority of a nearly like quality does not exist, an army of an internal excellence, which can alone withstand a high degree of strain. Inefficient armies, be they ever so great in numbers, cannot be entrusted with certain tasks. Among them, for instance, the taking of strongly defended fortresses, which do not allow of being avoided or being taken by stratagem. Such places can only be stormed by very brave and adroit troops, such as have been properly trained for battle. When these are wanting, it is, as a rule, of little avail to renew the attack with fresh troops, seeing that each single shock is of little weight, and none will break through the resistance. A vigorous assault will always attain more than ten feeble ones, even though they follow immediately one upon another. The assaults of the French upon the position of the Lisaine, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th January 1871 afford numerous proofs of this.

Since, again, in an attack now-a-days, very much depends upon the subordinate commanders, it follows that only an army that possesses a thoroughly experienced, intelligent, and brave corps of subaltern officers, all trained for independent action, can be successful in the offensive. The thirst for deeds must animate all its limbs. As the absolute power of the attack is from the first moment in constant decrease, it follows that a very well organised system of reinforcements is one of the necessary conditions of the offensive. Reinforcements for the armies must ever be in readiness, and good reinforcements, all capable of fulfilling the

ever more arduous tasks of the attack. Armies, accordingly, that have enjoyed careful training in time of peace, as well as a strict national military system, are conditions precedent to the rôle of assailant. Only the first-named can create the requisite intense energy, and the second give sufficient material for maintaining this energy.

Rapidity and continuity of action are the elements of the attack. No halt may be dreamt of before the object has been attained. Interruption is, on this account, dangerous; because it ensues upon unusual exertion, and always entails relaxation. It is difficult, during the operations, to renew an attack which has once come to a standstill; and in battle almost impossible, in case reinforcements do not arrive. So that, on the one side, more flows in than on the other is lost by the stoppage of the strain. Only the certain prospect of considerable reinforcements will accordingly justify a voluntary halt in the midst of the onslaught. In the face of unassailable positions the most daring attempts at turning and threatening the enemy are better than waiting for a favourable opportunity. Otherwise the attacker will become the attacked; for the courage of the defender must necessarily wax greater, as soon as he perceives that the assailant does not dare to attack him. Further, it is the interest of the attacker not to bring the battle to an issue in the place where the defender has prepared for it. It must ever be his aim to transfer it to other fields—that is, by his own movability to force the defender into motion, in which the offensive, from the essence of its whole nature, has the upper hand.

A rapid attack entails, generally, a less expenditure of strength, although the latter may for a few short periods be more intense than ordinarily. Rapidity especially assists the tactical offensive. Frederick the Great teaches thus in his *General Principles of War*: “Therefore, the livelier the attacks are, the fewer people do they cost.”

The gradual flagging in the energy of the attack demands, moreover, the greatest economy with the combatant forces. Therefore the attack must, at the same time, ever have only a single object in view, and must, for the while, leave the rest out of count. All physical and moral energy belongs to the attainment of one single object. Whilst the tactical offensive is being carried out, it is necessary to be perfectly clear as to this: that everything must primarily be staked upon gaining the undisputed mastery at the given point of assault, so that the enemy will no longer be able so far to recover himself as to make good there his ill-fortune.

That done, only then must other successful work be looked for. In the case of the strategical offensive, it is necessary to employ unswervingly the whole force upon the destruction of those masses of troops, whose defeat will, it is believed, ensure for the time, at all events, the mastery of the situation.

But the choice of the object is in the strategical attack regarded also in quite another connection. It will be necessary to ask ourselves whether it is possible to finish the whole business of the war, upon which we are engaged, at a single stroke, or whether it is not better to divide it up, and to contemplate several objects successively, and thus to a certain extent to undertake not merely one but several strategical attacks; all which, however, can very well tend towards one single grand and final object. The extension of the single strategical attack, must be carefully calculated according to the means at disposal. A wise limitation is here the first virtue of a commander-in-chief. This virtue was lacking in Napoleon in the year 1812, and this deficiency led to his defeat. The continuation of the offensive from Smolensk to Moscow, in the second half of August 1812, was a most hazardous enterprise. This last decisive part of his operations ought to have been the object of a new special campaign in the winter of 1813, and the winter should have been given up to making preparations for it. Napoleon over-estimated the strength of his genius when he endeavoured to finish the whole business without pause in one single campaign. On the other hand, Alexander, in his conquest of Asia, proved himself a master of limitation, in determining beforehand the single parts of his military operations, whilst in general taking within range the furthest objects which it were possible to attain. In the systematic conquest of the coast of Asia Minor, and in the occupation of Egypt, before beginning his march into the interior, he showed his genius in its fullest development. He covered his rear, reinforced his army, gained possession of great maritime forces, and then turned his face towards the unknown East. Thus did he save himself from Xenophon's fate, and on this very account did the cunning and prudent Romans call him the sole great man among all strangers. The same moderate limitation was displayed by the German military authorities when they, in 1870-71, during the siege of Paris, stopped the extension of the offensive in the French provinces, in order, before doing anything else, to subdue the capital, and to make perfectly sure of this success. "The general circumstances of the case render it necessary only to continue the pursuit of the enemy after a victory as far as is requisite

for the purpose of crushing his troops generally, and making it impossible for them to reconcentrate for a long time to come. We cannot pursue him into his last stronghold, such as Lille, Havre, and Bourges ; we cannot wish to hold for any length of time distant provinces, such as Normandy, Brittany, or Vendée ; but we must determine even to evacuate places that we have taken, such as Dieppe, and eventually Tours also, in order to be able to concentrate our main forces upon a few principal positions." Thus ran at that time the directions from head-quarters. Only after Paris had been subdued, the besieging army free to act, and it had become possible to reinforce the other armies, only then should the complete subjugation of the provinces, if it was still necessary, be taken in hand. Had it not been for this reserve, which was rendered imperative by the circumstances, perhaps a splitting up of the combative forces, or perhaps, after brilliant successes a reverse would have ensued, or possibly the final success have been rendered doubtful. If, then, the offensive shall unceasingly follow its aim, it must not seek it in an unattainable distance, but must always only on each occasion proceed as far as the existing forces permit. *Voluntary limitation is a protection against an enforced retreat.*

The assailant must not find his security in flank and rear, in the fact that he covers them by detaching a considerable part of his forces, but rather in that he carries out his assaults in front with the greatest possible weight. Every detachment of troops for subordinate purposes is a disadvantage to him.

The most careful keeping open of lines of communication between the army and the resources at home will certainly be necessary, in order that reinforcements of all kinds, despatched from the latter, may reach the army confronting the enemy without delay. Napoleon was, in this respect, a pattern of prudence. He used much adroitness and trouble in maintaining the lines of communication with his base of operations in the rear, for he knew full well that an army acting on the offensive is in need of ceaseless fresh drafts of strength. Even in 1812 he neglected nothing in this respect. Only his great precautions did not suffice for surmounting difficulties which were in fact insurmountable. The prouder, the more confident, and the more self-conscious the attack is, the sooner has it, in case the necessary prudence goes hand in hand with it, prospect of success. Lucky assailants have ever done half their work by being imposing. Sometimes, as in the case of Junot's march to Lisbon in 1807, and Diebitsch's march across the Balkans in 1829, the effect of the

offensive consists alone in its moral impression. But then, as a rule, there aids the successful termination, the faintheartedness of the enemy or a clever policy, which forthwith takes advantage of the effect that has been attained.

The defence makes far less demands upon the quality of the army. Especially is this the case upon the tactical ground. Here the soldier is more of a machine than in the attack. His place is assigned to him, and his action prescribed. An energetic fire and perseverance are the two demands required, and of these the young inexperienced warrior is capable. Only to a small degree are independence, impetuosity, and quicksightedness necessary. It is at least sufficient, if a comparatively small body of the commanders possess these qualities. Considerable demands are certainly made upon discipline. But this latter can be more easily maintained in the case of the defence than in that of the attack.

Hence armies less efficient and masses which have been rapidly collected for the needs of war, both which would not be capable of an energetic offensive, still achieve something in the defensive. The difference between both rôles is so considerable that the same troop can often not be again recognised when it drops the one to play the other.

The elements of attack are rapidity and force ; those of defence, perseverance, and tenacity.

Whilst, accordingly, the former seeks the decisive issue in great and rapid blows, the latter is justified in awaiting the successful issue from time and from the repeated renewal of resistance. Every defence must from the first bear this in mind. Several lines behind each other, which it on each occasion holds with all the force at its command, lend it much strength. A great extension of the theatre of war is of advantage to it, as was apparent in the campaign of 1812. Whilst, moreover, it is more able to emancipate itself from the vigorous military system and the peace-school, than the offensive can, yet it needs a good exchequer and good national credit to be able always to have at its command the forces necessary for increasing needs such as are ever repeating themselves in the course of the war. And since, again, it seldom happens that a country is capable alone of furnishing at the given time everything of which its armies stand in need, it follows that a State which intends to be victorious in its defence must have at its back either the open frontiers of friendly powers, or a sea which it commands. A country not in this position, can at best only resist as long as its own industry is capable of furnishing the needful for its troops ; and even here we must

be mindful that its pecuniary resources are at the same time more straitened.

Whilst the assailant can only through the position of its fortresses secure places in his rear for the organisation of his lines of communication, and for the protection of the magazines and dépôts, the defender must derive a much greater advantage from such, make use of them as supports for his wings, and turn them to such account that they can, in conjunction with the army in the field, either defeat the enemy or weaken him, before he comes up to them.

The defender must further be aware of the attractive force that his main army exercises upon the attacker. This army holds not only the country that lies behind it, but, so long as it is not defeated, all the surrounding country also. Detachments for the purpose of forming a cover can also be in great measure spared on the side of the defence, as soon as the operations between both armies are in full swing.

We have, moreover, seen that the offensive seeks movement. Therefore the defender can only rarely reckon upon being attacked where he first takes up his position and prepares for battle. Very favourable geographical conditions can alone bring about this end. The defender must, therefore, think of his own movements and be prepared to transplant his troops rapidly from one point to another. Therefore he must never be bound to one single line of communication in his rear, but must be able readily to change it. But as he as a rule operates in his own country, and as in these days in Europe there is everywhere a comparatively thick network of railways, that will not be a difficult task.

The battle, too, must not be only prepared in a single place, but there must be in other places also main points of support, where the attacker may possibly appear, and the defender must be quickly ready to resist him. Very great regard has been paid to this point of view in France. The North-East of the country may be regarded as being one well-prepared field of battle. When within it active armies make their appearance, from the beginning of the war onwards, field entrenchments will be seen to arise in a single night between the already existing fortifications.

As the assailant has by his movements taken the initiative, the defender is naturally exposed to the danger of arriving at the critical point later than the former. It will accordingly be necessary for him to impede the movements of the enemy. This can be done by counter-attacks, which catch him in the midst of carrying out his intentions. But such operations are always difficult.

They demand very exact information of the enemy, and resolute and collected commanders, who do not allow themselves to be induced by successes to go too far at first. The counter-attacks, which naturally have a surprising effect, begin, as a rule, favourably; but if the attacker does not lose his head, he will soon penetrate the intention, change his schemes, bring up his forces, and at once proceed to a decisive struggle. A counter-thrust that overreaches itself may accordingly easily bring about the battle that the attacker has sought, and which the defender has neither intended nor for which he is prepared. Then the party acting on the defensive is half lost. Less dangerous is the attempt to impede the movements of the attacker by taking up threatening positions on his flank. Whilst the defender marches with the main body of his defences to the spot where he expects the issue of the battle to be decided, he can often without risk push certain detachments into such flank-positions, and let them follow later, before they are seriously attacked.

Thus it follows that the defender can never really allow his activity, as the representatives of the defensive-theory urge, to consist alone of passively warding off attack, but he must instead thereof bring into it an element that strives after movement and battle. This element will at last be quite triumphant, when the assailant has been repulsed, and must then be pounced down on and defeated. Then has the longed-for moment arrived for letting the mask of the defensive entirely drop and for going over to the offensive.

Some main features of the nature and course of attack and defence have been hitherto explained; now it remains to consider a union of both, which appears to many professional men as the highest achievement of art.

As, for instance, the advantages of the offensive are as a rule seen in moving, but those of the defensive in fighting, it has been considered to be best to act strategically on the offensive and tactically on the defensive. It is accordingly necessary to advance against the enemy into his territory, gain positions which he must not allow to be torn from him, and force him, by this means, to fight, whilst all the while remaining on the defensive and leaving him to play the more difficult and damaging part of assailant. *Offensive movements and defensive battles*, a theory well-conceived, but very difficult to realise, and scarcely ever to be met with in military history. From what we have formerly said upon the subject of the advance to the front, it follows that, in these days, it will not be possible, after concentrating the armies,

to make any considerable advance forwards, without meeting with resistance on the part of the enemy. Accordingly, with offensive movements, offensive engagements must also necessarily be combined. And when the decisive points have been reached, it will not be possible for it to be otherwise. If, then, the army acting on the offensive should then wish to go over to the defensive, and allow itself to be attacked, it would restore again to the enemy the strategical liberty of which it had only just robbed him, and thus sacrifice its own advantage. The sudden transition from offensive to defensive might also not be without prejudicial influence upon the troops. But before all, we must remember that the commander-in-chief is in no wise master of the form and time of the decision to such an extent that he can determine it at will. In the same way as engagements, so will also the battle develop itself immediately from the movements. It is accordingly quite natural that the armies on the advance, attack whenever they find the enemy in front of them.

The engagement, moreover, exercises its attractive force upon all troops ; it is, as a rule, no longer possible to prescribe a defensive attitude. The *strategical* offensive involves accordingly, in a perfectly natural manner, the *tactical* also. The former is inconceivable without the latter. It is the tactical attack that first lends energy to the strategical, completes it and furnishes it with results. The strategical sows the seed, the tactical reaps the harvest. The weakest opponent, too, who is strategically driven into a corner, will appeal to the fortune of arms upon the field before declaring himself vanquished. If the attacker were here to stop, in order in this last crisis to enjoy the advantages of the defence, that would very frequently be tantamount to renouncing his claim to decide the struggle ; for the enemy, who has been up to then the repelling and expectant party, will also remain so to the last hour ; and all the more readily, seeing that his prospects are then, as a rule, not better.

Situations may occur when despair and constraint, which he cannot escape, drive the defender to take the tactical offensive, and when the enemy, who has till then acted on the offensive, is compelled to adopt the defensive. This will be the case, for instance, when the defender has been driven by the attacker upon a great stronghold, and necessity now compels him to free himself. The attacker, who is investing him, becomes at this moment changed even into a defender, who is able to prepare his defence. This is what happened to the Germans when they found themselves before Metz and Paris. The saving of an object of great political im-

importance may also compel the strategical defence to change rôles, and thus give the offensive the opportunity for a tactical defensive. When, in the winter of 1870-71, the fall of the French capital, and with it the cessation of resistance throughout the whole of France threatened, the Germans had the opportunity of fighting against the enemy's troops that came up to raise the siege. But just in this case was clearly seen to what extent an army that has advanced for a long time in successful attack is controlled by offensive feelings. Even under these circumstances our armies fought their battles almost everywhere as assailants. Only where necessity rendered it imperative did they confine themselves to the defensive. *Strategical and tactical offensive belong inseparably together.*

It is similar with the strategical and tactical defensive. He who has in his movements acted on the defensive, will also, in most cases, preserve a repelling attitude upon the battle-field. The attacker presses him; he relinquishes advancing operations in favour of battle. And there it is exceedingly difficult for the defender to find the right moment for shaking off the yoke imposed upon him, in order, in turn, to play hammer, and no longer anvil. Here is seen what that signifies when a party has learnt to consider itself as domineered over by another. Even with superior numbers on its side, it will often remain on the defensive, and be glad if it can remain so with any degree of comfort to the end. The French at Vionville on the 16th August 1870 furnish an instance of this. They had been for sixteen days on the strategical defensive, had been attacked on the 6th and 14th of August, and felt themselves, accordingly, in the new battle tied to their position, in spite of the fact that they had overwhelming numbers on their side. The army that is capable of an abrupt change from the defensive to the offensive, will never allow itself to be forced into the defensive, but will from the first play the part of assailant. Now it is contended by some that this abrupt change should take place on the battle-field when adhering to the programme of a well-ordered defensive: when the enemy has been successfully repulsed, a counter-thrust should at last be made. Moreau at Hohenlinden, Bülow at Dennewitz, Napoleon at Dresden and Austerlitz, have certainly all proved that a transition from defence to attack is possible upon the battle-field.* Yet these instances disappear in the face of the opposite assertion. Where the original defence is due to constraining necessity, the army

* At Dennewitz the defender, however, had only to see that his forces were all collected, in order to enable him to adopt the offensive; at Austerlitz the defensive was really only a pretence, the attack had from the first been determined upon.

will usually remain on the defensive. If the enemy's attack has been repulsed, in rare cases all doubts will have been dispelled at the same time as to whether he will not return again with renewed strength and energy, or whether his repulse was final and complete. Almost always great precautions will have to be taken so as not to risk, by a too rapid advance, a success which has been achieved. The defender will be content to hold his position, in order not to lose what is certainly his. He will readily abandon all idea of adding to his successes, because he has, as it is, a victory in his hands. And then it is never at the moment felt to be quite certain that the attacker has relaxed his efforts. Only by degrees does it become perceptible, often not until the next morning, when the field of battle that has been successfully won is found, to the general astonishment, abandoned. In these days the great distances do much to prevent the turning points in the engagements from being observed.* Thus the offensive will, as a rule, only on the battle-field follow the defensive when considerable reinforcements are brought up in the front, on the wings, or, as was the case at Waterloo and Königgrätz, upon the enemy's flank.

Before the strategical defensive gives way to the offensive, a pause takes place, showing that the original attacker is crippled and cannot go on, that the defender has lost the feeling of being domineered over, is strengthened in his attitude and his forces, and that the change of *rôles* has gradually been prepared to this end long before it happens and comes unexpectedly upon the distant observer. Napoleon's *Grande Armée* went to pieces on the march into the country, but the destruction was only visible when the wreck of it began the retreat and the Russians the pursuit.

8.—*Detaching, Massing, and Manœuvring.*

“Every close concentration of great masses is a calamity; it is justified and imperative when it immediately leads to battle. It is dangerous, when in the presence of the enemy, to break it up again; and impossible to remain in it for any length of time.

“The difficult task of all good leadership consists in providing

* How difficult it is, in the face of an energetic enemy on the offensive, for the defender, even with superiority of numbers on his side, to find the right moment for proceeding to counter-offensive action, was shown by the Silesian army at Laon. In spite of the successful onslaught of York and Kleist upon the right wing of the French at Athies on the night of the 9th and 10th March 1814, a general counter-offensive which would have annihilated Napoleon was not resorted to on the 10th.

for the detached state of the masses, and at the same time for the possibility of assembling them at the right moment.

“For this no general rules can be laid down ; the task will be each time different.”

We place the leading principle to be discussed in this chapter at the head of it, and do not attempt to expound it ; for it must be taken from experience. As soon as it be denied that the crowding together of considerable masses is an evil, much that can be said about detaching and massing loses its importance. But he who has been engaged in a war knows how oppressive the close packing of troops is felt to be, and how everyone breathes again as soon as the masses are separated, and how each and every troop longs to be released from the bond, so as to be able to move freely. We do not take into account fatalities such as contagious diseases, which, of course, spread more rapidly among united than among separated hosts, and only refer to ordinary evils, such as the want of space for quarters, the bivouacking in the open, the rapid consumption of all the resources of the country, want of water,* the failure of commissariat, the impossibility of carrying off sick and wounded upon the crowded roads, the badness of the roads in bad weather, the collisions between the columns on march, shifting ever hither and thither, the picture of desolation which it spreads when hundreds of thousands, like a swarm of locusts, pass in thick crowds over a district, &c. The atmosphere is full of dust, smoke, and smells of burning. The leaders find it, it may be, bearable. But if the marches on transit follow too, three, or four days consecutively, the hindmost march through a wilderness. This is certainly sufficient to justify us in describing the massing of troops as only an emergency.

“First of all every army must live ; it must eat, drink, rest, and move.” That is only possible when it is scattered. In a wide space more places and more wealth is at hand, more railways and roads to and from it, than is the case in a narrow space. The separation must accordingly be maintained as long as possible. The concentration, with its train of discomforts, must be reckoned from the time when that space can no longer be allowed the army corps which in our consideration of the marches we held to be necessary for tolerable quarters. Only when the enemy is close at hand must the columns be concentrated to meet him. The essential thing here is not to allow oneself to be deceived, and not

* This was very sensibly felt in the neighbourhood of Metz in 1870.

to miscalculate. The solution of the problem depends only upon ordinary quantities, viz. time, space, depth of march, and the capacity of the troops for marching. As simple as it looks, it is often rendered infinitely harder by the fact that moral factors, rapid decision, perspicuity, firmness of conviction without obstinacy, energy in commanding and in acting, must all co-operate.

If the battle is seen to be inevitable during the movement, it will be necessary to bring up the long marching columns to the front, which must halt for this purpose. In such a case an opening out of troops is spoken of. But the divisions that are marching up to the front upon other parallel roads are also brought up. This is called the concentration of the armies. Before great decisive engagements with the enemy, a gradual concentration will be effected during the last days before the action. The opening out can be effected on the last day, if on every main road only one army is marching; on the two or three last days, if two or three corps are marching on the same road one behind another.

The army corps on the march, of three miles in length, in round numbers, without its waggons,* requires, as is known, five to six hours for opening out. If its trains are to follow it, twice the time is needed. The front must not, however, move on. If it is obliged to do so, it increases the exertions of the hindmost troops beyond all measure. It frequently happens that after a certain distance has been covered, the enemy is fallen in with, and it becomes necessary to open out. If the distance already covered was two miles, the last battalion of the army corps has marched five miles when it arrives upon the field of battle. An enemy, who is in the early morning more than three miles distant, and who does not also advance, cannot well be attacked on the same day. It must then suffice to march with the front up to his position; the next day the opening out and the attack takes place. The attack may, at all events, be begun when only a part of the troops have opened out and developed, leaving the remaining part to come up during the action. But thereby a united employment of the whole mass is abandoned, and that is a disadvantage. Reversely this situation allows of the enemy being eluded, when more than three miles intervene between him and the troops on march. If on the preceding night his van was two miles distant, it would only be necessary to retire two miles, in order to avoid any serious engagement the following day. The foremost troops of the army corps of the enemy would have four, and the hindmost even seven, miles to march before reaching our position. But soldiers who

* In full strength exactly twenty-four kilometres.

have marched seven miles are no longer terrible ; for they have exhausted their strength.

Besides this, the march would last so long that the following night would intervene, unless the attacker started before daybreak, and thus imposed a double exertion upon himself. In winter, when the roads are bad, the snow deep, and when darkness sets in early, a far less distance is sufficient to render it impossible for the enemy to undertake a vigorous attack.

In order that this calculation prove to be correct in practice, it is, however, necessary that one shall be able to move readily and easily back from the place in which one has stood in the morning. It is either necessary to have a number of roads at disposal, or that one is able to retire with the troops in broad formation. Their strength is also a great essential. If we have an army corps, and it has been opened out, and is now required to move backwards upon a road, it needs, as it before did to open out, for this purpose five to six hours.* If the enemy was a day's march distant, and if he begins his advance simultaneously, the heads of his advancing columns fall in with our last detachment at the very moment it leaves its original position. And it will not escape without an engagement. Again, if the baggage were behind our army corps, and if it must first of all be set in motion upon the road of retreat, the whole army corps is caught ; for, as the baggage is a day's march long, the army corps is already waiting on the spot when the enemy arrives.

But, of course, all these rules must not be taken as arithmetically correct. It is seldom that army corps are quite at full strength ; as a rule some detachments have been despatched elsewhere. All the baggage is never together at once ; part of it is always occupied at a distance. And only in exceptional cases is an army corps tied exclusively to a single road. In this situation a long defile, an embankment, or a pass must be conceived of, which it is necessary to use. However, these instances will make it plain to what we must pay attention, in judging of movements backward and forward. They teach us that army corps cannot be moved about like men on a draught-board, but that, in addition to the time and space which each part must occupy in order to go from one place to another, the time must be taken into consideration which the whole requires in order either to open out before the battle, or in order to file into a column on march. It is also conceivable that a certain attractive force makes itself felt between the larger

* Colonel Blume reckoned five hours for a march of three miles, as well as for the filing of an army corps into a single marching column.

hostile masses when they approach each other, as between a magnet and iron. As one army corps is able to disturb the retreat of another, which stands opposed to it at a distance of a day's march or less, and as the latter must also prepare for defence, it follows, as a general rule, that large masses of hostile troops, which have approached each other within such a distance, do not generally separate without an action. In such a case an engagement must from the first be anticipated. Only if both forces have in their full marching depth echeloned along the road, so that on the following morning all troops of the retiring side can simultaneously form, the latter will not be caught up, and thus the engagement avoided.

By reason of the considerable marching depth of an army corps, it is well known that two corps marching behind one another upon the same road cannot possibly be both brought up to the front on a single day. If an action takes place at the head of the first army corps, the hindmost troops of the second corps must make at least two good days' marches* before they arrive upon the battle-field. It is much easier to bring up two corps marching upon parallel roads, even though these roads lie even three miles apart; for a simple calculation shows us that the last soldier of both army corps must at most cover $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in order to come into the action which has commenced at the head of one of the corps. Further, even if three army corps advance upon three parallel roads, each of which is three miles distant from the next, they would still be able to concentrate at the head of the middle road in a single day. Only if the concentration is to take place on the side of one of the wing corps two days would be necessary. If all three corps were to be allowed to follow each other upon one of those roads, they would require three days in order to open out on the front.† General of Ordnance Benedek would have even required four such for his great column in 1866. Most easily, of course, can several corps be concentrated at a given spot, when they are despatched upon roads which all culminate there. An army, which in the morning stands extended in a long single line of six miles in length, can concentrate upon a battle-field situate three miles ahead of the centre, provided only the corps are all in close village

* We are taking here the army corps without all its baggage train, for the greater part of it can be temporarily dispensed with.

† The difficulties in employing the troops, arising from the great depth of the marching line needs all the more attention and thorough consideration in *Kriegspiel*, exercises, &c. as these frictions hardly ever occur in the peace-mancœuvres, in which not only the baggage but also the waggons are wanting, and the divisions are even not half as strong as in war time.

quarters or bivouacs, and each has a separate road for itself, leading to the battle-field. The soldier furthest distant would, as a simple geometrical calculation demonstrates, have only between four and five miles to march; an achievement which can be demanded of him when the cannon call. The concentration is, of course, simplified, if the army in early morning did not stand upon a straight line, but upon a circle round the battle-field. The evening before Königgratz presents us with a clear picture of this.

On the 30th June 1866, in the evening, the two Prussian armies which had separately advanced into Bohemia stood at Gitschin, and on the Upper Elbe from Arnau away to Gradlitz, only a good day's march from each other. As the Austrians on the evening of the same day began the retreat upon Königgratz, the concentration of our armies on one spot would have been possible. But this course was voluntarily abandoned, and the armies were only drawn a little closer together, so that on the 2nd July they remained drawn up upon a curve of five German miles extending from Simidar through Miletin, Königinhof, to Gradlitz around the enemy who was drawn up in close formation behind the Bistritz, north-westerly of Königgratz. That it was possible from this position to rendezvous at the right time on the battle-field of Königgratz, was shown in a brilliant manner on the 3rd July. Scharnhorst's doctrine, which sounded in his day infidel enough, that one must never be concentrated in position, but must always fight concentrated, was in this case rightly perceived and executed in a masterly manner. Had all the divisions of the Prussian army been, perhaps, concentrated at Miletin and Horsitz, from this narrow space far fewer roads would have led against the enemy. We should have been compelled to let the corps follow one another on the morning of the 3rd July, and the advantage of the more compact concentration, viz. the employment of all forces together would have been lost again. One part would never have reached the battle-field on account of the too great depth of the few marching columns. *Great masses of troops can more easily be combined by closing up than by opening out; but most easily can this be effected by setting them in motion, with the single division in adequate breadth, upon roads which converge upon the goal to be reached.*

This circumstance is treated of under *manœuvring*, but first of all something must be said upon the meaning attached to the word *manœuvre*. The times are gone by when Massenbach devised forcing the enemy to retreat by the power of manœuvre.

With Clausewitz we also do not think more of those generals who would be victorious without shedding blood. What vigorous enemy would allow himself to be intimidated by threats. Mere manœuvring by the enemy without striking a blow, would make upon us the same impression as the mimicry of war indulged in by stage heroes. In spite of their raging gestures, we tremble for no one's life, for we know that their swords are blunt. Massenbach, in a toast to Prince Henry, the brother of the Great King, thought to raise an imperishable monument to his hero by the words here following: "By bold marches he flattered fortune; more fortunate than Cæsar at Dyrrhachium, greater than Condé at Rocroi, like the immortal Berwick, he gained the victory without a battle." To our ears this phrase sounds very dubious praise. The victories that are gained without a battle are only so long of value as a weak enemy conducts himself in a timid manner. We understand by manœuvres, accordingly, not "scientific" and even not merely "bold" marches, but on each occasion compound movements, which are always directed towards throwing superior masses on one single spot upon the enemy in order to crush him. Every manœuvre must lead to an advantageous battle. Thus does the word lose its harmless meaning.

(To be continued.)

Officers for the Volunteer Forces.

THE question of keeping up a proper supply of officers for the several branches of the volunteer forces, is one which seriously occupies the attention of those who are connected with, and interested in, its efficiency; and as the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of suitable candidates is increasingly felt, it is the more necessary that the circumstances affecting the subject should be carefully considered.

The progressive improvement in the efficiency of the force generally is a fact which tends, in some respects, to increase the difficulty of obtaining officers; for it follows that as more in the way of professional knowledge is expected, if not exacted, from the officers, the devotion of more time and study is become necessary, and, under existing financial conditions of the force, increasing cause of expense to the individual arises.

The two first necessities cannot be obviated, though no doubt some of the causes of expense to officers might be largely modified, especially if, as may be hoped, the Government, by an increased capitation grant, should enable the several corps to charge to their funds matters of expense for travelling, going into camp, &c., which now, more or less, fall on the officers individually.

The opinion of volunteer officers of long experience, points to the fact that in the appointment of officers, much greater discrimination than hitherto is desirable, especially as regards social position, and there is a great concurrence of feeling that for the position of commanding officers, by far the most fit are officers who have served, and assumed rank, in the regular army.

In these days, when there are so many officers compulsorily retiring from the army on account of age, and yet young men, it would appear that there should be no difficulty in securing the services of a sufficient number to fill vacancies as they occur among (at least) the commanding officers.

A circular from the War Office inviting applications from retired

officers, would doubtless be responded to in considerable numbers, and, as the volunteers are steadily increasing in efficiency, retired officers of the army would have more satisfaction in dealing with them; while, for the naval volunteers, suitable persons might, no doubt, be found among retired naval officers.

The classes from which volunteer officers generally come are very varied, and have changed considerably in character since the first formation of corps. At that time the officers of senior rank were often military men, or else gentlemen of high position in their locality; and often the other officers were well-to-do middle-aged men, taken from the professional or superior business classes, with a moderate proportion of young men.

At that time the Government allowance was smaller than it is now; and as it increased, the call upon the officers for money became less, until later, when the extended duties of the volunteers, and various improvements, caused a renewed need for expense which outstripped the increases of Government aid.

The existing superior officers grew older, and gradually passed out of the service, and their places were taken by younger men of an average lower social status; but, from whatever class the officers may come, experience seems to show that, as a rule, it is those who have other vocations in life who make the best volunteer officers; they are more methodical, and know the value of time and the importance of punctuality, and are more to be depended on than idle men, to whom time seems of no importance, and who generally become officers of volunteers as an amusement only.

While, no doubt, many join the service from a spirit of patriotism, and many from a feeling that holding a commission and gaining rank would improve their social position, a large number are influenced by the paltry consideration of wearing uniform, and other small attractions, especially those of prize-winning at rifle competitions, &c.

Starting under all these varied influences, very varied results ensue; but it is natural that among all these classes there are to be found many who, according to their individual capacities in their experience of volunteer service, develop their taste and knowledge and gradually become good officers. There are those, too, (and I have met many,) who have natural military tastes, who manifest a liking for their various duties and drills, and who would, if their lot had been cast in the regular army, have proved their capacity and become distinguished as soldiers.

Under various circumstances, as time rolled on, the difficulty of keeping up the numbers of officers increased, until there was a

great want of discrimination shown in the appointment of officers; and many have been granted commissions whose ordinary vocation in life is such as to militate against their successfully performing their functions of command.

It is from no wish to speak disrespectfully of any honest calling, however humble, that this reflection is made; but it is obvious that while, on the one hand, men generally do not like to be commanded by those to whom they would not look up in private life, on the other, officers who hold good social position do not care to be associated in similar rank with those of marked lower positions; and thus the service generally is deteriorated.

These objections apply with especial force in a service such as the volunteers, where rank takes effect only for the limited area of the parade-ground, and for the limited period of a drill; and as the very classes referred to are certainly those in which a jealousy of a "little brief authority" would be most easily provoked.

It is not desirable to advocate too great exclusiveness in these respects, but it would not seem difficult to frame regulations which would prevent any prejudicial results to the service from an indiscriminate bestowal of commissions.

It is true that any restrictive regulations of the character suggested would have some tendency to increase the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of officers; but it must be borne in mind that it would also have the effect of facilitating that object by removing what is now one obstacle, the liability to unsuitable association, which is the means of keeping away many who might otherwise wish for commissions, and who would be eligible for them.

To pass, however, from this aspect of the question, we may consider the subject of the degree of efficiency of volunteer-officers generally; and in so doing it may be well to notice it under the three heads of age, physique, and professional knowledge.

As regards age, greater latitude as to limits should regulate than in the regular army. The local influence of a commanding officer of long standing should not lightly be cast aside because the officer himself has lost the elasticity of youth—a quality which is not very likely to be required for the good performance of his duties.

As regards physique, I do not think there is any necessity for such stringent conditions being enforced as for the regular army, seeing that there is no liability to exposure and trying climates, and the worst that ordinarily has to be faced is the vicissitudes of short periods of camp-life.

As regards professional knowledge, there is, no doubt, room for

great improvement in order to render the officers generally qualified for the ordinary performance of such duties as they might reasonably be expected to perform at any time, whether on actual service or not.

The testimony of volunteer officers of experience shows that much is needed in the way of instruction, and that it should be rendered, to a greater degree than at present, compulsory. One informant says, "Fifty per cent. are officers only in name"; that "many take commissions who are not in a position to give the needful time to its duties."

Volunteer officers themselves strongly urge that it should be required of every officer to go for a month to a school of instruction, that they should be annually examined, and that the present examinations are not sufficient. It is urged, too, as very desirable, that detachments of volunteer officers and men should be constantly kept, relieving each other, at camps of instruction, or doing duty in various garrisons; and it would seem that there would be no difficulty in finding men and officers who could find the necessary time for this purpose. The supply to head-quarters of corps of military models, especially for artillery and engineer corps, would also give greatly increased means of instruction by adjutants, especially at times when weather interferes with out-door exercises.

There is, no doubt, widely disseminated throughout the volunteer service, a personal desire for efficient instruction; and if this be the case it follows as a certainty that largely increased efficiency will be attained, if the means be provided by Government.

In regulating any new measures to this end, a practical view of the object should be taken, and the instruction and examination should be regulated accordingly. In these days of competitive examination, when the real object of securing for the army well-educated gentlemen has been completely swamped for the purpose of excluding as many candidates as are in excess of the vacancies, a tendency has been shown to frame other examinations on similar principles.

In proposing to subaltern officers tactical questions which might be suitable subjects of consideration for a brigadier or general of division, no object whatever is gained; while if an examination has a distinctly apparent object of ascertaining the fitness of individuals for their positions or promotions, the preparation for it will be much more readily entered on and successfully carried out.

In framing examination-papers, it is desirable that they should be practically adapted to the object in view, and not calculated to suggest the idea that their author fancied that the more abstruse

or puzzling he might make his questions the more he would enhance his own reputation.

One volunteer officer of my acquaintance, and who was, of all I have ever had to report on, perhaps the most efficient, has suggested that all who may aspire to a commission in the volunteers should serve for a year in the ranks, and also do duty as non-commissioned officers. He says that not only will they thus obtain a good knowledge of their drill, but also a knowledge, which may be of great assistance to them afterwards, of the feelings and sentiments of those whom they may have to command. He adds, and I think justly: "One of the most difficult tasks of a volunteer officer, and one that military men know nothing of, is to be a civilian outside the parade-ground, and a military man inside it. It requires a vast amount of tact and order to enforce discipline with men whom, after the hour's drill is over, you may have to meet on matters of business, when they would, perhaps, be on an equal footing with yourself."

This gentleman spoke from experience, having himself gone through the process which he recommended. He is very thorough in his views, and was very successful in the application of his principles, and essentially practical. In some suggestions which he has sent to me, based on his long experience, speaking of commanding officers, he says: "I cannot refrain from remarking that they should be old army men. I am quite aware that volunteer commanding officers often show more enthusiasm than retired army officers may, but there is always a lack of tact in the amateur soldiers in the little matters of professional etiquette that are so continually cropping up." And he remarks, further, "that there is no doubt that men are prouder of the commanding officer who is a proved soldier than of one who may know the whole of the Red Book by heart, but was only, after all, an amateur."

The difficulty of keeping up the supply of officers is increased by the frequent resignations of commissions which occur, and it may be well to seek the reasons for this. Many resign because they feel that a commission leads to nothing; that efficiency is its own reward; many because they find increasing calls of business or family matters prevent their proper attendance at drills and parades; but the vast majority because they do not care to be constantly called upon to meet heavy expenses, and they especially object to going about with a subscription-list begging for help from their friends and acquaintances.

How far it is necessary that the many calls for money upon officers should be resorted to, might form the subject of authori-

tative inquiry. But they are certainly numerous—corps-subscriptions, shooting-clubs, in artillery corps battery expenses, band and prize funds, in addition to heavy expenses connected with camps and field-days—and it certainly does seem desirable that restrictions should be enforced.

It seems to be agreed that money is at the root of the difficulty of officering the volunteer corps. To reduce this difficulty there are clearly only two ways: one by curtailing expense which is unnecessary, the other by the granting of a substantial increase of the capitation allowance. By a combination of these two means substantial improvement may be brought about.

How much the welfare of the Volunteer Force is a subject of interest may be estimated from the debates which took place in the House of Commons, three hundred members being present, in May last, when the Government narrowly escaped defeat on the subject of an increase of the Capitation Grant.

On that occasion the various legitimate claims for aid were clearly shown; and though the proposal was so framed that it was set aside on technical and constitutional grounds, it is a matter of congratulation that from the remarks with which Mr. Campbell Bannerman, the Under Secretary of State for War, concluded the debate, there is still ground to hope that an increase of the Capitation Grant will probably ere long be recognised as a necessity. It is a subject of regret that, in the course of his remarks, Mr. Gladstone failed to express any recognition of the importance and value of the force; but though this will not be fatal to its prospects, one would have thought that from his wealth of words some few might have been judiciously applied by the Prime Minister as a tribute to the patriotism of the Force.

The general tendency of the preceding suggestions is no doubt to render the conditions of holding commissions in volunteer forces more difficult, while the main object is to solve the existing problems of maintaining at its full strength the establishment of officers; it therefore becomes incumbent on us to search for every possible means of making the commissions valuable, so that they might be sought after and clung to by such as are worthy of them.

The more the Force becomes efficient, and the more the capability of the officers themselves becomes known and established, the more will the titles of rank command recognition and respect; and thus will well-directed efforts for improvement facilitate their own ends. It would seem to be reasonable that in the junior ranks of officers the attainment of high qualification might be the means of smoothing the path of a certain proportion annually

to commissions in the regular army, under somewhat similar regulations to those affecting the militia in this respect.

It would also be a boon which might be easily granted, that while on the strength of the volunteers its officers might be exempted from service on juries. The bestowal, even to the limited extent which has been made, of the Civil Order of the Bath on volunteer officers, is a measure which has invoked unfavourable criticism; and that the distinction of C.B., though of the civil grade, upon volunteer officers holding military titles, but who have not seen any active service, should be jealously regarded by officers of the regular army who have seen much service, but who have not been so fortunate as to have been selected for the honour of a C.B., is not surprising.

At the same time it can hardly be questioned that volunteer officers who have performed long and successful service to the country should be granted some tangible mark of distinction. In England, though there now exists no order properly and sufficiently applicable to the purpose, it might be worthy of consideration whether the development during more than a quarter of a century of a popular force of such high value as an element of national defence may not justify the institution of a special Order, similar perhaps, to the "*Ordre pour le mérite*" which exists in Germany, and which is of very inclusive application. In several grades such an Order would be highly welcomed, and its creation would afford opportunity for the decoration of volunteer officers of various ranks. Its existence would cause emulation, its distinctive ribbons would be coveted, and, acting as a strong incentive to increased efficiency—*which should be made a sine quâ non*—it would be the means of retaining many officers who might contemplate resigning, and certainly attract many to the volunteer service, while it would have no tendency to awaken jealousy in any class whatever.

In some places the experiment has been successfully tried of establishing a mess for officers, where they may occasionally or periodically meet and dine together, the place of meeting being some suitable place at or adjoining a drill hall, and arrangements have been made that a reading-room, &c. should be available. Such measures, with proper restrictions to prevent expense, might, if more extensively tried, prove a means of attracting officers and keeping them together after they had joined a corps; and though, perhaps, not always feasible, they might at the head-quarters of large corps be very generally so.

A serious and avoidable cause of expense is the frequent changes,

of some degree or other, in uniforms, and this certainly might advantageously be stopped. Then, again, the amount of expense incurred for bands might be restricted. It is a recognised desideratum for all troops that they should have bands of musicians, but, on the ground of expense, and, indeed, for other reasons, I think that the numbers of men in the bands should be kept within due bounds. They are attractive, and no doubt facilitate the keeping up the numbers of the men; but the strength in which the bands are not uncommonly to be seen marching, as compared to the strength in numbers of the whole, savours of the ridiculous. The expense, falling as it does mainly upon the officers, might be advantageously reduced. Then, again, the prize subscriptions—is it a necessity that the prizes should be so numerous or so expensive? I have myself been present at a prize distribution in which it seemed that the greatest ingenuity had been exercised in discovering some reason for giving a prize, and I began to think it would be amusing to fall out the individuals who had not been awarded a prize for something or other.

In the way of prizes there is one custom to which objection has been raised, *i.e.* officers taking part in competition for prizes, to wit, in rifle shooting, skill in which is obviously expected from the men rather than from the officers.

If the foregoing suggestions regarding expenses were collectively acted upon, I think a not inconsiderable diminution might be effected in the amount of calls for money upon officers; but, of course, the main thing to trust to in order to remove the most serious difficulty in obtaining officers is that which, it is to be hoped, cannot long be deferred, a substantial increase in the Capitation Grant.

It is a necessity that the establishment of officers should be maintained, and, seeing that there is from year to year among the volunteer force an increasing degree of efficiency, not only among the men but also among the officers, the voting of an amount sufficient to cover their necessary expenses would be a justifiable charge upon the public, and a measure which would be essentially popular, not only among the volunteers themselves, but also among the public at large, who, undoubtedly, are justly proud of the force.

NOTE.—Since the above was being prepared for publication, it is satisfactory to observe that an increase of the Capitation Grant has been sanctioned; and also it would appear that the subject of the Institution of an Order of Merit is under consideration, and it may be hoped that the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee would be a suitable opportunity for its creation.—G. D.

Naval Reform.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATE MONS. GABRIEL CHARMES' "LA RÉFORME
DE LA MARINE."

By J. E. GORDON-CUMMING.

CHAPTER III.—*cont.*

COAST DEFENCE—*cont.*

To keep up with what is being done, and to foresee what ought to be done, it is necessary to have a continuous acquaintance with the torpedo and its accessories, as it is in a continual state of transition and improvement. It has been much simplified, and will be yet more so; the successive patterns we obtain from Mr. Whitehead, and which our admirals unfortunately ignore, bear witness to this.

And how should two lieutenants, permanently established in the Rue Royale, be acquainted with the service they direct—if such an expression can be used under similar circumstances. They ought to go about to all the ports, and, above all, to Toulon; but why should they put themselves out? Zeal seems especially unseasonable in the navy. Hence constant hesitation, reforms always in abeyance, a complete absence of authority and of all initiative, no concentration, no direction, no centralisation, no encouragement from head-quarters.

In the first instance, conflicting interests of all sorts interfere with each other in the office, and hinder everything. As the two lieutenants have no authority, and the controller of the navy is indifferent, the Minister's Chief of the Staff, aspires to have a voice in the new and unorganised service. Sometimes the Board of Construction is called in as well.

How can a way be found out of all this confusion and all this conflicting opinion, most of which is worth so very little? This want of order will exist so long as there is no special and responsible *personnel* set apart for the torpedo, as for the artillery, and when once this is organised, all the reforms, remodellings, and improvements will follow as a matter of course.

Just as there exists for the fleet artillery, for the men-of-war, a *personnel* to construct, repair, and prepare the armaments on land, and a navigating *personnel* making use of it on the ships, so, in like manner, there must be the two classes of *personnel* for the torpedoes. To constitute the first there must be a head department in Paris for inspecting the torpedoes, directed by a responsible vice-admiral, who will receive the official reports, projects, studies, &c.; will examine them carefully, direct and put into execution such as may appear advisable to him. He must be assisted in this work by officers frequently changed, constantly making a round of the forts, and going over the torpedo training-ships, and who, by regular attendance at experiments, will be fully informed as to the requirements developed by practice.

These officers will, of course, remain attached to their own profession; they will represent the naval fighting element, in the same way as the vice-admiral, and will have the principal voice in the preparation of new instruments, as may be required.

But we repeat that these officers must often be transferred, and not continue with settled ideas, which might be good when they first came to Paris, although of little use a few months later. Besides these movable officers, there will be room for one or two torpedo-engineers, living on land and forming part of the directing *personnel* in the ports, to which we must shortly give our attention.

The general inspection of torpedoes will be placed on the same footing as the artillery at the Admiralty, and the vice-admiral at the head of it will be a member of the Board of Construction. This is very important, otherwise the torpedo would continue in a subordinate position. To execute these plans, projects, reforms, &c., required by the General Board of Inspection, there must be a *resident personnel* to keep up traditions and maintain continuity of purpose. We may call it the corps of *torpedo-engineers*. There will be, as we have already said, two torpedo-engineers attached to the General Board of Inspection in Paris, and in the ports, according to their importance, one or two of the same class of engineers.

The latter will unite the present so-called torpedo-workshops and those for regulating the torpedoes under their absolute control. The nucleus of a central establishment for the organisation of torpedoes will thus be formed such as our ports can no longer do without, for repairing the weapon and its discharging tubes. We do not mean locomotive torpedoes only, the spar-torpedoes and ground-mines of the stationary defence-force, and also the apparatus for electric lights, as much on land as on sea, all need super-

intendence. All this *matériel* for torpedoes of different patterns, and their auxiliaries, would belong to the torpedo commission. It is only a question of building a workshop for repairs, and for keeping the reserves in good order. It is hardly necessary to mention that when there is a question of using the torpedo *matériel* on board ship, naval officers and torpedo-men must undertake it; and on land the stationary defence-force is most fitted for the purpose. The torpedo engineers will also regulate the locomotive torpedoes; they will ascertain that they are in good working order; that their depth and deflection are correct, and will serve them out to the vessels along with the discharging tubes; just as the artillery in the ports serves out guns, shot, and fire-arms of all sorts.

Thus we should have a torpedo commission on the same plan as the artillery, with the same functions and the same responsibilities.

We have already shown how these departmental workshops should be constituted, by a fusion of the torpedo workshops with those of the committee already existing. Their *personnel* should be augmented according to the requirements of the service, by drawing workmen from the various workshops in the dockyards where they at present swarm. In this no expense need be incurred—a matter of considerable importance now-a-days. It only remains to organise and set this factory for making torpedoes in good working order. Of this we fully recognise the necessity. It will only require two or three torpedo-engineers; just as only two superintendents are required by the artillerists at Ruelle. As a nucleus of workers we might take the men at Indret, who repair our locomotive torpedoes, and who even made some of them a few years ago.

We have already said that it was a great mistake to give up making them at Indret. The first torpedoes turned out by this establishment were by no means so bad as they were made out to be, and cost a great deal less (notwithstanding the difficulties that had to be surmounted in turning them out) than those of Mr. Whitehead.

We had only to persevere in the path we had entered, and progress would soon have resulted. But, in characteristic French fashion, everything was destroyed; and now we must make up for this stupid waste of material. For reasons we have already given, it would be impossible to rest content with Mr. Whitehead's torpedoes; and it would be of little use if we attempted to obtain others by private contract, as secrecy is the first condition to be observed in perfecting torpedoes. On the other hand, Indret was

ill-selected ; as the centre for a similar establishment should be so situated as to allow of incessant experiments. In our opinion the piece of water at Berre, in Provence, is naturally suitable for a torpedo-factory. Although within reach of a main-line of rail, it is too far off for the curious, whose visits are sometimes so difficult to prevent ; it is further placed in a climate which facilitates working out-of-doors, and sheltered from the possibility of surprise or bombardment by sea. Lastly, its vast extent of shallow water is wonderfully adapted to the tests necessary to ensure accuracy in the torpedo. Therefore at Berre a factory should be established without delay, where our officers might succeed, after the programme we have traced, in making the torpedo as easy to manage, and as sure in its results, as are those of the firing of guns.

As we wish to leave nothing to imagination in this work, and to avoid any appearance of the flights of fancy attributed to us by Admiral Peyron, from the Tribune in the Chamber of Deputies, we must be allowed to make a few calculations. What would be the cost of the organisation that we propose ? We shall soon see. Let us think first of the *matériel*. We estimate the expense of establishing this factory for torpedoes at about a million (*francs*). We have unfortunately five ports requiring departmental workshops, which will multiply expense ; but until one or two of them are done away with, they must all benefit by the reform.

We have already said that in organising the two manufactories of the torpedoes now in use we should for the present have a sufficient establishment. When important works had to be undertaken the torpedo commission would apply to the big establishments for naval construction. The present workshops only require to be established in some special locality, and this would not be hard to find in our ports, where we have plenty of ships lying idle, a partial refit costing on an average about 100,000 *francs* for each port, making a total of 500,000 *francs*. We take an average, for Toulon would, of course, require more than 100,000 *francs*, but this might be saved in other ports.

Furnished government offices might be appropriated to the general committee ; allow this to cost 30,000 *francs*, and add up the whole sum : 1,000,000 *francs* for the factory, 500,000 *francs* for the departmental workshops, 30,000 *francs* for the committee : total 1,530,000 *francs*. Let us now go on to the *personnel*. This must be increased in proportion to the requirements of the service, but at the expense of the Naval Construction Department, which will then be freed from the difficulties it incurs through the torpedo service, at present under its control. By taking workmen from the

Indret factory, and from the departmental workshops in the dockyards, all expense will be avoided. It is hardly necessary to mention that these workmen are on the same footing as those in the dockyards; draw the same wages; are under the same rules; have the same prospect of advancement, &c.

The Inspector-General being one of our vice-admirals, we have only to provide the funds for his rounds of inspection; also those for the naval officers attached thereto. The expenses of the *personnel* are therefore reduced to forming a new corps of torpedo engineers. Now we shall only require two engineers at the manufactory, and two others at each of the departments in Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort; Lorient and Cherbourg might be given one each; we may allow three for the General Inspection, and at the Government offices, and this would bring them up to thirteen. The total expense for such a limited *personnel* would not certainly come up to 120,000 *francs*. In round numbers, the sum total for reorganising *matériel* and *personnel* may be estimated at 2,000,000 *francs*.

It may be asked how the corps of torpedo engineers is to be recruited? Evidently by promotion and good pay. One of these engineers must have the rank of general officer, with the same pay and allowances. The others will all rank as superior officers; six will have the same rank as captains, and six that of commanders, with the same pay and allowances. By placing this privileged corps on this footing there will be no difficulty about recruiting. The foremost naval engineers will easily be induced to enrol themselves in it. Two or three of our officers would make excellent torpedo engineers. Recruits are chiefly needed for the engineers, a few mechanics could be selected. It might be objected that our reform does not go very deep, as it only aspires to organise a system already in existence. But we are told that the chief need is to have an autonomous, self-governing corps, and separate workshops. By this means responsibility would be incurred which, at present, is non-existent.

According to existing arrangements the Controller of the Navy is the head of the torpedo department. Has he the leisure to study their *matériel*, which is so detailed and minute compared to the gigantic *matériel* of Naval Construction? Even had he the leisure, would he not always view the new weapon with instinctive distrust, as it threatens to annihilate all his pet schemes for the construction of his marvellous ironclads?

Finally, what we ask for the torpedo is that it should have the same chance as the gun. The latter will soon be of no more

importance than the torpedo, and as there are men specially detailed for directing the artillery, would it not be quite natural to appoint some to direct the torpedo department? It can hardly be believed how fatal the present organisation, or rather disorganisation, is to all progress. Thus, an engineer of inferior grade has the superintendence of the torpedo workshops. This official gives an account of his actions to the head of his department, who again reports it to the Director of Naval Construction in Paris. He receives his orders from the same source. Now the Director of Naval Construction has many other things to do besides occupying himself with the trifling details of the navy.

What are torpedo-boats in comparison with the *Foudroyant* and the *Caïman* at Toulon?—these immense machines that take up so much attention, and require so much genius and so many millions? The occasional ministerial despatches relating to torpedoes and torpedo-boats are put into execution several years after they are received, torpedo-boats are seen hauled up for whole months waiting for repairs that might have been finished in a few days. The torpedo officers wear themselves out in fruitless efforts to have them repaired, and in the end receive incomplete and imperfect work—never a finished job. They struggle against the prevailing inertia, made more absolute by the absence of responsibility. It is useless to complain of the delays or failure in executing the work given to any but the Director of Naval Construction. And his chief in Paris, the Controller of the Navy, will always excuse his having failed to pay any attention to details beneath his notice. The great fact will be to create responsibility. Let us have self-governing workshops, special engineers, a general inspection, all responsible for what concerns them, and soon we need have no cause to envy foreign powers, who are at present so far in advance of us.

4.

When once the torpedo department is organised, and the boats have been manned by sailors who have learnt their business, there will remain no fear of our *matériel* being insufficient, or of the greater part of it proving worthless. But to make and improve the weapon is not everything; the men must be trained as well. Sometimes we look forward with dread to what would become of us should a naval war break out. Where could officers be found to command the seventy torpedo-boats that are reckoned fit for service? Could officers be employed who had never served in these vessels, and who have none of the knowledge indispensable to such

duties and responsibilities? And by what title could these superior officers be appointed to command light fleets of torpedo-boats? Has the Minister only to stamp on the ground in order to produce men capable of directing operations to which they have never given a thought? How is the *personnel* of engineers to be procured, necessary to the management of all these machines at high pressure? Could this *personnel* be formed in a few days? Could the few men be found again who have previously served on torpedo-boats? Have any precautions been taken in view of this?

A torpedo-class has been formed, and there are now naval torpedo-men, as there are gunners, signalmen, &c. Sailors pass through this special course in the schools for submarine mining, and leave, after examination, with a certificate that they understand ground-mines and spar-torpedoes, as well as the search-lights used both on land and at sea.

But to undertake the locomotive torpedoes, which are of a very complicated mechanism, we need special engineers, who have served their apprenticeship on board the *Japan*, the training-vessel for locomotive torpedoes.

The Naval Minister invited the authorities at the naval ports to suggest a project for organizing this special corps, which is to be a corps of torpedo-engineers, and is to constitute one more branch of the service. Unfortunately there is a long way between projecting and organising a corps—for there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. The training of officers is of far greater importance; and what is being done on their behalf? Nothing—or almost nothing. We have spoken of the movable defence force; but is it not extremely discouraging when we realise that this defence, which should be a great training-school, has only two torpedo-boats fit for duty in each port!

We can only bestow the name of torpedo-boats on those capable of discharging torpedoes; not on those Thorneycrofts making mere excursions on the sea, and bare of all military armament. A few steam trials, but no discharge of torpedoes; a few ridiculous tactical manœuvres, but no attack on warlike lines; a few *sorties* by night, but no reconnoitring of the coasts; indeed, nothing that our movable defence force would be likely to be called upon to do when hostilities broke out—such is our sum-total.

We have not got six officers in our navy who have fired and exploded torpedoes at moving targets. This is the exact state of matters, although it may be denied at the Rue Royale. Every year two torpedoes, properly primed and carried on torpedo-boats, are experimented with by other nations, at either a fixed or a movable

target. We have never dared try these experiments ; it is true that we actually ventured to discharge two loaded locomotive torpedoes by means of the dropping gear—that is, a stationary tube placed in the water—but this was only done after the *personnel* concerned in the manœuvre had been sent off to an absurd distance. And this is all that has taken place ! We have never yet discharged a torpedo from a torpedo-boat under weigh. What confidence can this give to the *personnel* ? It is tantamount to allowing that the discharge is attended with danger, and that the torpedo may possibly remain in the tube, or sink to the bottom to blow up the torpedo-boat, &c. &c.

Who knows that such notions may not have some influence, at the moment of action, on the daring or determination of the assailants ? Not only is it absolutely essential that we should understand how to discharge a torpedo, but it is also essential that we should have entire confidence in the engine entrusted to us. We should be perfectly certain that it will not burst in the impulse-tube, and that if it does go to the bottom it will do no harm to the torpedo-boat above it. This result can only be attained by regular and frequent practice, in all weathers and in any kind of sea. These experiments will demonstrate to the captain that torpedoes may be discharged even when submerged by a sea, and will convince him that the weapon placed in his hands is all-powerful and certain.

Like Russia, we should have at least 200 torpedoes, and keep a great number of them ready in all respects. This would be the best school for captain and crew. Our movable defence force would then be equal to its task. The instructors for our *personnel* should remain several years in this corps, to keep up its reputation. Now we have mentioned that at the present time they are commanded by a commander who gives up his post just when he begins to be capable of filling it. The commanding officers only remain a year in their ships, and when they leave the movable defence force, many of them know nothing about the armament of the ship, because they have only given their attention to her navigation. They often leave for distant stations, whence it would be impossible to recall them in a sudden emergency. Of course it would be impossible to keep all officers in France who had served on board torpedo-boats ; but if we are to be sure of having some in time of danger, we must train a good many in time of peace. Twelve pass yearly into the movable defence force. This number should henceforward be at least trebled. Neither is the instruction of the engineers arranged to the greatest advantage ; the *personnel* is

changed every six months; neither instructors, that is petty officers, nor students stay long enough on board these little vessels. If six months suffice for the students, it is impossible that the same period of time can be sufficient for the petty officers who are to be over them. These should be very numerous, and should be at least two years in the movable defence force.

We should have the same remark to make about the stationary defence force if we had not already demonstrated how useless this organisation is. Are the conditions under which our naval forts could be defended by ground-mines known to any? Do we possess the *matériel* to render the lines of these torpedoes efficient? Do the mooring lighters exist for this service? If they exist, are they fitted for it? Have the functions of the shore-batteries been considered, so as to allow of complete harmony in organising the general defence? Is the arc of the fire from these batteries arranged so as not to interfere with the arc of the attack by torpedoes? Are the search-lights for the defence in their place, and are they properly worked? Has it ever been decided how torpedoes should be moored? Have we impulse-tubes fit to put on the defending steamers? Do these steamers exist except on paper? Would they be available in time of war? Are the *veteran seamen* fit for the duties confided to them? Are they regularly drilled? Could they, immediately on an outbreak of hostilities, be enrolled and form a solid and certain defensive force?

All these questions may be answered absolutely in the negative. In this direction nothing has been done. We must, therefore, give a new impetus to our stationary force, and prepare it for service in time of war, not only for the protection of military stations, but also for that of the commercial ports which at present are exposed to such terrible risks.

Thus we return to our starting point: coast defence. After all we have said, and whilst things are in their present condition, the navy could not possibly undertake this, for it lacks both *matériel* and *personnel*. It could barely defend our arsenals. As to our commercial ports, a single rapid cruiser, a single gun-boat of the kind we have suggested, could bombard them in the night without fear of resistance.

This danger has become so thoroughly realised that the Naval Minister at one time contemplated an appeal to the ports to persuade them to procure defensive torpedo-boats for themselves. A despatch of the 21st November 1882, received by the Chamber of Commerce at Dunkirk, communicated a report of the meeting of the sub-committee of defence for the naval ports, in which

Vice-Admiral Garnault invited the War Minister and the Minister of Marine to inquire whether each Chamber of Commerce would not be disposed, in the first instance, to purchase the torpedo-boats necessary to local defence. The "naval department," said the despatch, "would undertake to supply the *personnel* and the war *matériel* for these torpedo-boats, which would naturally be placed under the command of the military governor of the town, on condition that under no pretext should they be applied to any other purpose than to their especial mission. The price of each torpedo-boat should not exceed 200,000 *francs*."

After citing the terms set down by the Minister, the President of the Chamber of Commerce at the time of these deliberations added: "This is a summary of the question put by the Naval Minister, and I invite this assemblage to formulate an opinion of what may be an opportunity for adopting the propositions made to us, or to give any reasons which might tend towards their rejection." The Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce decided, after some discussion, on acquiring two torpedo-boats, allowing the two following considerations to influence it: 1st. That it is of the highest importance that mercantile sea-ports should afford protection to the vessels frequenting them, and that they should possess formidable means of defence for their benefit; and 2nd. That, as similar armaments are the order of the day in foreign ports, notably in Germany, it is quite clear that France owes it to herself to take the same precautions, unless she is satisfied at any given moment to see herself reduced to a state of inferiority, the consequences of which might be disastrous to the country.

But how were the 400,000 *francs* to be procured, necessary to this acquisition? After examination, discussion, and rejection of the various combinations proposed, the Chamber decided: 1st, that the Minister of Marine should be informed, in writing, that the acquisition of two torpedo-boats for the defence of the port of Dunkirk and its shores was admitted in principle; 2ndly that the Minister of Commerce and Public Works should be requested to find out how the financial question could best be met. In a despatch dated 24th April 1883 the Minister of Commerce replied to the inquiry proffered by the Chamber, as to the resources whence the 400,000 *francs* necessary to the first purchase of defensive torpedo-boats could be drawn, that he could suggest no financial combination which would facilitate the acquisition.

We must at least hope that this final discouragement was in-

inspired by considerations superior to the purely financial reasons given by the Minister of Commerce.

The kind of maritime decentralisation proposed was not altogether a happy inspiration. To us it would seem a mistake to organise a private defence side by side with the national defence, as the former could not come up to the requirements of modern warfare. The coast defence should be organised on a uniform system thoroughly mastered in the time of peace, that it may work smoothly in time of war.

We have already stated that we consider this can only be accomplished by the navy, assisted by its freshly constituted stationary and movable defence forces. Not only should the men and arms necessary to the protection of each port be supplied by the navy, but also the actual vessels on board which they are to be placed. Our frontier towns have not as yet been requested to construct their own fortifications. Neither is it advisable to invite the mercantile ports to buy torpedo-boats at their own expense. This arrangement, this infinitesimal subdivision of the forces, would certainly have great drawbacks; for nothing is more dangerous in warfare than a want of unity.

We are so persuaded of the necessity of a complete unity of action, that we do not hesitate, in opposition to the weightiest opinions, to believe that the batteries and fortresses on the coast should be given into the hands of the navy rather than into those of the army; and that a power of opposition, perhaps indispensable to saving our coasts from the devastation that threatens them, may result from thus concentrating all the defensive elements in one corps. This by no means proves that the *personnel and matériel* of our mercantile ports would be useless in time of war. On the contrary they would offer great opportunities, in our opinion, which it would be exceedingly foolish to neglect.

Just as the army employs the *matériel* of the agriculturist, just as it keeps account of the horses in each district that they may be requisitioned in time of need; so, in the same way, we should wish to see the naval force profit by the opportunities presented by the merchant service. The State subsidises the companies, and should impose a certain standard of construction which, moreover, would cost very little.

Each of our seaports has immense interest in more and more developing our coast defence. It is a question of life and death for them all, and the example of the Chamber of Commerce at Dunkirk shows that all the Chambers of Commerce would incline to second such an imperative reform, if the price were not too high.

Now the modifications requisite on board our merchant ships would be very simple if the Whitehead torpedo were employed. Our navy employs this engine principally on board the torpedo-boats; but recent experiences have proved that it could be carried on board any kind of vessel. In this case, why should we not give impulse-tubes to a portion of our merchant ships? Thus armed, these ships would be of great service at the entrance to the harbours; in the daytime their speed, which is generally inferior to that of rapid cruisers, would not allow of their going further; but at night they could go their rounds, and, without running any great risk, they could prevent the approach of an assailant.

What will happen if the torpedo-boats are obliged to fall back on the coast for defence, when surprised by enemies better armed and stronger in number than themselves? In the neighbourhood of the fortified stations they will be succoured by the coast artillery and the vessels attached to the movable defence force, provided either with Whitehead torpedoes, Hotchkiss guns, or search-lights; but at the present moment in the vicinity of our mercantile ports there is nothing in the shape of batteries or fixed defence. It would be quite easy to create an efficient system of protection; we need only invite the constructors to strengthen their steamers forward, and to make the necessary structural alterations either for Hotchkiss guns, for impulse-tubes, or for search-lights.

In time of war, the State would at once requisition these vessels, as it requisitions the farm-horses. Everything would be classified and numbered before-hand, that there should be no delay in mobilising. Every year a commission, including a naval officer from the neighbouring station, the harbour-master, and a naval commissioner, would inquire into the condition of the vessels in each commercial port. At the naval stations the *personnel* and *matériel* would be got ready, which would arm them at the outbreak of hostilities; their own *personnel* of stokers and engineers might be retained. The support necessary to torpedo-boats would thus be assured almost everywhere on our coasts, or at least at all the most important points.

Hitherto none of these steps have been taken; indeed they have not even been thought of. In consequence of such inconceivable negligence, the Minister of Marine can only advance that as there is an insufficiency of the *matériel* necessary to the men-of-war, it would be folly, on his part, to attempt to provide it for the merchant-ships. In the present state of matters, a vessel no sooner gets into port than her artillery is at once transferred to another ship. Only the other day the ammunition and supplies for the

machine-guns had to be disembarked from all the vessels in the port at Toulon, so as to send them to Tonkin. Our naval Budget reaches about two hundred millions (*francs*) and our country thinks that these appropriations should be sufficient to keep the danger in check which always threatens a great nation; whilst her rivals, being better informed than she is, know her real weakness and her scarcely disguised impotence. The Russians and English have long since begun to classify their merchant-ships. Ever since 1877 M. Normand has built what are in truth steel cruisers, with a speed of eighteen knots, for the Russians. They call them mail steamers; but their speed, and the naval officers commanding them in time of peace, would guarantee their scouring the seas to a very formidable extent. The Russian and English steamers allow for the possibility of being called into action. England has specially given her attention, during the last few years, to adapting her fast merchant-steamers as chasers.

With us it has barely been touched upon in discussing the subsidies to be given to the mercantile companies. As speed is the principal element in naval engagements, we should wish to see the authorities in France, as well as in England, encourage the construction of swift steamers by means of premiums. They would, it is true, cost rather more than the present steamers; but it might be possible to combine the service of Peace in ordinary traffic, and the service of War in their capabilities for speed. We must be allowed to submit a few ideas on this subject to the attention of our engineers. When a ship is constructed, her load-line is designed for a certain draught; and when this line is ascertained, trials of speed should be undertaken. If the ship is overloaded, she sinks down and goes much slower; if, on the other hand, she is less heavily laden than was originally designed, better results for speed will be obtained if care is taken of the trim, and the screw is kept sufficiently immersed. We should therefore ask that the horse-power of the engines on board our steamers should be increased. This is the first step necessary towards greater speed; next we should require that the steamers be so constructed that their water-line should become finer, the screw being at the same time thoroughly immersed. These light vessels would perhaps make eighteen knots, and they would be employed not only in chasing singly, but in escorting torpedo-boats, in forcing blockades, in fighting either with small-arms or Whitehead torpedoes, as we have explained in a former work.

As we do not pretend to be engineers, Heaven forbid that we should presume to give the right dimensions for the ship we should

wish taken into consideration by our great companies. She should be of steel, and this would greatly diminish the weight of the hull; she should have two screws, which would give a lighter draught; her beam above water forward should be comparatively great; her engines should be compound; her hold should be so divided as to be of use for carrying varied cargoes, and to make her, if necessary, unsinkable in time of war. Is this vessel a mere day-dream? We do not think she need be; we think she might be constructed, and might be perfectly appropriate to the two purposes we have in view for her. In time of peace she would be very useful for trading purposes; in time of war she could be of immense service if kept light.

However this may be, it is high time to begin to think about utilising the *matériel* furnished by the merchant service, so as to fill up the gaps in the navy in time of war. The Russians have outstripped us in this, as we have already remarked. They have gone further; and with remarkable foresight they have endeavoured to utilize their administrative institutions in the defensive service. Thus they have organised a custom-house flotilla attached to the navy, and deserving special mention. This flotilla was started in 1873, under the command of a real admiral; and its mission is to prevent smuggling, to practice the naval *personnel* in coast navigation amidst the rocks of the Baltic; to instruct a certain number of the subordinate *personnel* of the navy, yearly, so as to form good officers for the fleet; to superintend the local service, to aid vessels in danger, and in time of war it is supplied with torpedoes and co-operates in the coast-defence. At present it includes three vessels, and seven steamers, able to manœuvre under canvas. Each of these ships has to guard about a hundred miles of coast, and each is armed with four guns. The men are given a carbine, a revolver, and a sword. They serve two years after having served a year in the squadron, and return once more to service with the fleet. Each vessel is commanded by a lieutenant, assisted by a sub-lieutenant and a coast-guard officer. The men have to take their turn at everything: steering, handling the ship, drill, &c, and they must further learn to read and write.

Although attached to the navy, the custom-house flotilla is placed, in time of peace, under the control of the Finance Minister. The condition of officers and men is reported every year to the Admiralty by the Naval Minister, who exercises constant watchfulness over the *personnel*, and keeps himself informed as to the service of the customs. It is intended to have a similar flotilla in the Black Sea and on the coasts of Silesia.

A coast-guard has, further, been organised at various points on the littoral, under the orders of the Head of the Customs, and its mission is no less naval than fiscal.

Russia is every day becoming a more important naval power; and if ever the war incessantly threatened by their long-standing antagonism breaks out between her and England, it will no longer (to quote the words of M. Bismarck) be a fight between the elephant and the whale. The elephant has learnt to swim—or, rather, it is now surrounded by aquatic defenders protecting it on every side.

The Russian coast is excellently guarded, and the Russian cruisers are more and more accustomed to venturing into distant seas, where they will shower so many blows on the whale that it will, perhaps, eventually sink under such a formidable assault. It is melancholy to realise that in the midst of the general efforts of all European nations to prepare for the naval warfare of the future, France alone is at a standstill. She, alone, has done nothing to defend her coasts and her commercial ports, and just in the same way she has failed to understand the part torpedoes are going to fill on the open sea.

If we minutely examine the state of our navy, it is dreadful to contemplate the work that lies before us; not, indeed, that of transforming it, but that, alas! of being able to use it at all, in its present condition. No problem is solved, no steps are taken. The work will be immense; there is not any single point in our naval organisation that does not call for reform.

It is easy to understand the lack of activity and the hesitation of those who, not having the courage to give themselves up, heart and soul, to this vast and complicated task, take refuge in denying the truth that they may not be obliged to shake off the torpor induced by the magnitude of the task. *Après nous le deluge* doubtless expresses their tone of thought; for this thoroughly French saying did not, unfortunately, die out with the expiring monarchy; it has since then been heard too frequently on lips which should only have cried *Laboremus*. Yes, it should be work and work without rest or respite; for time waits for no man, and the peril is great.

We care little, though we may be called alarmists when we point out how our country is deceived in her fancied security. We care little though we be accused of showing up our weakness to our rivals, and encouraging them to profit by it. We know too well whose are the lips uttering these reproaches, and what are the sentiments that inspire them. Nothing is to be gained by blinding

ourselves as to our real capabilities; and others are not in the least taken in; we teach them nothing by exposing our weak points.

After showing that the day for ironclads is past and gone, that our cruisers possess no speed, that our arsenals are bare of the most necessary arms, we have thought it our duty once again to show up the situation of our beautiful and prosperous shores, upon which any chance wave may land an enemy that could ravage them in a few hours without encountering the slightest opposition.

Our commercial ports are open; our populous cities in the north are exposed to every descent, and one of the chief sources of our public Revenue, where one winter city succeeds another, where the gayest resorts spread themselves out beneath the blue sky in a delicious climate, and amidst exquisite scenery, the beautiful coast of Provence may be easily devastated, and covered with the remains of this glorious prosperity and enviable wealth by a few cruisers and gun-boats, passing by at night, and overwhelming Mentone, Nice, Cannes or Saint Raphaël with their ruinous projectiles. How could isolated forts prevent such a misfortune? They dominate the routes to Italy; but their fire would have no effect on the sea, and would be lost in the darkness. Coast defence is, or rather ought to be, a naval defence. The attack will proceed from the open sea, and it is there that protection should be found; flotillas of torpedo-boats, sustained by vessels ranging the horizon with their search-lights, must chase the assailant and force his retreat. The coast batteries would merely be their auxiliaries in this work of salvation.

We must again repeat that we possess neither flotillas of torpedo-boats, vessels ready for war, or torpedoes. All our resources are dedicated to useless ironclads, which would, above all, be useless to preserve our coasts from the disasters likely to overtake them in consequence of our want of forethought. We know too well that no one believes in these catastrophes, that they are declared impossible, opposed to modern progress, and unworthy of civilised nations.

No one believed until 1870 that the day would come when we should see Paris bombarded, and Verdun set on fire. People believed that war had ceased to be barbarous, that humanity would never again witness those scenes of carnage and desolation which make the history of a horrible tragedy. It was a terrible mistake, and the awakening was, indeed, tremendous. It is no less a mistake to try and deceive ourselves into the belief that an enemy, fighting for existence against us, would stop at devastating our coasts; an

enterprise easy to him and disastrous to us. It is high time that we should anticipate the devastation that is, perhaps, not far off, and that those who govern us should take thought.

CHAPTER IV.

NAVAL PERSONNEL.

1.

As yet, we have given our attention exclusively to naval *matériel*, and to studying the weapon to be used in the wars of the future. But the new order of things we have sought to analyse, should have a new *personnel*, or at least a *personnel* adapted to its requirements, appropriate to its exigencies, and fulfilling its necessities. Has this *personnel* any existence at the present time? If it does not exist, how can it be organised, with as little delay as possible?

To answer these questions we must attentively examine the present state of matters, and carefully avoid all prejudice and illusion. It is often repeated that our navy is evidently superior to all others by reason of our maritime inscription, which secures a numerous and well-drilled *personnel*, ready, in case of war, to embark and proceed at once to the scene of action. Maritime inscription is one of those institutions that no one ventures to assail, that no one dares to question in a nation at once so wedded to routine, and at the same time more revolutionary than any other in Europe.

A moment's reflection will suffice to show us that it is no longer in harmony with the navy of the present time. It provides topmen, and that is all! Now topmen are hardly employed at all in this modern system, consisting of a series of mechanisms becoming more and more complicated, more and more delicate, and depending upon engines which ordinary sailors can handle no better than any outsider. But this simple fact never strikes the numerous admirers of maritime inscription. They have stuck at the brilliant epoch when Colbert was at the head of affairs. Dazzled by the genius of the great Minister to whom France owed its navy, able, during two centuries, to cope with the English navy, at no great disadvantage, they are totally unable to realise that everything is changed in our times. Maritime inscription seems, in their eyes, at once a master-piece of political foresight and of philanthropy. They still confidently reiterate the words repeated in 1846 by M. Thiers, and which even then were

not in conformity with the fact. In the words of Colbert, "The man who toils on the sea and gives himself up to a seafaring life, needs protection more than any other. You need protection; you shall be protected; but I require you always to be ready to hand; if you claim more protection from me, you, on your part, must serve more." This was Colbert's excellent idea; an idea sometimes misunderstood, but which in course of time prevailed. Colbert said: "If I take your life, I am your foster father, and give compensation for it; I institute pensions for the infirm such as no other country grants. When you are old, and have lost your strength in the service, I will provide for your needs; if you have a wife and children lacking food in your absence, the *Caisse des Invalides* will supply it."

This paternal institution—or maternal, to be more correct—compensated for maritime inscription. The maternal relation of the State towards a *personnel* always at its command, and keeping it constantly supplied with everything required for the equipment of a squadron, is a most seductive idea. Let us see if the reality bears it out.

Whilst speaking enthusiastically of maritime inscription, two things pass unheeded. 1stly, the entire revolution caused by steam replacing sail-power at sea, and 2ndly, the no less fundamental revolution introduced both in our laws and military habits by obligatory service. It was certainly just and admirable of Colbert to make the merchant service (at that time monopolised by our riverine population) the nursery of our navy. In the days of sail-power, that is up to a quite recent date, when our mercantile flag was to be seen in every distant land, it was quite natural that the maritime inscription should supply us with *sailors* in the old acceptance of the term; that is with top-men accustomed to handling sails, to long cruises, to the maritime life of the epoch, so different to that of the present day. In it alone were men to be found, broken in to the incessant fatigue of sea-faring life, to all the chances peculiar to long voyages, and requiring an exceptional expenditure of physical and moral energy. It was a good education to have seen the storm beating furiously against their native shores from earliest youth, if in after life they had to brave the storm on a light bark, or even on one of the three-deckers of olden times.

As long as things remained unchanged, it could truthfully be said that the population on our coasts, under the rule of maritime inscription, was trained in our coastal and merchant service, and that when it came to join the navy it would be found perfectly drilled,

requiring no preparation, and in good fighting order. This is no longer the case. Sail-power is no longer paramount at sea, but is replaced by steam. Even if born on a sailing-ship, a native of the coast would not any the more be fitted for handling the engines than any ordinary conscript. The complicated engines on board a modern vessel would puzzle him quite as much; he would be just as awkward and just as difficult to teach. To have breathed the sea-air from his earliest youth would avail him nothing. Long cruises, interminable voyages which could only be endured by those accustomed from youth upwards to live between sea and sky, have given place to a new style of navigation, exacting more intelligence than strength or perseverance. In this way the best seamen are as often secured by conscription as by maritime inscription; or rather a great many more are secured by the former than the latter. The townsman makes a better gunner than the fisherman does; and is still better if he happens to be a workman or mechanic. Whatever their origin, the men only arrive in the rough at head-quarters. But conscription certainly supplies more, both in quantity and quality.

For instance, on board a vessel of the evolutionary squadron (to name it would be useless) the crew includes 850 men on the inscription, and 404 obtained by conscription; all the petty officers naturally have had themselves placed upon the inscription, but in most cases they began as volunteers;* amongst the sailors only seven topmen were conscripts, whereas twenty-eight were on the maritime inscription. On the other hand, 21 gunners were conscripts, whereas 28 were on the maritime inscription; 5 torpedo-men against 4; 22 helmsmen against 7; 62 riflemen against 29; 32 working engineers against 4; 4 carpenters against 3; 2 sail-makers against 2; 1 caulker against 3, &c.; ordinary deck-hands, who have no speciality, are alone taken in greater numbers from the maritime inscription. These number 149 against 24.

It is clear that conscription does not produce gunners, riflemen, or torpedo-men *ready-made*. Conscripts must be trained; but the men on the inscription are no better, as their education must begin from the very commencement. Only engineers, in a proportion of 90 or 95 from conscription against a few on the inscription, enter the service, if not skilled, at least grounded. All

* Every naval officer, of which there are about 4,000, may be said to have their names placed on the roll of maritime inscription, when, having first been ballotted, or having voluntarily enlisted, they have accomplished a preliminary term of service. They have then made up their minds to make the navy their profession, and it is very advantageous to them to be inscribed.

the rest is an inert mass, waiting to be moulded before it can be converted into crews suitable to the modern navy.

In the days of sailing the working of the guns was very simple, and was done very much on the same system on board merchant ships and men-of-war. But now-a-days, in all the complications of a great ironclad, the machinery, the service of the heavy guns, the machine-guns, and torpedoes, is it to be supposed that merchant seamen can suddenly develop into engineers or gunners? Or when innumerable torpedo-boats and gun-boats have begun to cover the seas, is it likely that men from a fishing-boat, or even a steamer, will be found ready suddenly to serve on board one of those delicate and terrible machines? Sails will become of scarcely any importance, and the duties of topmen will be reduced to insignificance.

If Colbert's plan is to be taken up and adapted to modern requirements; if a monopoly is to be created, and provision made for that part of the population most fitted by its vocations and mode of life for naval warfare, maritime inscription should no longer be exclusively applied to the inhabitants of our coasts. It ought equally to be applied to the men in our factories, to the engineers on our railways and in trade, to all the modern *personnel* instructed in the workshops where machinery is constructed and supervised. These would be of far greater service than men only fit to handle sails or climb rigging. We cannot, of course, treat trade on the same system as Colbert treated the merchant service. Modern ideas would be entirely opposed to it. Trade must be free. When engineers and stokers have served their time in the navy they cannot be prevented going on the railway or into the factories. This would have to be done, however, if we were really to remain faithful to Colbert's traditions. The wind being the only motive power in the navy of his day, he embodied the topmen in the merchant service into a brigade; steam having replaced it in the present time, we should, in the same way, embody every engineer and stoker in the trade into a similar brigade. No one would dare to propose this; therefore maritime inscription, even if modified and adapted to the present state of the navy, is condemned, and hopelessly condemned, whatever efforts may be made to uphold it.

We have practically shown that in reality it no longer plays a chief part, and that conscription produces the greater number of men, and of men fitted to take special duty in our fleets. We have admitted that inscription produces one class almost exclusively, that of topmen. But it by no means supplies them all, and those it

does supply are far from well-drilled. This is due to the steady falling off in our merchant service. To cite merely one example: twenty years ago as many as seventy sail of French ships might be seen lying in Valparaiso harbour; at this moment there are not ten. It is the same in every other part of the world. The maritime commerce is carried on almost exclusively by English and German vessels. Our shipowners find that their ships cost too much, and they are perfectly right. The salaries both of German officers and of the men are just half those of the French. Our shipowners labour under a still greater disadvantage from the fact that, thanks to maritime inscription, all the officers and three parts of the crew on board a French ship must be of French origin—a rule that prevents our shipowners changing their crews, and taking one here and another there, according to the need of the hour; they cannot imitate the English and Germans by employing Arabs, Malays, Chinese, people of every nation, who take work at almost nominal wages. It is, therefore, impossible for us to compete with other nations; our sailing vessels must of necessity disappear, notwithstanding any premium granted to them. Steamers must take their place; but our *personnel* is too restricted, too limited in number, to supply the demand. The disappearance of seamen is the result of this growing diminution in the number of sailing vessels; there are hardly any left. An enormous majority of the men on the inscription are fishermen coasting about the shores; even ordinary boatmen, perfectly incapable of serving on our ships. This is so true, the contingent raised is so useless in seafaring matters, that a special training ship has been organised, called the school for topmen, to supply the navy with men knowing how to handle the rigging.

In former days it was not found necessary to train seamen. Here, again, the merchant service furnished any amount of them. Thus maritime inscription does not, at the present date, supply the speciality for which it was purposely set on foot. The topmen it supplies to the navy are generally as untrained as ordinary recruits; and as service is now obligatory for all, it is difficult to understand why a difference should be made between the two, or why there should be two categories of men called to serve on the same men-of-war. If the men on the inscription submitted to conscription, if they became soldiers instead of remaining sailors, the navy would lose very little now, and would lose less as time went on; handling the sails would become more and more simple and, at the same time, more and more unimportant. Thus maritime inscription has been useless to the navy for more than fifty years;

and during the last twenty years it has done great harm to the merchant service, by depriving it of liberty under the cloak of Protection.

The Chambers of Commerce in our sea-port towns protest incessantly, and with good reason, against the law forcing ship-owners to employ a crew three-parts French. This heavy obligation prevents competition with foreign rivals, who, according to circumstances, can take any number of of sailors they may require, without regard to their nationality. This is one of the principal causes why our sailing vessels have ceased to exist.

On the other hand, maritime inscription helps trade to a certain extent when steamers are in question ; but it is at the expense of the State.

As we have just said, the engineers in our fleets have all been obtained by conscription ; they are trained on our ships, and no one is unaware of the trouble and care this entails. It is with the utmost difficulty that a sufficient staff is maintained to work the engines in our navy ; and this is not always successfully done. As soon as the engineers have picked up sufficient experience in the schools and on board the men-of-war, their time of service has expired, and they leave in all haste. If any of them have acquired a liking for the sea they have no inducement to remain with our fleets, as they find much more lucrative and honourable situations in the mercantile companies. They have only to put their names on the inscription (they are aware that the steamer upon which they may have taken service is sure to be requisitioned in time of war, but this is only an extra inducement in its favour), and, at the end of twenty-five years at sea, they are often in possession of quite as large a pension paid by the State as if they had served in the navy. For instance, a chief engine-room artificer, on leaving the navy, puts his name on the inscription roll, and goes into the service of a company ; he will get on by degrees, and if he rises to the responsible situation of working engines of a certain power on board a steamer, the pension he receives from the State would be equal to that of a chief engineer, say, 1,200 *francs* or 1,500 *francs*. This means that the navy gives a premium to those who rise in the merchant service ; so that an engineer of any standing would be very foolish to waste his opportunities in the former, if by serving the private companies he can get a higher salary, and, at the same time, can secure a pension. It is true that if he reached the rank of fleet engineer in the navy, he would have a better retiring pension, of nearly 3,000 *francs* ; but as long as he remained in the service he could not save a halfpenny, whereas he

would always be able to save a good deal in the companies' service, as the salaries are very good.

The engineers who are enrolled on the maritime inscription before joining the navy are few in number and quite uneducated; they join too young to have any experience; the navy, therefore, trains them, and the companies reap the advantage. This is an incontrovertible fact; the *Messageries Maritimes* organised a school in former days to train engineers for their ships, but it was soon given up, as the *Messageries* became aware that they had no need to educate engineers, when the State undertook it for them; they actually draw their engineers from the navy, and these accept situations from them after their five years' service. Thus it may be seen that this intimate connection between the merchant service and the navy, which is considered, and, indeed, *was*, such an excellent arrangement in the days of Colbert, now cheats the State by depriving the navy of its engineers, who are so all-important to it. Far from being supplied with engineers by the merchant service, as it used to be with topmen in the days of sailing, the navy now supplies the merchant service. It is now a school to train engineers for trading vessels; whereas, in olden days, traders formed seamen for the navy. Colbert's idea no longer obtains. The aims he pursued are entirely reversed.

The loss to the State is by no means entirely gain to the trading companies, for the restrictions imposed upon the merchant service by maritime inscription negative any advantage they might otherwise derive. Our shipowners, as we have already said, are forced to employ a crew of which the whole of the officers, and three-parts of the total number of men, must be of French origin; in their special line they cannot profit as other trades might do, by the low price of foreign labour; they are, moreover, forbidden to discharge sailors in foreign lands, and if, for any reason, men have been left in a distant country, the law ordains that they must be sent home at the expense of the shipowner.

Although French sailors are thus protected against the shipowners, they in their turn are forbidden to sojourn or take employment on foreign vessels without special permission. Their liberty of action is no less hampered than that of the ship-owners. They transact all bargains with the latter through the agents for the navy.

The merchant service cannot make way under these rules; maritime inscription is a close network hampering any possibility of development. Under pretext of keeping constant control over the interests of the men, of guarding them with paternal or, as M.

Theirs expressed it, with maternal care, the naval administration undertakes every detail of their affairs, and manages them with an administrative routine, an ignorance of economy, and a mismanagement that is utterly deplorable.

The fishing on the coasts and the coastal trade, which is their prerogative, gives rise to any number of abuses. The naval agents are like little sovereigns in their own district, and their despotism is often unjust and unreasonable.

The history of the naval *Caisse des Invalides* is most lamentable; it has been told so frequently that we need not recapitulate it. We need only say that it is one of those institutions which are of no further use. Every individual is now under the obligation to serve, and therefore sailors have no more right than soldiers to be helped or given retiring pensions. If they want a retiring fund, let them administer it themselves, as they have begged permission to do ever since 1861. They should be put on a par with everyone else. They do not require an agent to negotiate their engagement on board a merchant vessel: any minor official would undertake it. As the State exacts no more from them than from the rest of the nation, it should cease its pretended paternal or maternal protection. The only result of the noble mission it is supposed to fulfil is to encourage an immense, useless, and expensive administration.

If we open the *Almanach du Marin*, we find 230 agents employed in ports other than our five naval stations; that is in districts where maritime inscription exists; besides 92 agents of various ranks, and 253 officials or syndics of various ranks. These added together make a total of 575 persons employed to work the maritime inscription. To these must be added the clerks who collect around the agents, and of whom the *Almanach du Marin* and the *Annuaire de la Marine* make no mention, as they do not rank as officers. We do not think we should exaggerate if we asserted that there are two clerks to every agent, but we have no statistics on this point. It is true that the agents for maritime inscription have other things to do besides enticing men to enlist; they make bargains for the navy, and fulfil the same mission in their special seaport as each commissariat officer fulfils in his own district. But if they were quit of the maritime inscription, which engrosses almost their whole attention, there might be fewer of them, and they might be better placed, and render more important services.

Maritime inscription formerly bore the blame of placing those inscribed under much severer laws than those which govern other

citizens, military service being in their case obligatory, whereas it did not reach the whole nation. As this service lasted fifty years, it was only fair to bestow great privileges on them as compensation for the exceptional burden laid upon them.

But here, again, a radical change has taken place. The military law of the 27th July 1872, made personal service obligatory for every Frenchman up to the age of forty ; those in our central provinces must serve as well as those on the coast.

It is difficult to see why a difference should be made between those serving at sea and those on land, or why the former should enjoy advantages that are not granted to the latter. Universal service has considerably changed the hard life and unfortunate condition to which those on the inscription were reduced, as compared with that of the contingent raised for the army or for the navy itself.

There is a crying disparity between the position of men on the inscription and that of conscripts serving on the same ships, who go through the same hardships and lead exactly the same existence. The sailor enrolled on the inscription enters the service with the rank of seaman of the 3rd class and fourpence a day (the cost deducted of keeping up his clothing) ; whereas the naval conscript during a space of seventeen or eighteen months only obtains the grade of naval apprentice and twopence a day, and the military conscript the advance of a halfpenny a day with the grade of a soldier of the 2nd class. If he has already been at sea, a member of the inscription can enter the service with a grade corresponding to his position in the hierarchy of the merchant service, but this favour is not granted to the conscript. The pay of an inscribed seaman, already better than that of soldiers, is further increased by the institution of a large number of supplementary allowances ; allowances for extra work ; allowances for special certificated aptitude ; high pay for continuous service ; allowance for being recalled at the end of five years ; allowances for each legitimate or legitimized child under ten years of age, &c. &c. &c.

The first of these allowances can indeed be obtained by men raised by conscription and incorporated into the crews ; but this occurs after a much longer period, as their advancement is much less rapid, and in any case far more laborious. A man on the inscription is at liberty to marry without permission, but the conscript cannot. He has the right to enter the merchant-service, but a conscript may not do so. He is privileged to attend the classes in the hydrographic schools which prepare him as certificated captain, but the conscript is not admitted to them. He can only

be called upon to serve during a period of seven years, after which a special decree from the head of the executive would be necessary for further calls; the conscript is only freed from active service at the end of nine years. The seven years over which the service of a member of the inscription extends, includes a normal period of three years' active service: if kept over this term, or recalled after dismissal, he draws the high pay of four *sous* daily. When he is not on active service he is on renewable leave, which allows him to take employment in certain lines of trade, and gives him various privileges belonging to active service; or else he has merely ordinary leave. If he is recalled after five years' active service, or from leave which allowed him to take employment in certain lines of trade, he receives an allowance of fourpence or fivepence besides the daily help of two *sous* for each child under ten years old. The time he spends on renewable leave counts as regular service during the seven years, if the member of the inscription spends his time coasting, and within certain boundaries, &c.

Finally, he secures both for himself, his widow, his children, and sometimes his descendants, pensions or grants from the funds of the Institution for Disabled Seamen, which amount to more than six million *francs* a year.

After his five years' service, the conscript falls back into the territorial army, where he receives no indemnity whatever; he receives neither pension nor half-pay; nothing is done either for him or for his widow or children.

But, as he has left 8 per cent. of his pay in the hands of the State, he may be said to pay or to contribute towards the privileges enjoyed at his expense, by those enrolled on the inscription. We repeat that this is a glaring injustice. If we added up all the allowances, half-pay, and pensions we have just mentioned, it would soon be seen how heavy the charge of the maritime inscription is on the Treasury, and how useless, seeing that, since the development of steam navigation, the lists on our men-of-war, or on our merchant-ships, show a totally insignificant number of seamen, who, in any case, are always easily procured. The Maritime Inscription supplies fewer men with important specialities than conscription, such as working engineers, gunners, torpedo-men, riflemen, &c.

No one would venture to say that the ten years' service exacted by the State beyond the age of forty compensate for the favours lavished on those on the roll of maritime inscription.

Sailors over forty years of age are certainly not fit to encounter

the hardships in the navy of the present day, nor would they be likely to possess the moral and physical dexterity that it exacts. Maritime inscription might very well be suppressed and conscription alone resorted to, in the navy as in the army, without losing anything by the abolition of those ten years' extra service expected from its members, and which never could really be utilised.

It can only be advantageous to give everyone equal rights; and it is to be hoped that, notwithstanding prejudice and routine, this may yet be decided upon. From every point of view, it would be a good plan to continue to equalise the chances for everyone, and, when once the inscription is suppressed, to add a certain number of conscripts to the navy, either from the seaboard or from the interior, which thus would have but one origin and a homogeneity unknown at the present time.

There would be but one system of raising men, and, after drawing lots, some would be appointed to the army and others to the navy. Naturally, exchanges between the two services would be authorised, and even favourably entertained. The working engineers balloted for the army would have every inducement to join one of our fleets, where they could ply their trade and gain experience in it. But, although their active service, in either force, might be over, they would continue to be attached to it until the age of forty.

The conscripts who have served five years on board our ships, and who are then attached to the territorial army, probably make very indifferent soldiers, and, when war breaks out, the special acquirements they have gained in the navy are entirely lost.

When the reserves are called out, engineers and firemen, who have been trained at great expense by the State, and who would be specially useful on board torpedo-boats and gun-boats, go to swell the reserves of the army, to which they are quite unaccustomed. A large and valuable *personnel* is thus foolishly frittered away.

We only mention engineers and firemen because they are of the most importance. But the gunners, the torpedo-men, the signalmen, and the riflemen trained in the navy should not be lost to that service.

It is, furthermore, perfectly simple to have a naval reserve on the same lines as the territorial reserve. Every man who has served in the navy should enter this reserve. In case of war, he should be obliged to rejoin the naval division of which he was a member, as he at present is obliged to rejoin the brigade to which he is attached. The distances are sufficiently short, the means of com-

munication sufficiently rapid, to prevent any serious difficulty in carrying out this operation.

The only objection advanced has its origin in the old prejudice we have already considered, that the population on the sea-coast is alone fit for a sea-faring life, and that, to be a good sailor, it is necessary to spend one's whole existence gazing at the sea. This is far from the fact. After five years' service a labourer or a townsman is quite equal to the fisherman or the coaster. He goes back to his village or town without losing the practical experience he has acquired at sea. Even after years have elapsed, he will prove himself a true sailor the moment he rejoins the vessel he is accustomed to, if he has formerly mastered the handling of the engines and been properly drilled. He might, perhaps, suffer a few days from sea-sickness, but this is the only point in which he would be inferior to the population on the coasts; and is it worth retaining such an unjust and expensive institution as maritime inscription merely because it supplies us with sailors who are exempt from a few days' sea-sickness?

(To be continued.)

Land Transport in the East.

By Major HARVEY KELLY, M.S.C., A.C.G. for Transport.

(Continued from page 589, Vol. XII.)

Ponies.

ALTHOUGH extensively used in time of war, except in certain localities ponies cannot be looked upon as a universal depôt transport. They are, however, easier and cheaper to procure than mules; hence, when emergencies arise, are much bought to supplement them. The term "pony" certainly admits of very free reading. The little screaming cow-hooked wild-eyed country "tat," which starts as a grass-cutter's beast of burden, carrying fodder, the syce's family and belongings, his master's kit and, upon occasion, loot; not unfrequently develops into a full-blown polo pony with hogged mane and docked tail, or a subaltern's hack, which gets "a holiday in the shafts" on off-days from the "bobbery" pack. Then, perhaps, after a brief though rough existence with "sahibs," he is bought up by the transport officer when a sudden Russian or other scare takes place. In many cases he is none the worse for his checkered career, and returns philosophically to his original calling, stepping out contentedly and quickly under his 160 lbs. of grain or kit. But it all depends upon the pony. This is a truism which, of course, applies to every animal; but for pack work there is a greater variety of, therefore greater difficulty in hitting off the *desiderata* with, ponies than with any other beast of burden. In my opinion the smaller the pony the better he is; 13 hands or 13'1, with well rounded barrel, low withers, and, if possible, some definite local breed—the Deccanee, for example, for choice. Unfortunately, when time is limited, this choice is too often a case of Hobson's; and the transport officer has to accept what in his inner judgment he rejects.

I have noticed the most extraordinary mingling of breeds, shapes, and sizes among a convoy of ponies. Big, leggy, angular, high-withered, narrow-chested beasts, with every bad point remark-

ably salient, generating sore backs and flank wounds, no matter how well laden, comparing very unfavourably on the march alongside diminutive rats of ponies upon which it seemed cruelty to put anything heavier than a child. But, large or small, they never come up to the mule. "They have not the same digestive powers, and require much more attention to the preparation and in the selection of fodder, while their different shaped backs demand greater care in the fitting of pack-saddles" (Oliphant). The obvious sequel to this is, that not being so hardy, and being thinner skinned than mules, they are more liable to diseases, epidemic or otherwise, and galls—facts which necessitate a better class of "salutry," with more numerous and valuable medicines being sent with them. Indeed, they have to be treated as horses. For the reasons stated when speaking of mules, I will not dwell upon their diseases; but I will mention one which I should have done in the previous chapters as I do not think it is very generally known in Europe, viz. anthrax fever. Yet this is as fatal to *all* animals—even to human beings—as glanders or farcy. With horses it is especially deadly; and not many years ago there was a terribly severe outbreak of anthrax among the elephants in Burmah, which resulted in enormous loss to Government. It shows itself suddenly, and, as far as can be ascertained, is due to malaria. Isolation, ventilation, with rice, gruel, and nitre water, are the steps to be taken, if symptoms ("an inflammatory tumour or boil that may show itself on any part of the animal's carcass," and high fever) appear; but I am assured by excellent authorities that no treatment is of any avail when once the disease has set in. A very able report on its effects and causes has been, I believe, drawn up for the Government of India; but, as with cholera in man, theories are being continually upset by the vagaries of the disease.

There are no defined rules laid down for transport ponies as there are for other animals, but the general principles of pack transport govern their selection, sharp spines and high withers to be always fought shy of. The scale of food is similar to that for mules; the saddle and gear is a little lighter, while the price entirely depends upon the circumstances which regulate the supply and demand. Taking the data I did before, 25,994 ponies were bought for Afghanistan at an average cost per head of Rs.77 15a. 1p. as against Rs.100 9a. 8p. for mules; but there is little comparison between the price and value. It would be quite possible to improve the class of ponies for transport work by the establishment of breeding-farms, but it certainly would not be worth the outlay. If money is to be spent, far better expend it on

mule-breeding; for the original caste prejudices against supplying decent mares for donkey sires are giving way, like most such prejudices, to the Rupee. Sandys somewhere puts it—

Five hundred asses yearly took the horse,
Producing *mules* of greater speed and force;

but if for “asses” we read *mares*, and for “horse,” *ass*; even with 500 a great start would be effected.

I have purposely not gone into the question of gear, the different sorts of saddles from the “Sooncha” pad, in common use all over India, to the latest ordnance pack-saddle; as I must place a limit to my subject. I may, nevertheless, briefly state that the present ordnance pack-saddle and gear for mules works thoroughly well, and meets every requirement; that for ponies only wants one or two slight alterations, which, I believe, have been carried out by this; and Sanderson’s pattern gear for elephants (its principle an arched iron saddle) has proved, in spite of the conservative opposition of mahouts, an immense improvement on the old. For camels, there is only one saddle fit to use. This is called by different names in different dialects; but the “pillan,” fitting round the hump, with the three or four horizontal bamboos, or “burdans,” on each side, is in universal employ.

Donkeys.

I have many good words to say about this much abused beast, before I come to bullocks. As any stick will do to beat a dog with, so any food will do for a donkey. Yet he is expected to work under all conditions, and invariably acts up to the expectation. Again, any sort of ass will do, whether he is under four or over twenty years; and the consequence is that dead donkeys are more common than dead post-boys during an Eastern campaign. With a little judgment on the part of the buyer, really strong donkeys should be procured at from Rs. 20 to Rs. 25 a piece; animals that will carry 160 lbs. as well as ponies, at half the expense in gear, supervision, and food. The feeding scale for donkeys is $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of grain and 10 lbs. of dry fodder a day, increased by $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of grain when “on command,” and reduced to nothing when “at graze.” On this handful of grain they will thrive, do long marches over bad ground with two gunny bags each filled with from 60 lbs. to 80 lbs.; and, if employed in a “train” which has to return to its base, probably carry a long-legged Sikh the whole way back without distress. In the Bolan Pass I had a case of a she-ass which carried a 160 lb. load from Bibinani to Much (over fourteen miles of uphill work), and gave birth to a foal the moment she was

unladen. Both mother and foal flourished, and [are no doubt once more ready to serve the Queen against her foes.

Again, whereas it requires one man to superintend three mules, ponies, or camels, one driver can manage a batch of ten or even fifteen donkeys, on a mountain-road where they cannot stray. It takes, too, a good deal to kill a donkey, though they suffer terribly from breeching-galls, for which there is no possible excuse, as the very simple gear can be so easily shifted when going up or down hill. Altogether, from their work and little cost, donkeys will always be found at the termination of an Indian campaign, to have earned a large tribute of praise. They are seldom, however, "mentioned in despatches!"

Pack-Bullocks.

These are chiefly used in Southern India, and, as a military transport, cannot be considered entirely satisfactory. Their principal merit lies in their cheapness, and that, when also trained for draught, they can be turned to a double account when necessary. In the early days of Indian history the pack-bullock of the Banjara, or gipsy (from *Vanjari*, "a great wanderer"), certainly played a conspicuous part in the transport of an army, and the following interesting extract from the pen of Major Mackenzie of the Berar Commission, may not be altogether out of place here:—

The Charans first rose to the demand which the great armies of Northern India, contending in exhausted countries far from their bases of supply, created, viz. the want of a fearless and reliable transport service, and in that they were followed, in time, the field being open for the supply and the labour being remunerative, by Lambave and Matturiatras; trade being resorted to in the intervals of war, or as war ceased. The start which the Charans thus acquired, they retain among Banjaras to this day, though in very much diminished splendour and position. As they themselves relate, they were originally five brethren—Rathor, Juri, Ponwar, Charhan, and Jadow; a son of each of these houses, so legend has it, having been given to Mula in adoption. The names, anyhow, still live. But fortune particularly smiled on Bhika Rathor, as his four sons Mersi, Multasi, Deda, and Khandar, great names among the Charans, rose immediately to eminence as commissariat transporters in the north. Not only under the Delhi Emperors but under the Sattara, subsequently the Puna raj, and the subhaship of the Nizam did several of their descendants rise to consideration and power. Indeed, it is to be gathered from the manner that these people are now to be found spread over the country, that as the opportunity offered, and seemed tempting, some one or other of them attached themselves to the different powers, greater or lesser, as they rose, their own clanship, when even on opposite sides, remaining unbroken. It is well known that our own Duke of Wellington, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, in his Indian campaigns, very largely employed some of them in his train, while his enemies were doing the same.

But here, again, I must remind the reader that the pack-bullock of the Banjaris is their private property, and that the owners can

make their own arrangements as to hours of work, &c., all that would be required of them being that they fulfilled their contract to transport certain articles to and from certain places. When we come to the subject of this chapter—the Government pack-bullock—it is different. In the Madras Presidency there is a grand progeny of bullocks—the Mysore Amrut Mahal breed—of which the inferior, or perhaps I ought rather to say the smaller, ones only are used for pack purposes. This Mysore bullock is not so large as the Hissar or Berar bullock, but experience has demonstrated that he is more hardy and useful than the more imposing-looking cattle. He is supposed to be descended from a Deified antelope and a sacred cow, hence the black nozzle and hoofs, pale slate-coloured velvety hide, almond-shaped black eyes—the true indication of his antelope sire—and the graceful curves of the hump and dewlap. For draught he is invaluable, but I do not think an exclusively pack-bullock ever really repays the trouble of teaching.

Every dépôt transport officer is familiar with the regimental transport or quartermaster's wail: "For goodness' sake don't give us pack-bullocks!" when he is allotting the carriage for a march. He knows himself, only too well, their obstinacy, tendency to stampede, or, worse still, lie down and chew the cud of discontent, unmoved by the lash; their delight in wandering off the road in search of fodder; and occasional running "amok," tail erect and horns down, among the loading party, especially if it is composed of British soldiers.

The transport officer, therefore, can sympathise with the wail; but, having to allot the "brutal bile" all the same, can merely trust that for once he will not put his training to shame. When in constant use, and settled to the march, pack-bullocks go steadily enough, and allow themselves to be loaded up without much fuss, but they are dreadfully slow and aggravating. They will carry 160 lbs. apiece, and, with a well-made pad-saddle, with a stuffed roller fitting in a peak *over* the hump—all other descriptions of saddles, I have no hesitation in saying, are a mistake—the loads should ride easily and light. The fastening of the burden is very simple, and one man can manage four beasts. They are allowed 3 to 4 lbs. of grain and 14 lbs. of dry fodder a day, and should be given as much grazing as possible. Salt is very necessary for all bullocks, to keep their coats from staring, for the coat is a great indicator of health; and the grain must be soaked or crushed, according to its nature, otherwise they will never digest it, but pass the seeds whole. For pack-work no bullock should exceed Rs. 40 in value.

When we come to the diseases of bullocks, it seems as if they were specially prone to infection ; but this is probably due to the enormous quantities of cattle all over India, the careless way in which the ryot regards contagious diseases, and the consequent difficulty in stamping them out. It is impossible to avoid tainted districts on the march, no matter what precautions are taken. Foot-and-mouth disease, pleuro-pneumonia, even anthrax, are prevalent; and although the first of these is seldom dangerous in the East, it runs through a herd like wildfire, and renders the animals unfit for work for from 10 to 20 days, Stockholm tar being the best application to the feet from my experience. Colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, fever, tympanitis (hove), rheumatism, mange, are common ailments with horned cattle, and, of course, they are as much liable to sore backs, wounds, and bruises as other pack-animals. Though not altogether to be despised as a means of transport (I have known a Native regiment do a long march with them in the plains of India, and find them to keep up fairly well and give little trouble), pack-bullocks are the last which any corps would wish to have allotted to it.

Coolies.

It seems rather hard to place the human being last among the "beasts of burden," but he cannot be omitted. Indeed, on a turnpike-gate tariff-board in Madras, you will see, under the heading "Carts, with bullocks," "Do., with *man-bullocks*," or those drawn by coolies, a circumstance which, no doubt, will shock the would-be humanity-mongering section in England, though it has no effect upon the "man-bullock" himself, who likes to earn his living his own way undisturbed. There are circumstances and occasions when coolies are the only means to be used. They each carry up to 40 lbs., and naturally vary in physique according to the place from whence they hail ; hill-men, when procurable, being the best. I am not now speaking of the "dhoolie-bearers," who form a distinctive class, and require as much drilling as a soldier, but who, when once fully trained, constitute a capital body of men, and do good service on every campaign.

I have now concluded pack-transport, but, before finally leaving it, I will add a few necessary remarks regarding it when employed with a force. It may be accepted as a maxim that all transport should march on as broad a front as possible compatible with the tactical movements of the army to which it is attached, convoys being, as a matter of course, guided by the nature of the country,

and whether its inhabitants are friendly or inimical. Its components, therefore, should be so disposed as to ensure this formation. Wheeled transport naturally keeps to the road or tracks, while the pack-transport marches parallel to it whenever circumstances permit. The great height of elephants and camels enables them to move through comparatively high jungle, and carry their loads with freedom, where the smaller animals would be continually delayed by their catching in the trees or tall scrub, particularly if laden with anything in the shape of tent-poles.

The transport officer must be prepared to grasp the situation, and, unless tactically prevented from so doing, distribute his animals as best suited to the nature of the country he is passing through. He must also have in mind that troops who, up to a certain point, have been marching with wheeled transport only (so much easier and quicker to load than pack-animals), when suddenly called upon to change—to break the gauge, so to speak—from carts to camels, &c., are very apt to neglect the above order of march, and thus cause unnecessary delays.

Wheeled Transport.

Under this heading is comprised every description of cart employed by the Indian transport service, whether drawn by bullocks, mules, or ponies; and I place bullock-carts first, as being in most general use. Of these there is a so-called universal A. T. cart, but there has not, I believe, up to the present, been a consensus of opinion as to which should be properly so designated, as each presidency of India has produced one of its own. Now, as I need scarcely remind the reader, the laws of draught being the same all the world over, the vehicle that has to be drawn must be regulated to suit the animal that has to draw it. A Laplander, although his ideas of dynamics are doubtless somewhat crude, would hardly yoke an elk to a jaunting-car as it stands; but if circumstances should arise that he found himself with no other carriage, he would, guided by his experience, soon discover some means of altering the cart to fit the animal of the country. So with Indian bullock-carts of whatever shape or size. They must be built to accord with the bullock of the locality; in many cases with breadth of axle to meet the tracks made on the roads by village carts, which dry up, after the rainy season, into grooves as hard as tram-rails. I take it that the main object for transport purposes is to secure a cart without springs which will give the greatest carrying capacity, be strong, capable of undergoing the roughest treatment, of being easily repaired with materials at hand, yet be light to draw, in

proper proportions, and not too dear. Velocity I leave out altogether, for, if the above qualifications exist, the machine will roll fast enough for all requirements. Where, with the horse, the point of draught upon which to hinge calculations is from the collar or shoulder—the traces being regulated accordingly—with the bullock it lies in the hump or neck, and the length of pole and cross-yoke must be constructed to balance in unison with the body of the cart. I am afraid, however, that this adaptation is often overlooked by builders, who have their “fads” like other folk. I do not say that it would be possible for transport service, to have a differently made A. T. cart for each pair of bullocks; but there is a tendency to follow custom too rigidly because it is custom, to accept a “sealed pattern” in spite of palpable shortcomings, and then to blame the country, when, perhaps, by increasing the diameter of the wheels, the resistance of the axle-friction and draught might be diminished. Still the state of roads is a very considerable factor in draught, and you cannot go on for ever enlarging the wheel to meet impediments which would be fifteen times as great as the friction of the axles on even a fair road in England.

I think the following extract from a letter, addressed to the Committee on the Highways of the Kingdom in 1808, by Mr. Giddy, may not be inaptly quoted while on the subject of wheels. He says:—

Taking wheels completely in the abstract, they must be considered as answering two different purposes. First, they transfer the friction which would take place between a sliding body and the rough uneven surface over which it slides, to the smooth oiled peripheries of the axis and box, assisted by a leverage in the proportion of the diameter of the wheel to the axis. Secondly, they procure mechanical advantage for overcoming obstacles by introducing time proportioned to the square roots of their diameters, when the obstacles are small compared with the wheels; and they pass over transverse ruts and hollows, small in the same comparison, with an absolute advantage proportional to their diameters, and a mechanical one proportionate to the square roots of these diameters. Consequently, wheels thus considered cannot be too large; in practice, however, they are limited by weight, by expense, and by experience. . . . The spokes of a wheel should be so arranged as to present themselves in a straight line against the greatest force they are in common cases likely to sustain. These must evidently be exerted in a direction pointed towards the carriage, from lateral percussions, and from the descent of either wheel below the level of the other; consequently a certain degree of what is termed dishing, must be advantageous by adding strength, whilst this form is esteemed useful for protecting the nave, and for obviating the ill-effects of expansions and contractions. The line of traction is theoretically best disposed when it lies exactly parallel to the direction of motion; and its power is diminished at any inclination of that line, in the proportion of the radius of the wheel to the cosine of the angle. When obstacles frequently occur, it had better perhaps receive a small inclination upwards for the purpose of acting with most advantage when these are to be overcome. But it is probable that different animals exert their strength most advantageously in different directions; and, therefore, practice alone can deter-

mine what precise inclination of the line is best adapted to horses, and what to oxen. These considerations are, however, only applicable to cattle drawing immediately at the carriage; and the convenience of their draft, as connected with the insertion of the line of traction, which continued ought to pass through the axis, introduces another limit to the size of the wheels.

Now, a good native bullock-driver, although the "line of traction" is to him an unknown quantity, instinctively recognises and carries it out in practice; hence the driving of a pair of bullocks, the familiar "tail-twisting" of the "bilewallah" is more than half the battle.

I will take the A. T. carts in their presidential rotation, and endeavour to make my remarks as brief as possible, as the defects which existed have, ere this, been probably rectified.

The Bengal A. T. cart, distinguished by being painted red, is a light box-cart for a pair of medium-sized bullocks, its speciality consisting in "biocycle" wheels, the iron spokes of which are interchangeable, and capable of being removed without affecting the rest of the wheel. As regards the pole and yoke, all bullock-carts are much alike—"ab uno disce omnes"—the only variation being that in some cases, as in this Bengal one, the cross-bar is tied on with rope instead of being rivetted, an error, I consider, for service where rope is valuable, often cut and stolen. The cart is light, runs easily, and will take a pair of small bullocks 46 to 48 inches high. It is supposed to carry 960 lbs. The faults I found in it when in constant "train" use were—that it is not sufficiently strong to stand the continual wear and tear of a campaign; the pole, by being loosely riveted to the iron axle, "plays" too freely and bursts the clamps; the wood is too thin and the box sides too low, rendering it difficult to load evenly without the contents overlapping and rubbing against the wheels. It is, however, an excellent cart for fair roads and treatment, and doubtless the above drawbacks have since been seen to. Its components being interchangeable, easily removed and fixed up again, it is very handy for transportation by rail or sail.

The Bombay cart is built on an entirely different principle, and though cumbersome to look at, is in reality a more useful one for "cart trains" and heavy work. It presents the appearance of an Irish turf or cattle crate, with the front and back grating taken out, leaving the high sides. The cross yoke is rivetted to the pole, but the body of the cart should be more firmly secured to the axle-bed, for, as it is, it frequently gets separated and slides off. The pole runs nearly the whole length of the bed, and the pressure being thus evenly distributed, it is less liable to break or burst away from its fastenings.

The Madras cart, again, is of another pattern. It is stronger than either of the foregoing, but possesses the defect as regards the fixing of the pole of the Bengal cart, and, being a "platform cart," is not well adapted for articles that roll off easily. It has iron rings, and sockets for three wooden stanchions on each side; but, as these stanchions are abstracted without difficulty and make capital firewood, it is needless to say they are frequently lost. The load has to be lashed on with rope round the stanchions (as the platform gives no cling), and this takes time; besides which, too much dependence on rope is always an element of weakness. The shell, if I can correctly call it so, is, however, admirable. It consists of light yet strong interchangeable gun-carriage wheels of large diameter, an iron axle, and runs very smoothly. As with the Bengal cart, it can be taken to pieces and put together again in a few moments for transmission by sea or land.

Between these three carts a perfect A. T. one will probably be arrived at, and if the advantages of those from Madras and Bombay were applied to the Bengal red vehicle, this last would, I am confident, meet the *desiderata* mentioned at the beginning of this chapter.

To describe the various "country" carts, from the Afghan or Brahui shandredhan, with two round solid logs as wheels, a wooden axle running through and revolving with these, the creaking of which can be heard miles off, to the Deccan coir-webbed fiddle-shaped tri-wood poled machine, which will carry 1,200 lbs. for *the owner*, or the tiny still more southern Indian skeleton cart, in which a dwarf bullock trots from six to seven miles an hour, would entail an article in itself. Every district, taluq, even village has its special make, the local "coach-builder" following the lines upon which his ancestors worked with stubborn conservatism. He dwells on the experience of the past, does not attempt to profit by his own, and, if circumstances do not adapt themselves as they ought, considers it merely "kismet" interpreted *viâ* Brahma, Vishnu, Mahomed, Sieva, or any other pet Deity. We have much, very much, to learn from these local cart-builders, but they will not return the compliment; the instruction is never reciprocal. There is one item in which they seldom fail—the wood. This is invariably the toughest grown in the nearest jungle; and a rickety old country cart, to all appearance going to pieces, will survive half-a-dozen contract ones made to order.

Of trolleys there is little to say: their utility is fully recognized as a means of transport on *good* roads. Their length, nearness to the ground, &c. prohibits their being used in the field, although I

have seen a strong pair of mules draw them over bad rocky ground without injury; but springs are always liable to break. Water-carts are ordinary bullock ones, with stays and sockets for the barrel; and as I have mentioned ekkas, I may as well explain that they are the native "gigs"—a kind of beehive on wheels drawn by a country "tat," in which a fat Hindoo reclines while his servant drives from the shafts. It might be turned to transport account on emergency. Colonel Heyland of the Bombay Lancers has invented a species of light conveyance, with a network body like a game-cart. It has telegraph tubing shiftable poles, and can be carried by two men in the same manner as a stretcher, if necessary. I have seen it work well with a mule in it; but I should say it is not sufficiently strong to be adopted as a universal transport cart.

All carts are employed, either on the "cart-train" system or to follow a column. The principle of the former being to employ half your carriage laden forward, half unladen back, in order to keep up an unbroken flow of material to the front, but this plan can only be carried out in that portion of the country which is secure from the enemy.*

Bullocks for draught work should not be less than 5 or more than 8 years old, at least 48 inches in height behind the hump, and not more than an average of Rs. 50 each; in Madras, however, where there is the special breed (the "Amrut Mahal" before referred to, of which some 2,000 young stock are kept in reserve), they are not usually worked until 6 years of age. Siege-train bullocks of a larger build are available in Bengal from the Hissar Government farm; but when these have to be bought they may average about £1 more than ordinary draught-cattle. All these bullocks are given a daily ration of 4 lbs. of grain, 20 lbs. of dry or 30 lbs. of green fodder, or 14 lbs. of "bhusa," with salt, increased by 2 lbs. extra grain when on the march.

With draught-bullocks a great deal depends upon the way they are driven. A bad driver nearly always means an indifferent bullock-attendant in other ways, and the best drivers that have come under my cognisance have been the men from the West Coast of India, notably the Canarese, although I do not assert that there may not be equally good ones obtainable elsewhere.

* Example: x being the number of carts you require to arrive daily at the terminus, and y the number of stages to be travelled, to ensure the daily arrival of x you must have $2xy$ carts, and (2 bullocks being required for a cart) $4xy$ bullocks. To $4xy$ bullocks a certain per-centage, depending on the state of the road, of "spare" has to be added at the different stages. Once, however, the train is in continuous working, no carts beyond what are required to meet casualties need be retained at these stages.

There is another very important matter connected with draught-bullocks, the shoeing. Unless they are properly shod, there will always be a large per-centage of animals laid up with sore feet, eating their heads off in the sick lines. Well-trained "nalbunds" (shoeing-smiths) should accompany every batch of draught-bullocks and be liberally supplied with ready-out shoes, which ought never to be too thick. No bullock, unless it is absolutely unavoidable, should ever be yoked without first inspecting his feet, to see that his shoes are all right. On soft ground he may escape injury, but on shingle, river-beds, and hard mountain-roads he is safe to go lame before very long. A good pair of Mysore bullocks will trot, if required, over six miles the hour, and this cannot be kept up without proper shoeing.

I have alluded to the training of officers and men as regards the packing for, and loading and treatment of, transport animals; subjects to which, it is satisfactory to know, much more attention has been directed of late. It is far better that a few animals should undergo a little rough handling at the depôts while recruits are being taught how to manage them, than that they should be given galls, or overloaded, from sheer ignorance in the field. You can give a sore back in one march; you cannot, perhaps, heal it on a campaign.

If training is necessary for men, it follows, as a matter of course, that it is still more so for officers and N. C. officers, who have to direct and instruct them. I regret to say that this is sometimes disregarded. Transport duty on service is not a popular one, and Lord Gough's trite remark about wanting "guts, not brains," is too often considered ample qualification for a transport officer. Yet the latter's frequent isolated position forces all manner of responsibilities upon him. Something more, therefore, than mere energy and being able to ride well (both essential, nevertheless) is required of him on field service. He should have some previous training in the organisation and working of an army, be a fair linguist (the more Native languages he can command the better, for transport attendants are collected from all over India, from Telugu or Tamil to Pushtoo-speaking districts), possess a knowledge of the management and feeding of all transport cattle, of how to render concise reports, telegraphic or by letter, concerning them, and be quick to detect, and act, in case of such epidemics as glanders, foot-and-mouth, and all contagious diseases. If possible, he should have undergone a regular veterinary course; for the "salutries" (Native vets), with whom he will probably have to deal, are safe to be dilatory and unreliable. Added to these, he

must be ready of resource in case of breakdowns, and not be deficient in tact, judgment, and common-sense, all of which he will have, upon occasion, to exercise when dealing with commanding and junior staff officers, especially at a base or on a line of communication; for every colonel considers that *his* requisition for transport is of premier import, every insignificant staff officer that unless his belongings are pushed on rapidly the campaign must collapse.

In conclusion, I trust that, although I have omitted (for it would take a volume to go into every detail) a great deal that is closely connected with land transport in the East, it will not be thought that I have already said too much concerning this most important branch of the army, upon which truly hangs the success of a General's operations, "and, consequently, his honour." I may be wrong in some of my statements, but I can honestly say that they have been made from personal experience in many parts of India; and if they, unfortunately, do not tally with that of some of my readers who may have had wider opportunities than have fallen to my lot, I must ask them to bear this in mind before indulging in their criticism.

per diem ; after 15 years, 15s. 8d. ; after 20 years, 15s. 6d. ; after 25 years, 15s. 9d. ; after 30 years, 16s. Inspectors, after 10 years service in that rank, £1 1s. 6d. ; 15 years, £1 4s. 8d. ; 20 years, £1 7s. ; 25 years, £1 9s. 8d. ; 30 years, £1 12s. 6d. Inspectors, after 15 years in that rank, £1 4s. 8d. ; after 20, £1 7s. ; after 25, £1 9s. 8d. ; after 30, £1 12s. 6d. Inspectors, after 20 years in that rank, £1 7s. ; after 15 years, £1 9s. 8d. ; after 20, £1 12s. 6d. Inspectors, after 30 years in that rank £1 12s. 6d. Deputy Inspectors, after 10 years' service in that rank, 18s. per diem ; after 15 years, 18s. 8d. ; after 20 years, 18s. 6d. ; after 25 years, 14s. ; after 30 years, 15s. Deputy Inspectors, after 20 years' service in that rank, 19s. 9d. per diem ; after 20 years, £1 2s. ; after 25, £1 4s. 8d. ; after 30, £1 6s. 6d. Deputy Inspectors, after 25 years in that rank, £1 6s. 6d.

In 1855, much difficulty presenting itself to the Board in obtaining Medical Officers in sufficient numbers for the service, they determined to adopt the following measures :

1st. To reduce the period at which increase of full pay was given to Inspectors of Fleets and Hospitals, from 10 years' service in that rank to 5 years.

2ndly. To assimilate the principle of the retirement established for Inspectors and Deputy Inspectors of Fleets and Hospitals, to that of the Naval Surgeons, by allowing the first-mentioned officers to count the whole period of their service in the Navy, instead of limiting it to the period served as Inspector and Deputy Inspector respectively, by which means the maximum of the retired allowance would become attainable after 40 years' active service, instead of 80 years' service in those classes respectively.

3rdly. To establish an intermediate grade, between that of Deputy Inspector of Hospitals and of Surgeon, to be denominated "Staff Surgeons," and to be composed of Surgeons holding the following appointments, viz. :—

1. Chief Surgeon of any of the home dockyards, and of the Royal Marine Infirmaries, if not holding superior rank.

2. Surgeon and Medical Store-keeper of Naval Hospitals.

3. Surgeon in charge of Naval Hospitals, whilst so employed.

4. Surgeons of ships bearing the flag of a Commander-in-Chief on Foreign Stations, when no Deputy Inspector of Hospitals is borne on board.

These last-mentioned officers, under the 4th head to have 1s. per diem in addition to their established pay as Surgeons, such allowance, together with the designation, to cease on the flag being struck, or on the Admiral ceasing to command in chief.

4thly. To fix the age of 65 for the retirement of Surgeons employed in Dockyards and Marine Infirmaries.

5thly. To increase the full pay of the Assistant Surgeon on sea service.

6thly. To establish a class of Medical Students and Dressers, for service on the Home or Baltic Stations.

In November 1858, the service of Surgeons to qualify them for the rank of Medical Inspector or Deputy Medical Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets, which had been previously limited to those who had served four years as Surgeons on board a commissioned ship, was extended to all such surgeons serving the same period on shore.

On the 13th of May 1859 an Order in Council made the following provisions:—

1st. That there shall be 4 grades of Medical Officers, viz. Inspector-Generals of Hospitals and Fleets, Deputy Insp.-Gen. of H. and F., and Surgeons, to be styled “Staff Surgeons” after 20 years’ service on full pay, and Assistant Surgeons.

2nd. No candidate to be admitted to the examination for a commission, who does not possess such a diploma as would qualify a civilian to practice medicine and surgery, and no such candidate to receive a commission as Assist.-Surgeon until he shall have satisfactorily passed an examination in Naval Surgery and Hygiène before a Board of Examiners appointed by the Admiralty.

3rd. No Assistant-Surgeon to be eligible for promotion until he shall have passed such examination as the Admiralty may require, and shall have served on full pay with the commission of A. S. for five years, of which 2 at least shall have been passed on board a sea-going ship.

4th. No Surgeon to be eligible for promotion to the rank of D.I.G. until he has served 10 years in the service on full pay, of which 3 years at least must have been passed in a sea-going ship.

5th. No Dep. Insp.-Gen. to be eligible for promotion to the rank of I.G., until he has served 5 years at home or 3 years abroad as a D.I.G.

6th. All Medical Officers with the ranks of Staff Surgeon, Surgeon, and Assist.-Surgeon, to be placed on the retired list at the age of 60; D.I.G.’s at 65, and I.G.’s at 70.

7th. Assist.-Surgeons to rank with Lieutenants in the Army, and after 6 years’ service, as Captain; Surgeons, as Majors; Staff-Surgeons, as Lieut.-Cols; D.I.G.’s, at first as Lt.-Col., and after 5 years’ full-pay service, as Col.; I.G.’s as Brigadier-General, at first, and after 3 years’ full-pay service, as Major.-Gen.

8th. Medical Officers to be entitled to the same allowances on account of wounds and injuries received in action as combatants holding the same relative rank.

9th. The families of Medical Officers to be entitled to the same allowances as granted to the families of combatant officers holding the same relative rank.

10th. Medical Officers to be entitled to the same honours as other officers of the Royal Navy of equal relative rank.

11th. A Medical Officer retiring after a full-pay service of 25 years to be allowed, in cases of distinguished service, a step of honorary rank, without increase of half pay.

12th. Good Service Pensions to be awarded to the most meritorious Medical Officers under such regulations as shall from time to time be determined upon.

18th. Four of the most meritorious Medical Officers to be named "Honorary Physician," and 4 "Honorary Surgeons" to Her Majesty.

On the 6th of July 1866 a Revised Scale of Pay and Allowances of Medical Officers was issued in consequence of the great and increasing difficulty of obtaining properly qualified Medical Officers. This Order in Council regulates:—

1. That Staff-Surgeons be placed on a separate list, and be considered as a distinct rank; and that promotion to that rank be open to officers for distinguished or special service, without regard to previous lengths of service.

2. That the whole time an Assistant Surgeon may serve on full pay shall be allowed to qualify for the rank of Staff Surgeon, provided he pass his examination for Surgeon before he completes 10 years' service.

8. To compensate Surgeons for loss of time by being placed on half pay and being unable to obtain employment, the full pay of Surgeons and Staff Surgeons shall increase by periods of 4 instead of 5 years as hitherto.

4. That Medical Officers be granted the same allowances in hospitals at home and abroad as those granted to Army Surgeons.

5. That the scale of travelling allowances be fixed according to relative rank with other naval officers.

6. That a Staff Surgeon be appointed to every Flag Ship on a Foreign Station, with an allowance of 5s. a day in addition to his established pay.

7. That the periods of retirement by age be fixed for a Surgeon and Assist.-Surgeon at 55, Staff Surgeons 60, and D.I.G.'s and I.G.'s at 65.

8. That Medical Officers be permitted to retire after 20 years' service on full pay.

9. That as a special reward to officers of long and good service who, owing to the comparatively small number of the Inspectorial ranks, have not been promoted to any higher position than that of Staff-Surgeon, such officers of the rank of Staff-Surgeon as have served 25 years on full pay, on being compulsorily retired at 60 years of age, or retired on medical survey, receive the pay of £1 a day.

On the 4th of November 1867, full pay was conceded to all Staff-Surgeons during leave of absence on return from foreign service.

On the 7th of August 1869, an Order in Council was issued directing that for the future no Dep. Insp. Gen. of H. and F. be promoted to the rank of I.G. unless he shall have served 5 years as a D.I., during 8 years of which period he must have been in charge of a foreign hospital, a fleet, or a squadron.

On the 22nd of February 1870, another Order in Council decides that Medical Officers shall be subject to the following rules :—

1st. As to retirement.—All ranks to be retired, irrespective of age, at the discretion of the Board, if found physically unfit for service; otherwise Inspectors and Dep. Insp. must retire at 65 or at any age if they have not served for 5 years; Staff-Surgeons under the same conditions at 60, Surgeons at 55, and Assistant Surgeons at 45.

2nd. As to the Effective List.—The Active List to be reduced to 476, viz. 4 I.G.'s, 12 D.I.G.'s, 210 Staff-Surgeons and Surgeons, 250 Assistant Surgeons.

On the 9th of August 1872, Inspectors and Deputy-Inspectors of Hospitals and Fleets were authorised to count their hospital service as service on full pay.

On the 24th of March 1873, in order to assimilate the position of the Naval with the Army Surgeon, it was ruled that for the future "Assistant Surgeons" should be styled "Surgeons," and "Surgeons" as "Staff-Surgeons, 2nd Class."

On the 4th of February 1875, new regulations were issued as to titles, rank, salary, and retirement of Medical Officers, but, as these were cancelled by an Order in Council of 1st April 1881, there is no occasion for our making further reference to these regulations here.

On the 12th of December 1877, again to assimilate the Naval Medical Officers with their *confrères* in the Army, an O. C. was issued ranking Inspector-Generals as Rear-Admirals, and Deputy Inspector-Generals as Captains.

On the 1st of April 1881, as above referred to, new regulations were issued affecting the numbers, promotion, relative rank, full pay and allowances, half pay and retirement of Medical officers, entirely cancelling their Lordships' decisions of 4th of February 1875.

The Board of Admiralty having at this time again taken under its consideration the Regulations governing the position of Naval Medical Officers, were of opinion that it would be desirable to effect certain modifications and improvements therein, with a view to placing such officers in the position the Board considered it advisable should be granted to them; and in accordance with this opinion they issued the following regulations for the remuneration, position, advancement, and retirement of these officers, the new regulations to take effect from the 1st of April 1881, and to be applicable only to officers on the Active List at that date, except that as regards Surgeons entered since 1st of January 1881.

And first as to NUMBERS. The Active List was not to exceed 16 Inspectors and Deputy Inspectors-General of Hospitals and Fleets, and 400 Fleet Surgeons, Staff-Surgeons, and Surgeons.

With respect to PROMOTION. An Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets to be selected from amongst Deputy Inspectors-General who have in that rank 8 years' foreign service (the total number of Inspectors-General not to exceed 4) or 4 years' mixed service of which not less than 2 to be abroad, or 5 years' home service in such appointments as preclude foreign service, and provided they have not refused to go abroad if called upon. A Deputy Inspector-General to be selected for ability and merit from amongst Fleet Surgeons. The rank of Fleet-Surgeon to be granted to Staff-Surgeons on completion of 20 years' full-pay service, if recommended for advancement by the Medical Director-General, subject to the Board's approval. Power to be given to the Board to make, at its discretion, special promotions from the rank of Staff-Surgeon to that of Fleet-Surgeon, in cases of distinguished services or conspicuous professional merit, such promotions to be exceptional, and not to exceed the rate of 1 in every 2 years, however much an officer may have distinguished himself. The total number at any one time of Fleet-Surgeons holding that rank by such special promotions not to exceed 6. Officers who have been specially promoted to the rank of Staff-Surgeon for distinguished service or conspicuous professional merit to be eligible for promotion, if recommended by the Medical Director-General, to the rank of Fleet-Surgeon after 8 years' full-pay service as Staff-Surgeon. Rank as Staff-Surgeon to be granted, subject to the Board's approval, to Surgeons at the expiration of 12 years from the date

of entry, provided they are recommended by the Medical Director-General, and have passed such examination as may be required after completion of 8 years from date of entry into the rank of Surgeon. Further power to be given to the Board to make, at its discretion, special promotions to the rank of Staff-Surgeon in cases of distinguished service or conspicuous professional merit, such advancements to be exceptional, and not to exceed the rate of 1 a year under any circumstances. No officer to be so promoted unless he passes the examinations prescribed for other Surgeons, but in such a case the requirement of 8 years' service to be dispensed with. The total number at any one time of Staff-Surgeons holding that rank by such special promotions not to exceed 8.

With respect to **RELATIVE RANK** existing regulations to remain in force, with the following exception, viz. in all matters wherein the Army and Army Administration are concerned, Fleet-Surgeons rank with and as Brigade-Surgeons.

FULL PAY AND ALLOWANCES are thus provided for: The daily scale of Full Pay to be as follows: Surgeon, on entry, 11s. 6d., after 4 years' full-pay service, 13s. 6d.; after 8, 15s. 6d. Staff-Surgeons, on promotion, £1 1s.; after 4 years' full pay in that rank, £1 4s. Fleet-Surgeons, on promotion £1 7s.; after 4 years' full-pay service in that rank, £1 10s.; after 8 years', £1 13s. Dep. Insp. Gen. £2 2s. Inspector-General, £2 15s. The allowance of 5s. a day, in addition to Full Pay, at present granted to the Fleet-Surgeon of a flag-ship bearing the flag of a Commander-in-Chief, on a foreign station, to be given to the Senior Medical Officer of such ship, whether a Fleet or Staff Surgeon, and an allowance of 2s. 6d. a day to the Senior Medical Officer (being a Fleet or Staff Surgeon) of the ship of a Commodore, or of a Senior Officer commanding a foreign station. Allowances to be granted as follows to officers giving the course of instruction to Surgeons on first appointment: To a Medical Officer of Haslar Hospital conducting the course, £150 a year; to a Junior Medical Officer of the same Hospital assisting him, £50 a year.

The undermentioned scale of **HALF PAY** per diem was substituted for the one then in force: Surgeons under 2 years' full-pay service, 6s.; after 2 years', 7s.; after 4, 8s.; after 6, 9s.; after 8, 10s.; after 10, 11s. Staff-Surgeons, on promotion, 12s.; after 2 years' full-pay service in rank, 13s.; after 4, 14s.; after 6, 15s. Fleet-Surgeons, on promotion, 17s.; after 2 years', 18s.; after 4 years', 19s.; after 6 years', £1. Dep. Insp.-Gen., on promotion, £1 5s., after 2 years', £1 7s.; after 4, £1 9s. Insp.-Gen., £1 18s. 6d.

The subject of **RETIREMENT** was thus regulated: Compulsory

Retirement, irrespective of age, of those found physically unfit for service, to be enforced in the case of Insp. and Dep. Insp.-Gen., at the age of 60, or at any age if not serving for 5 years; Fleet-Surgeons, Staff-Surgeons, and Surgeons, at the age of 55, or at any age if not serving for 5 years. Voluntary retirement and withdrawal to be allowed as follows: Every officer to have the option, subject to the approval of the Board, of retiring after 20 years' full-pay service on the scale of retired pay allowed. At the expiration of 8, 12, or 16 years' full-pay service, every officer to be permitted, subject to the approval of the Board, to withdraw from the service, receiving a gratuity on the scale mentioned below; the name of an officer so withdrawing will be removed from the List of the Navy, with which all connection will then be severed. Voluntary retirement and withdrawal are only allowed, as a rule, when an officer has been unemployed or serving at home. Gratuities and retired pay, on the under-mentioned scale, to be granted on retirement and withdrawal:—Surgeons and Staff-Surgeons, after 8 years' full-pay service, to receive a gratuity of £1,000; after 12, £1,500; after 16, £2,250. Fleet-Surgeons, after 20 years' service, an annual allowance of £365; after 24 years', £410 12s. 6d.; after 27 years', £456 5s.; after 30 years', £457 10s. Dep. Insp.-Gen., £688 15s. Insp.-Gen., £780.

When an officer retires, or withdraws, on a gratuity, his widow and children have no claim to pension or compassionate allowance.

The numbers of CHAPLAINS in the Navy in June 1837 were: Retired list, 36; active list, 35; employed, 32.

On the 11th of March 1842 the pay and half pay of Chaplains acting as Naval Instructors were regulated by an Order in Council. As it was noticed at the time that it would be attended with much benefit to the service if greater encouragement were held out to Chaplains, when properly qualified, to undertake the tuition of the young gentlemen, it was ruled, with reference to the pay and half pay of these officers, as follows: Chaplains, while acting as Naval Instructors, to receive, in addition to their pay as Chaplain and the five pounds for each young gentleman instructed by them, three-fourths the amount of full pay allowed to Naval Instructors, according to the length of their services as such, viz. Upon first appointment as Naval Instructor, 5s. 3d. a day; after 3 years' service as such, 5s. 9d.; after 7 years', 6s. 4d.; and after 10 years', 7s. 6d.; the bounty of £80, however, to be discontinued. And in respect to half pay, it was ruled thus: After 15 years' service on full pay as Naval Instructors, Chaplains should be entitled to one-

half of the highest rate of half pay of Naval Instructors, viz. 2s. 6d. a day, in addition to such half pay as they were entitled to. It was further determined that, for the future, Chaplains appointed to act as Naval Instructors should be designated "Chaplains and Naval Instructors."

On the 3rd of February 1845 it was determined that the previous system of regulating Chaplains' half pay by their actual sea-service of 8 years, or 10 years' service in guard-ships, should be abolished, and for the future that that half pay should be calculated similarly to the time of service in other ships, when 8 years of such service should have been completed.

On the 30th of January 1856 a memorial having been presented from the Chaplains of the Navy, praying for an increase of their full pay according to the length of time they may have served afloat, the Board, regarding the great importance of providing Chaplains of good character and respectability, and believing that the existing rate of pay to these officers, which was fixed at £161 14s. 2d. per annum, and not increasing with length of service, was not sufficient to afford that reasonable prospect of advancement which was desirable, established the following scale of pay, viz. To Chaplains under 8 years' service afloat, £161 4s. 2d.; under 10 years', £182 10s.; and above 10 years', £200 15s. As the pay of Chaplains was, by these regulations, considerably increased, it was ruled that such Chaplains as should receive the increased rate of full pay should be required to serve for 10 years in actual sea-service before they became entitled to half pay; but that such Chaplains who might prefer to remain on the old rate of full pay, and under the new regulations as to half pay, should be allowed to do so.

On the 13th of May 1859, with the view of ameliorating the position of Chaplains, and placing them more on an equality with the Chaplains of the Army, in regard to their relative ranks, and rates of pay, and half-pay pensions to their widows, &c., the following regulations were adopted:—

1st. That there shall be 4 classes of Chaplains to rank as follows:—4th Class, under 10 years' service, to rank with Lieutenants; 3rd Class, under 15 years, as Commanders; 2nd Class, under 20 years, with Captains under 8 years' standing; 1st Class, above 20 years' service, to rank with Captains above 8 years' service; the senior Chaplain of Greenwich Hospital to be recognised as the Head of Naval Chaplains, bear the title of "Chaplain of the Fleet," and rank with a Rear-Admiral.

2nd. Full pay to be: Chaplains, under 10 years' service, 10s. per day; under 15 years, 12s.; under 20 years, 14s.; above 20 years, 16s.

3rd. Half-pay to be: Chaplains, under 5 years' service, 5s. per day; above 5 years, 6s.; above 10 years, 7s. 6d.; above 15 years, 10s.; and above 20 years, 12s.

4th. Pensions to the widows of Naval Chaplains to be, provided the Chaplain has served one year after his marriage, as follows:— Under 10 years' service, £50 per annum; under 20 years, £70; and above 20, £90.

5th. No alteration to be made in the existing rates of additional pay and half pay to Chaplains when holding the office of Naval Instructor.

6th. No Chaplain, who may avail himself of the regulations, to be allowed to retire under 25 years' service, excepting on the ground of permanent unfitness from ill-health.

By the Order in Council of the 30th of April 1861, which fixed *de novo* the rates of half pay of Naval Instructors, Chaplains who combined that appointment with their own were, after having completed 15 years' service as such, to receive for the period during which they had served as Naval Instructors, half the amount of half pay to which such Naval Instructors' service would have entitled them, in addition to their half pay as Chaplains.

On the 1st of Nov. 1864, the Widows of Chaplains whose husbands had completed 10 years' service on full pay were granted pensions, although no portion of such service should be subsequent to their marriage.

On the 3rd of Feb. 1866, it was ruled that Chaplains should be placed on the Retired List on attaining the age of 65.

In the August of 1866 the Board considered that it would be for the benefit of the service to allow Chaplains of H.M. Dockyards and Naval Hospitals to count the time served in those positions for increase of half pay and Widows' pensions, provided they had not served sufficiently long in these appointments to entitle them to Civil Pensions.

On the 3rd of August 1867, Chaplains, on their return from Foreign Service, were allowed full pay for the following periods, from the date of their being paid off, or of their return to England as the case may be, according to the length of their service abroad: over 2 and under 3 years, 6 weeks' full pay; over 3 and under 4, 7 weeks; over 4 years, 8s.

By the Order in Council of the 22nd of Feb. 1870, Chaplains were to be retired at the age of 60, or at any age if they had not served for 5 years; to have the option of retiring at 55, or irrespective of age if found unfit for service; the Active List to be reduced to 100. Clergymen, duly qualified, to be allowed to take

temporary service in the Navy, and to be appointed as "Acting Chaplains for Temporary Service" on such occasions. While so employed to occupy the same position, receive the same rate of pay, enjoy all the same privileges as ordinary Naval Chaplains, and to be subject to the same regulations, but not to be entitled to half pay or other advantages, at the termination of such temporary service. The regulations under which Chaplains were allowed to retire on the half pay earned by service on obtaining 15 years' seniority were abolished. Chaplains accepting any living were to be at once placed on the Retired List.

In February 1872, the Board considering it expedient that Chaplains should be allowed to cease serving in the Navy at a period earlier than hitherto allowed, and being at the same time of opinion that the services of such officers, if of a certain duration, should not be unrecognised, issued the following regulations:—

Any Chaplain who obtains from the Board permission to accept a living, or desires to retire from the service, may, provided he has not less than 10 years' service, be retired with pay on the following scale: After 10 years' service, £50 per annum; after 15 years, £100. Chaplains with less than 10 years' service, and accepting a living, are considered as desiring to resign the service, and are, therefore, not entitled to any pecuniary retiring allowance, or to either half or retired pay.

On the 21st of February 1874, Chaplains were granted equal advantages as regards half pay with other officers.

The pay and retirement of Chaplains, and pensions and compassionate allowances to their widows and children, were further provided for by an Order in Council of the 13th of May 1875. Chaplains holding the joint position of Naval Instructor, when unemployed, or employed only as Chaplains, or as Naval Instructors, to receive, in addition to their half or full pay, an allowance according to the following scale, viz.: Under 5 years in the double capacity, 1s. per day; under 8 years, 2s.; under 11 years, 3s.; under 14 years, 4s.; under 17 years, 5s.; over 17 years, 6s. Chaplains of H.M.'s Dockyards, Hospitals, and Marine Divisions, holding the joint position of Chaplain and Naval Instructor, to receive full pay according to service from £292 to £401 10s. The allowance according to the foregoing scale, for service in the double capacity, to range from £18 5s. to £109 10s. Civil allowances of £100 per annum, if occupying an official residence; if not, £150; but so regulated that the total emoluments shall not exceed £550 per annum. Officers holding the rank of Chaplain only, to receive the same, with the exception of the allowance for service in the double

capacity. The following scale regulates the pensions and compassionate allowances to widows and children: Under 8 years' service on full pay, widow £50, children £9 to £12; if killed in action or dying from wounds, widows £80, children £12 to £16; if drowned, or otherwise injured on service, widow £65, children £10 to £14. Under 15 years' service, £70 to widows, from £12 to £14 to children; if killed in action, &c., £120 to widow, and from £16 to £20 to children; if drowned, or otherwise injured on service, £100 to widow, and from £14 to £17 to children. Over 15 years' service, £80 to widow; if killed in action, &c., £200; if drowned or otherwise injured on service, £140.

On the 23rd of October 1876, it was ruled that the officer selected for the appointment of Chaplain of Greenwich Hospital, being relieved from all duty at the School, should, in addition to his clerical duties at Greenwich Hospital, have the responsibility of advising the Board as to the selection, &c. of candidates to fill the position of Chaplain to the Fleet, and that he should be styled "Chaplain of the Fleet," and be granted a salary of £650 per annum, inclusive of his halt pay, with £2 2s. per week for lodging allowance.

Leave of Absence.

'Twas twenty to one against us, but merrily on went we,
 And the brown-eyed lad who led us, the brightest of all was he ;
 We saw not his proud lip quiver, we saw not his face turn gray,
 As he thought of his young wife dying in England far away.
 'Twas twenty to one against us, but we followed our lad right well,
 As ever on high we heard his cry ring thro' the shot and shell.

The fight was over, we won it ; we talked in our tents that night
 Of the boys who were gone for ever, and our lad so brave and
 bright :
 And they gave him his Leave of Absence ; the Order came down
 next day,
 And we thought of the young wife waiting in England far away.
 And we prayed, because we loved him ; 'twas all that we could do,
 That God would spare that young life fair for him who loved her
 true.

We went to his tent with the Order, but his tent was empty and
 still ;
 We hunted along the trenches, and up to the fortress hill ;
 And there ! by the breach we found him, lifeless and cold he lay,
 His long-sought Leave of Absence is needless for him to-day.
 He waits for no general's order, he stays for no Queen's command,
 Our brown-eyed lad and his loving wife have met in the Better
 Land !

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

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An Episode of the "Hundred Days."

THE French troops were rapidly moving to the Dutch frontier. Upon arriving at Beaumont, the Army of the North formed its junction with that of Ardennes, under the command of Vandamme, whose head-quarters were at Furnay. The Army of the Moselle, under Girard, quitting Metz by forced marches, debouched, in the same period, by Philipville, and brought itself likewise into line. The Army of the North was composed of five corps of infantry, under the respective commands of D'Erlon, Reille, Vandamme, Girard, and the Count de Lobau. The cavalry, commanded in chief by Marshal Grouchy, was divided into four corps, under the orders of Generals Pajol, Excelmans, Milhaud, and Kellerman.

While the French forces were thus foregathering, Napoleon stayed in Paris, where a round of festivities prevailed not less brilliant than those in Brussels, as chronicled by Thackeray. Routs and balls succeeded each other, and public and private gaming-tables attracted those for whom dancing and flirtation were too mild excitements.

In a salon in the Faubourg St. Germain, where Hortense de Beauharnais, ex-Queen of Holland, was present, a brilliant party had assembled. Senators, generals, and diplomatists jolted each other, and ladies vied with their sex in the splendour of diamonds and dresses.

"Must you go?" anxiously asked a lady, as a staff officer seated himself by her side. "I fear you have come to say adieu."

"Not yet. The General is playing whist with Cardinal Maury, the Duchess of Reggio, and the Pope's Nuncio. Possibly we have half an hour left."

"Then there is no time to lose," she said with emotion, as she drew off her glove and removed a ring from her finger. "Take this," she added, "for my sake, and your own."

The young officer pressed the keepsake with rapture to his lips.

"Be careful of it," continued the fair donor, "for it is a talis-

man. This ring was brought from Egypt by my uncle, one of the savants who took part in the expedition. It was taken from the finger of an illustrious mummy found in the temple where our troops discovered the famous Zodiac of Tentyris. Remember, it is a charmed ring."

"If you prize it for the dead, I shall, for my part, value it for the living," he said significantly, looking into her eyes. "I shall wear it next my heart, where it shall remain until I die. But see, the game is over! My chief is leaving, and is looking for me."

The word "Adieu" was exchanged between the lovers, and they parted.

Waterloo had been fought and lost. The Emperor, dressed *en bourgeois*, and with the white cockade in his hat to favour his disguise, had fled. The Empire no longer existed. Talleyrand and Fouché had passed over to the Bourbons, and were busily engaged in effecting the Restoration. Notwithstanding, several fortified places still held out for Napoleon, and, among them, the small town of Condé in the North, which refused to haul down the tri-colour. It was held by a *veille moustache*, General Bonnaire, a distinguished cavalry officer, whom Napoleon had promoted to that rank in 1809, saying to him :

"You are a man cast in brass!"

One morning, the Anglo-Dutch forces having crossed the Belgian frontier, surrounded Condé, which declined to surrender. The garrison refused to recognise the Bourbons, and those calling themselves their allies. In this state of things, a Colonel Gordon of the British army presented himself at the gate, bearing a flag of truce, and requested an interview with the French commander.

"*Mille bombes!*" exclaimed Bonnaire with fury. "For whom do they take me? Surrender?—never! That's my last word!"

The English colonel, however, was not so easily put off. He showed the sentries Louis XVIII.'s proclamation, and some late editions of the Paris papers. This proof positive made the men waver, and they allowed Gordon to pass. Bonnaire refused to see him.

"The man is an imposter—a spy. Napoleon fled! and the Bourbons back! Impossible! This ruse will not go down with me. Here! de Villebelle, see this stranger out beyond the ramparts. Escort him personally."

Ordering an escort, Captain de Villebelle proceeded to carry out his instructions.

Unfortunately, the way lay through a faubourg, then a veritable

Alsatia—a refuge for the destitute—the rural population driven in for protection, having been pillaged, maltreated, ruined, and humiliated in every way by those called by the Bourbons "Our good friends the enemy." Seeing the escort coming from the citadel these peasants, armed and exasperated, gathered in threatening groups, attributing all their woes to the newly arrived stranger.

"Down with the Englishman!" they cried in chorus. "Death to the man who brings us the white flag!"

"Friends!" said Captain de Villebelle, "this officer carries a flag of truce. This flag is always sacred and must be respected. Do not disgrace yourselves, or the name of Frenchmen."

Idle words! The crowd set up a yell of fiendish laughter, mobbed the escort, and, dragging away Colonel Gordon, they shot him on the spot.

A few days after the event recorded Condé fell. The tricolour was burned, and Louis XVIII., replaced upon the throne, for the second time was proclaimed King of France and of Navarre. There did not remain a vestige of the Empire. At the same time there began throughout the land an era of blood and vengeance, which history has named *la terreur blanche*.

Forty-eight hours after the surrender of Condé, General Bonnaire and his aide-de-camp, Captain de Villebelle, were arrested by order of the new Government, accused of having connived at the assassination of Colonel Gordon, an English officer and a friend of the King. By orders from head-quarters they were brought to Paris leg-ironed and manacled like common malefactors.

Their trial came off at a time when Marshal Ney had been condemned to death by the Court of Peers, and, arraigned before a Council of War, General Bonnaire was naturally looked upon as the chief culprit.

On the opening of the Court the young officer rose and requested leave to make a statement. This granted, in a clear and unfaltering voice he said:—

"Gentlemen, Members of this Court, the glorious old soldier beside me has had no hand, act, or part in the deed of which we jointly are accused. The facts are simply these. Colonel Gordon forced his way into Condé in contravention of all the rules of war, and I received orders to show him out. In carrying out this duty I admit I was to blame in not having taken a stronger escort to protect the English officer. On the way armed peasants, above six hundred, surrounded us. They falsely concluded that the stranger was a spy, and, despite of all my efforts and protestations,

they seized and shot him. Gentlemen, on my honour as an officer, that is the whole truth."

Having said this the Court interposed, but de Villebelle continued:—

"Pardon, Monsieur Le President, I have one word more to say, and honour and duty will not permit me to be silent. True, Colonel Gordon was shot. Who is to blame? I, and I only. As to General Bonnaire, he is wholly innocent. Now, let Members of the Court give their verdict according to law and their consciences."

Some formal evidence having been taken, the Court deliberated for a short time. It found both officers guilty. General Bonnaire was condemned to degradation, Captain de Villebelle to death.

When the day arrived for carrying out the sentence a guard proceeded to l'Abbaye, then the military prison, to conduct the General and Captain in a closed carriage to the Place Vendôme. There detachments from all the troops in the garrison had been drawn up, about 2,000 men. In the Place a dense crowd had assembled. All the windows were occupied by ladies of rank, creatures without heart, greedy of excitement—a class of unsexed women denounced by Auguste Barbier in his *Iambes*. Many English officers also attended to witness the expiation of Colonel Gordon's death.

General Bonnaire got out of the carriage first. A tall and splendid old soldier, with furrowed cheeks and snow white hair. He wore the Cross upon his breast, and, as he stepped forward with dignity seemed to ask: "For what am I wanted here?"

A staff-officer, in a voice broken by emotion, read out the sentence recently pronounced by the Council of War. This formality over, the common executioner, ordered specially to attend, snatched the general's sword from him and then broke it. He then tore off his epaulettes, flung them at his feet, and finished his gruesome work by plucking the *Croix* from his breast.

But the crowning indignity was to come. Two sergeants, between whom the venerable soldier stood, were told off to shout in his ears the cruel words:

"Mépris au Traître! Honte au déloyal!"

In what respect had the veteran proved traitor? What act of disloyalty had he committed? Was it treason to have held out at Condé, refusing to believe the unconfirmed rumours of Napoleon's flight?

The old general stood motionless as if he had been turned into stone. He had placed his hands on his eyes to shut out the

sight before him. Those standing by heard a half-suppressed sob, a stifled scream, and a click as if something had snapped in his heart or head.

It was over with the old fellow. In less than five minutes he had lost his reason—wholly and for ever! Out of his mind for the remainder of his life; bereft of his senses, a victim to grief, shame, and despair.

Captain de Villebelle was witness of this degrading ceremony, and had to pass through the same ordeal himself, as a preliminary to being shot. When over he again got into the carriage to convey him to the Plaine de Grenelle, at that time the scene of military executions.

"Have you anything to ask?" inquired the officer in charge.

"Yes, Captain. Do not blindfold me. I am not afraid of death, and prefer to see it face to face."

"Impossible. I have no option. My orders prevent me from granting your request."

The young officer allowed his eyes to be bandaged without resistance, and drew himself up boldly before the firing party. At the same moment he made a sign that he had something more to say.

"Captain," he said to the officer who stepped forward, "I ask a favour."

"Which shall be granted, if within my power."

"On my heart I wear a gold ring bound round with a lock of hair."

"And you wish——?"

"That the ring shall remain where it is while my heart beats."

"And after?"

"That you return it to its donor" (and here he gave her name), "and I rely on your loyalty as a soldier."

"My word on it," replied the officer, as he grasped his hand and was leaving.

"For the last word," said de Villebelle, "tell your men to aim at my head—for they cannot hit me through the heart."

"Why so?"

"I wear a charmed ring—a talisman. It is on my heart, and my heart can never be touched otherwise than it has been."

"Poor fellow!" thought the Captain, as he returned to his sad duty, "he has gone mad at the last moment."

In less than one minute after, de Villebelle received one ball through his head and ten in his body, but his heart remained untouched. They ran up to him. He laid on his face quivering,

and the Royalist officer proceeded at once to carry out his promise. On removing the ring all convulsive movements ceased. The heart, no longer protected by the talisman, stopped beating, and de Villebelle slept the sleep of death.

The irony of Fate was further exemplified in relation to one of the characters figuring in this brief sketch.

The Countess of Léoville, who gave Captain de Villebelle the ring, was one of the beauties of the day. They had been engaged, and their marriage sanctioned by their parents, when the fortunes of war called the young officer to the disastrous campaign of 1812. Her family, taking advantage of his absence, forced on a match—a *marriage de convenance*—between the daughter and the rich Count de Léoville. May and December were never more strongly contrasted. The Countess was little over twenty. Her husband was some years past eighty; and great as was de Villebelle's grief on his return, he consoled himself with the hope that the Count could not live long. There was a second compact,

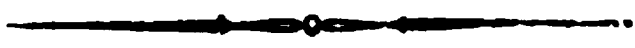
Uttered not, but comprehended,

between the old lovers that one day yet they would be man and wife.

And so it came to pass the Count de Léoville died on the same day that Captain de Villebelle lay shot on the Plain de Grenelle.

A few days after the execution the French officer, true to his word, proceeded to fulfil his mission. The first paroxysm of grief over, the Countess took the ring, and thanked the officer, adding:

"The mourning put on for another shall be worn by me for *him* so long as life lasts!"



“On Leave.”

THE Colonial and Indian Exhibition will finally close on the evening of Wednesday 10th November, by order of the Executive President, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. It was intended that a testimonial should be presented to His Royal Highness; but, in a letter written by the Prince to Lord Cadogan, His Royal Highness says: “I cannot accept any personal present, though I am most sensible of the kind feeling which has prompted it; but, as you are aware, it is suggested, in commemoration of Her Majesty’s Jubilee Year, to establish an ‘Imperial Institution’ for the Colonies and India, in the promotion of which I take the deepest interest; I should be most grateful if the subscribers would allow the funds collected for my testimonial to be applied in aid of that object. Should they kindly do so, it will be an ample reward to me for any services I have rendered to make the Exhibition of 1886 a success.”

The Committee at once acquiesced in the suggestion contained in the letter, “to further a project which will at once be a graceful memorial of Her Majesty’s long and happy reign, and conduce to the permanent consolidation of the Empire.”

The Cypriote family, which during the past three months and a half have been weaving silk in the Cyprus Court, have left London. Before leaving, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen handed to each of them a certificate, handsomely printed, relating the services they had rendered, and testifying to their diligence and good conduct. He then said he had been instructed by Her Majesty the Queen to present each of them with a copy of the photograph which had been taken of them at Windsor Castle, as a remembrance of the visit they had paid to Her Majesty there, and which had given Her Majesty so much pleasure. From the Royal Commission Sir Philip presented each of them with a large portrait of Her Majesty, and an album of views of Windsor. On their expressing a desire to have his photograph, Sir Philip handed each of them a photograph of himself. Lastly, Sir Philip Cunliffe-

Owen said he had been commanded by Her Majesty to give to Katinou Sophocles, one of the weavers, a small box which contained a gift from Her Majesty, in acknowledgment of the pretty piece of embroidery which she had worked for Her Majesty in her leisure hours. The box contained a beautiful gold brooch, with a large amethyst in its centre. The Cypriotes expressed in a few words their acknowledgment for the handsome presents which had been so graciously given them, and for the kindness which had been shown them during their stay at the Exhibition. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen then wished them a pleasant voyage, and added that their admirable conduct reflected, not only honour upon themselves, but also upon their country. The greatest attraction in the Cyprus Court was undoubtedly the Cypriote family, consisting of one man and three women, the latter occupied in weaving silk and cotton with the rude loom of the country, which has been handed down from remote ages. For the exhibition of this family the public are indebted to private enterprise. The funds set apart by the Government of Cyprus for procuring exhibits not being sufficient to bear the expenses of lending anyone to England, a sum of money was subscribed for by a few of the residents in Cyprus, headed by the late High Commissioner, Major-General Sir Robert Biddulph, G.C.M.G., C.B.; and they engaged the family in question and sent them to England to exhibit their craft. The expense of keeping them in this country has been entirely defrayed from the above-named private source, aided by the sale of the stuffs woven by them. The native workmen employed in the Indian Courts have also left for India.

The two chief questions which this Exhibition has given rise to are Federation, a political question; and Emigration, a practical one. Thousands of workmen, both mechanical and agricultural, have had afforded them great opportunities of studying the products and industries of the several Colonies; and of deciding to which of them they could emigrate with the greatest advantage to themselves and their families.

What is wanted to second the wishes of intending emigrants, which include time-expired soldiers and sailors, is some sort of self-supporting emigration society, as it is well known that many would-be emigrants cannot pay their own passage, support themselves pending their making a settlement in the Colonies, buy seeds, implements, and tools necessary to raise a crop, &c. In all this they need practical assistance for a given period, say the first year. Under the auspices of the Duke of Manchester, and others interested in emigration, we learn that a plan is on foot by

which emigrants will be sent out from this country to either New Zealand or Australia, have an allotment of twenty acres of land, their passage-money and outfit paid, and everything necessary to work the land, and be put in a position to redeem the land at eight years' purchase, at £5 per annum, by which the emigrant becomes the owner. A gentleman who has devoted much thought and study to the scheme will, I hear, shortly deliver a lecture in London on this important and, as I believe, thoroughly practical scheme.

The appointment of Rear-Admiral John O. Hopkins as Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, is an exceedingly popular one, especially at Portsmouth, where he is well known. The gallant Admiral served in the *Sanspareil*, *Britannia*, and *London* during the Crimean War, 1854-55, and was present at the attack on the sea-defences of Sebastopol, and other operations, receiving the Crimean and Turkish medals, and Sebastopol clasp. After serving three years as Captain of the *Excellent*, Admiral Hopkins was appointed Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty from June 1881 to December 1882, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen in November 1881. Admiral Hopkins held the post of Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard from January to April 1883, when he was appointed a Director of Naval Ordnance. Admiral Hopkins' varied experience, both afloat and ashore, admirably qualifies him for his present appointment.

His successor as the head of the Ordnance Branch of the Navy is one of the most celebrated artillerists possessed by England's first line of defence.

Captain J. A. Fisher, C.B., now commanding the *Excellent* at Portsmouth, has had a brilliant career, and when a very young post-captain was, for his past abilities, selected to command the most powerful vessel in the service—the *Inflexible*—and all agree that, at the present critical juncture of affairs, amidst conflicts of authority between the naval and civil elements, his appointment is a most judicious one.

Rear-Admiral H. Duncan Grant, C.B., Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, has been lecturing to the Engineer students at Keyham College. The subject was the Indian Mutiny and the important part the *Pearl's* Naval Brigade played in it. No one could possibly describe better than the gallant Admiral the services the *Pearl's* Brigade rendered in those perilous and trying times, under the command of Admiral (then Captain) Sir E. Southwell Sotheby, K.C.B. Admiral (then Lieutenant) Grant was in every action, and showed himself on all occasions a brave

officer and one of ready resource. His industry, then as now, was recognised by his brother officers, and he undertook cheerfully the duties of paymaster, and many other duties. There are few remaining of this historical band of sailors; happily, however, the list includes Captain Lord Charles Scott, Captain F. H. Stephenson, Captain the Hon. Victor Montagu, all midshipmen at that time, and the Rev. E. A. Williams, the chaplain. I am glad to see there is a chance of the lecture being repeated. May I hope that it will be published also?

I am sorry to have to record the death of Admiral Pim, who died at Deal, in his sixty-first year. His services have been so fully recorded that I need only mention that one which first brought him prominently to the notice of the public. In March 1853, while attached to H.M.S. *Resolute*, he made a journey of twenty-eight days across the ice, and had the happiness of rescuing the crew of H.M.S. *Investigator*, commanded by Captain McClure. The vessel was about to be abandoned, having been ice-bound for three years. In the latter part of his life politics and literature divided his time. In 1874 he was returned for Gravesend to Parliament, unseating Sir C. Wingfield, K.C.S.I., one of the great supporters of the Canning-clemency policy during the Mutiny in India. He wrote agreeably on many subjects, and was a contributor to the *Whitehall* for many years. Nothing is yet decided as to who is to succeed to the Governorship of Gibraltar, although in club circles it is considered that Sir Gerald Graham stands the best chance.

Mr. Charles Lancaster is bringing out a new gun, “The Colindian.” This is a rifled gun for shot and ball, rifled on his celebrated non-fouling smooth oval-bore system, giving very great accuracy with elongated hollow-fronted or solid conical-shaped bullets; also good pattern and penetration with shot of any size, and which has neither grooved rifling nor choke-boring to offer resistance to shot or ball, and consequently prevents leading or fouling. I look forward to the trials with it, and, if successful, and the price is moderate, there will be a great demand for “the Colindian” by officers proceeding to India, and by planters and shikarees who have long asked for such a weapon.

Mr. Charles Duval, author, actor, traveller, showman, continues to delight his audiences by his highly entertaining musical monologue, now being so cleverly illustrated by this versatile and accomplished artist. The “thought-transference feats” executed by Miss Lilian Morritt and Mr. C. Morritt are simply astounding, and leads one to doubt the evidence of one’s own senses. There

is a new edition shortly coming out of Mr. Duval's work, *With a Show through Southern Africa*. Those who like pleasant reading cannot do better than read this book, which shows the author to be a keen observer of men and manners.

Mr. Herman Vezin is an actor the play-going public see too little of. One of the most finished elocutionists of the day, and an accomplished actor, he is now playing in *Dr. Davy and Old Bachelors*, at Toole's. As probably these pieces will not run much longer, I would advise all who can appreciate legitimate acting to visit this theatre; he is supported by a capital company, which includes Mr. Felix Morris, who bids fair to become as great and extraordinary a character actor as Robson was.

Mr. William Holland continues to give, at the Albert Palace, a variety of entertainments, including a Cat Show and one of the best Circuses we ever remember to have seen.

FURLOUGH.



Reviews.

EVERY BOY'S ANNUAL. Edited by EDMUND ROUTLEDGE. London: Messrs. Routledge & Sons.

This popular serial does its best to keep alive among the youth of England the traditions of the army and the fleet. The present volume, which is got up in a most lavish style, and forms a worthy gift book, contains a whole series of well-illustrated articles, describing the achievements of both, by such well-known writers as R. Low, Major-General Drayson, and others. The two principal running stories are Commander Lovett Cameron's *Adventures of Herbert Massey in Eastern Africa*, and Frith's *Hunting of the Hydra*. The former is not only remarkably clever as regards plot, but is written in a most fascinating style, and is full of graphic scenes of African adventure.

EMIGRANT LIFE IN KANSAS. By PERCY G. EBBUT. London: Messrs Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co.

The author terms this a "plain, unvarnished record of life in the Far West," but it is something more than that. In describing the career of a family which emigrated to America in 1870, he has not only set before the reader a very admirable account of life in western America in general, and Kansas in particular, but has, moreover, provided plenty of adventure, obviously truthful and "unvarnished," but, at the same time, far from being "plain" and commonplace. The book is full of illustrations, some of which are rather rough, but too characteristic, nevertheless, to be severely criticised. Without being pretentious, it is one of the best books on emigrant life we have read, and the closing chapter on advice to would-be emigrants is admirable in every sense.

MY FIRST CRIME. By GUSTAVE MACÉ. London; Vizetelly & Co.

Having begun to grow tired of imaginary criminal novels written by imitators of Gaborian, a real account of a great crime tracked by the chief of the Paris Detective Police has been received and

read with avidity by the general reader. From beginning to end the interest in the tracking of the murderer never ceases, and we imagine there will be few who will read the book who will be able to put it down without following, with breathless interest, the story to the close. Gustave Macé describes, in such a graphic and fascinating manner, the details of the first crime he had to unearth, that the majority of his readers will wish for more of his subsequent exploits.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. Edited by PROFESSOR MORLEY.
London : Messrs. Cassell.

We have received ten little volumes of the National Library started by Messrs. Cassell a few months ago, and which, in the interval, has become an assured success. Dealing with travels, general literature, and the highest and yet most entertaining productions of different ages, they are well adapted for portable libraries for soldiers and seamen, particularly the latter, and we trust that their merits have not escaped the attention of those officially concerned in this matter.

MANUAL OF LANGUAGES. By Captain Charles SLACK. London : Messrs. Simpkin Marshal and Co.

Most persons traversing a number of foreign countries in a hurry have felt the need of a manual that would take up little room in the pocket or portmanteau, and would contain a vocabulary of the useful words in each. Captain Slack has supplied this want at half-a-crown, and crammed into 180 pages the vocabularies of the principal European and Asiatic languages. It is quite an astonishing little book, and if every Englishman who went abroad bought a copy, the verdict of ninety-nine out of a hundred on their return would be that they would never part with Captain Slack's manual.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be directed to the Editors, Army and Navy Magazine, 13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W., and must contain name and address of the writer. Name and address on *letters* is insufficient.

It is requested that ruled paper be used, the pages numbered, fastened together, and a small margin left.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1886.

The Nation in Arms.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LIEUT.-COL. BARON VON DER GOLTZ.

(Continued from page 28.)

THE fact that troops can be more easily concentrated than opened out, leads us first of all to a consideration of *outflanking*. The outflanking operations owe the importance they have attained in modern warfare, to the circumstance that it was always the side which was from the first superior in number that resorted to them. The overlapping of the enemy's line upon the wings by more numerous forces led to this, or it might be a greater expansion, which the belligerent allowed himself, in whom a feeling of superior security and strength had arisen, owing to the excellence of both commanders and troops. The weaker will keep his masses closer together, and will avoid that separation of them rendered necessary by an outflanking position.

The greatest advantage of all outflanking movements is that, if they are well executed, they at last lead to the whole army of the enemy, or a part of it, being caught between two fires. In Scharnhorst we find the rule: "Troops attacked upon more than one side may be regarded as defeated." It is not a rule universally true, yet it is founded upon the fact that he who stands between several enemies, approaching him from different directions, is compelled to an eccentric activity that splits the forces, and thus weakens; whilst the former work concentrically and gain in strength.

The further advantages of outflanking operations with separate and independent divisions lie in their expansion in the given space. First of all, the forces can more readily be got ready. From the first they can be massed in separate groups. To two or three places more railways run than to one. And then the movement is expedited through the possibility of using a greater number of roads. For food-supplies and for quarters more villages and more resources of the country are available. The concentration, also, upon the goal towards which they are advancing is more quickly effected. The menace to the rear-communications of the enemy, which such outflanking and overlapping operations cause, may be of good effect. The prospect, that in case of a disaster he may be deprived of his lines of retreat or his means of subsistence at one and the same time, must tend to disquiet him.

When it is impossible to outflank both wings of the enemy, the rule is to attack the most sensitive one. The general circumstances of the case will show whether this shall be the right or left wing. Only then can success be counted upon. Under certain circumstances, a simple encircling will be sufficient, and will cause the enemy to abandon his plans and leave his positions. But simple menacing by merely taking that direction will not be of sufficient effect, unless a valuable object is at the same time seriously endangered. The encircling of the Prussian army massed on the Saale, in October 1806, made such a crushing impression, because the great depôt of Naumburg, which lay in the rear of the army, was thus unexpectedly lost. The news penetrated everywhere, the meaning of the loss was evident to everyone, and thus the disastrous opinion was spread that the army was defeated before the decisive battle had begun.

Outflanking upon both wings will, when carried out with force, never miss its effect. It threatens the enemy with complete isolation and imprisonment. In the background is seen the hideous ghost of an encircling-battle and a surrender. But, as a rule, the positive danger of such a situation is over-estimated; yet imaginary evils become, in war, owing to their moral influence and effect, often real ones.

The principal objection to all outflanking and enveloping movements is the same which is true of all operations undertaken by divided and separate corps for the attainment of single objects, namely, that the enemy can avail himself of the temporary separation to defeat the separate divisions before they unite.

This danger certainly exists, but it is moderated to a great extent by attendant circumstances. The first of such circumstances is

the clearness of the whole movement. The object is brought into the centre, and is visible to all. All the commanders of the separate divisions of the army know that they can only contribute to the success of the whole enterprise by unswervingly advancing. By this means, a uniform plan of action is guaranteed, and a mistake is not well possible. When Prince Frederic Charles took the outflanking offensive against the army of General Chanzy, at Le Mans, he only, on the 6th January 1871, assigned to each corps the road upon which it should advance. Soon the enemy approached, and the separate columns had during the separation each to fight battles, without being able directly to support one another. The orders for an unswerving advance were, however, issued on the 8th January: "For all the attacking movements which have been ordered, the main point to observe is this: that the quicker and the more decisively the single columns gain ground towards Le Mans, in all the greater embarrassment must the isolated divisions of the enemy that are now lying between our several lines of march come." Thus ran the order. It is in the nature of concentric outflanking operations, that every column by its own progress enhances that of all the rest. The nearer they come together, the more effective will be, of course, the mutual support rendered. This latter becomes more and more like a joint and common operation upon the same battle-field.

That everything shall turn out well, an adroit choice of the object to be attained is indispensable. It must tally with the network of roads, so that all the corps shall naturally be led to the rendezvous upon the main converging roads. If the operations are conducted in the direction of and upon a large town, as was the case at Le Mans, this will, as a rule, be the case; for populous places form centres upon which great lines of communication converge. A simple plan, suitable to the circumstances of the case, is an earnest that the inferior commanders will act to the purpose, even when orders from the supreme authorities do not reach them. Where the communication between the general in command and the various columns of the army is impeded, this fact is significant. The rendezvous must not be arranged too far into the country occupied by the enemy, otherwise the risk is run of meeting the enemy with his combined forces before reaching the goal.

When, on the 22nd July 1866, the Prussian military authorities ordered the invasion of Bohemia, they fixed the vicinity of Gitschin for the rendezvous of the three armies which were stationed at Dresden, Görlitz, and Neisse, extending over forty miles (German), apart. Field-Marshal Benedek was already ad-

vancing with his whole army in a compact body from Moravia to the Upper Elbe, in order to throw himself between those single and divided masses, so as to defeat them in detail. Yet all the same, the boldly planned union was effected. But this movement was sharply criticised. A writer of Jomini's school said: "The opening of the campaign displays on the part of the Prussians a reckless disregard of all the principles of warfare." Another vehemently asserts: "Prussia marched, without there being any occasion for so doing, at the brink of a precipice; and a single blow delivered by the enemy would have sufficed to hurl it into the abyss. This blow was never given. It was a mere marvel that Prussia was saved from defeat, which, under the circumstances, would have entailed a terrible catastrophe."

In quite recent times, similar opinions have been expressed in French military literature. But if the circumstances of the case be more narrowly scrutinised, the impression of a reckless and idle hazard, which the Prussian military movements may have raised in the minds of distant spectators, completely disappears. The Austrians, before they advanced, were posted between the towns Weisskirchen, Wildenschwert, Gross-meseritsch and Lundenburg, in Moravia. Nine or ten days are required for deploying within this space. In case, which was actually the fact, the place of rendezvous were removed to the Upper Elbe, this space of time would be increased to thirteen days. Had they started on the 18th June, the whole Austrian army could not arrive upon the Upper Elbe before the 30th. From Dresden and Neisse to Gitschin the Prussians would at most have had eight marches to perform. They, too, could accordingly complete their rendezvous on the 30th. Until this date, only detached Austrian corps could possibly confront them, and not the whole Austrian army. But the Prussian armies, 125,000 and 140,000 strong respectively, though as yet detached, were each superior to parts of the Austrian army. "This was therefore no random hazard." The guarantee for the successful issue lay in the proper choice of the object, which could be reached before the main body of the enemy was on the spot. "True that the position of the Austrian army was not then clearly perceived, as it now is; it was supposed—but erroneously—that a great part of it would be met with in Northern Bohemia, and great difficulties in the terrain might be encountered; but *he who in war will always be perfectly safe, will hardly ever attain his object.**

* *Militair-Weeksblatt*, 1867, No. 18.

The period of danger is, as a rule, confined to a few days. Such as are those on which the detached columns are not *far* enough distant to be able to elude an enemy superior in numbers, without prejudice to the whole, but at the same time not sufficiently *near* for mutual support.

If one of them be defeated, it does not, on that account, disappear from the scene of action. The modern weapons of precision and mode of fighting render rapid and complete defeats, such as Olsuwiefs on the 10th February 1814, when Napoleon threw himself between the single divisions of the Silesian army, a rarity. The column that has met with a disaster can again follow the victorious enemy, when he desists from attacking it and prepares to attack another. Thus they will always be able to facilitate the advance of the others.

Extensive operations certainly pre-suppose uniformly good generalship in the case of all the detached divisions of the army. The sole supreme command is confined to laying down the object to be attained and the general principles to be followed. In all other details the judgment and energy of the several generals in command is relied on. Great independence is essential to them. It is not, therefore, every army that is capable of carrying to a successful issue bold outflanking and concentric operations.

The most effectual counter check, on the part of the defender to these outflanking operations, is, under all circumstances, an action. This summons the combatants on both sides. The manœuvres cease, the concentration of forces upon the battle-field takes place, and, if the *tactical encircling* is successfully eluded, the *strategical* has, as a rule, come to an end. An apt instance of this is afforded by the operations shortly before and after the battle of Jena and Auerstädt. Napoleon had completely surrounded the Prussians and Saxons, who were posted behind the Saale, near Jena and Weimar. On the 12th October 1806, his cavalry occupied Naumburg; on the 13th, Marshal Davoust, with a whole army-corps, was stationed there and at Kösen. The road to the Elbe, the direct communication with the Prussian capital and the heart of the monarchy, was cut. But on the same day the last doubts were removed as to the whole Prussian forces being behind the Saale. Napoleon at once made all preparations for the battle he had sought. Davoust's corps could not be dispensed with in it. It received orders, whilst the main French army was directed against the front of the Prussians at Jena and Dornburg, to make a circuit from Kösen to the west, and attack their rear. In this position, the double battle of 14th October was fought. The out-

flanking exercised the desired effect of spreading confusion in the Prussian ranks. But it ceased as soon as the battle commenced.

Marshal Davoust had been obliged to abandon the start he had of the enemy towards the Elbe; the French army pursued the Prussians, on the evening of the battle, not much beyond the battle-field; the latter marched the whole night through. Even though they were at first unfortunate in their choice of roads, yet these were changed the next day. Clausewitz has pointed out, in an excellent treatise, that on the 15th and 16th October the march to Wittenberg and Dessau would have been possible, and the road open to Berlin.* It required only presence of mind in order to turn it to account. The case is rarer where an army is outflanked by the enemy's centre, and when subsidiary corps, extending further afield on the sides, must be presupposed. Only in this case an action will not neutralise the outflanking. Frequently a resolute stand is here sufficient. When, on 6th August 1870, the French began their retreat from the frontier, the main army retiring upon Metz was outflanked by the advance of the IInd German Army upon Pont à Mousson, and the IIIrd upon Nancy, which was supported by the Ist Army. But it halted on the French Nied. German cavalry patrols discovered it there on the evening of the 10th August, ready to accept battle. The actual effect of this manœuvre was but small, because the position on the Wied was abandoned on the 11th, and the retreat continued; and as this, moreover, was made known to the Germans by their spies on the 12th.

Meanwhile, however, the first preparations had been made for wheeling the IInd Army into the line Faulquemont-Verny. Had they held out longer, the French would have ridded themselves of the grand outflanking operation. Cavalry, and the advance-guards of the IInd Army would have continued their advance westwards. But by retreating still further, a way could have been cut through these. In influential quarters, the summoning of a division of the IIIrd German Army was contemplated. Had the engagements before Metz proved more serious than they actually were, the outflanking operations of this army would have been neutralised. The instance is all the more instructive, as the outflanking was, in the case before us, an extraordinarily strong movement. Whole armies executed it, whilst, as a rule, only head or flank corps envelope an enemy acting on the defensive.

* The measures taken by the French might certainly have been different to what they were. The after effects of the exertions preceding the double battle were making themselves felt in their case also.

He, accordingly, who in war finds himself outflanked during the operations, will find it to be his best course rapidly to force his opponent to fight. A battle collects all the forces into one place; for their significance for the issue of the war is so great that no assailant, in order to be able to continue his outflanking manœuvres, would be willing, on the battle-field, to dispense with strong divisions of his army.

If, then, it be in bold outflanking manœuvres that the greatest strength of the assailant lies, yet the side acting on the defensive is, as against him, in no wise defenceless. By resolute action he can deal most effectual counter-strokes. How these must be done, depends upon circumstances. It will vary according as the outflanking has been effected only on one wing or on both.

In the first case, an advance with rapidly collected masses upon the part of the enemy's forces which for the moment is most menacing, to wit, the troops executing the outflanking movement, is the most simple operation. If the blow at this point does not succeed, it will, at all events, check the continuance of the menace, and restore to the party outflanked by the other his liberty of action. If, on the other hand, the attack upon the corps advancing against the front fails, the situation is doubly critical; for the outflanking movement has meanwhile been uninterruptedly continued and rendered more effectual. But, certainly, if the issue of the action is successful, a greater result can be achieved; for one part of the enemy's forces would be defeated and the other cut off from him and his natural communications at one and the same time.

If the flank has been turned on both sides, the task before the outflanked is more difficult. Here, too, a resolute onslaught upon one of the enemy's wings can frequently bring about a change. If Field-Marshal Benedek could have conceived what was before him in Northern Bohemia, and had in consequence marched from Olmütz upon Neisse against our extreme left, he would, perhaps, not have won the campaign, but have moved the early battle-fields to Silesia instead of to Bohemia. But such operations require, from the outset, not only much resolution but also a suitable position. Benedek, at Olmütz, found himself not as yet within the arc of the circle described by the Prussians, but opposed to the head of one of the wings. If the centre be attacked, it becomes far harder to liberate oneself, since in this position, the enemy is, as a rule, in great superiority, either in numbers or efficiency. An advance against his centre might, it is true, lead to the expectation of being able to cut the enemy's line into two parts, both which were en-

gaged in the outflanking manœuvres, and with this object in view had abandoned their natural communications, but, on the other side, there exists the great danger that the circle meanwhile closes up and crushes our army in its midst.

Under such circumstances, safety is often found in employing the same forces successively against several enemies, wheeling first right and then left, keeping the several groups apart from each other by vigorous blows, and inflicting upon them by degrees a number of separate defeats, which in effect are similar to a great battle.

Thus did Napoleon in February 1814. Frederic, too, with the same army, defeated first the French at Rossbach, and then the Austrians at Leuthen. Both generals availed themselves of the possession of the so-called *inner lines*,* and with great success. Now if the *advantages* of the inner line are generally spoken of, this is not correct; for the general situation of the army forming the inner line is almost always a very critical one. Such was Frederic's in the autumn of 1757, and Napoleon's in Feb 1814. An advantage could only be said to exist, in so far as that the same situation would be still more critical if, for any reason, the to-and-fro movement between the various groups of the enemy could not be employed. The army too shut in round a fortress by the enemy, is on the inner lines, without, on that account, being able to consider its position an advantageous one.

In order successfully to carry out the to-and-fro movement between the detached masses of the enemy, suitable distances are primarily necessary. If those masses are far away, it will be difficult to force any of them to fight, and the others are of necessity lost out of sight, so that they can follow their purposes undisturbed. Only when they are given credit for very little love of enterprise, can they be left without harm to their own devices. Thus acted the Great King, when, in 1757, he turned away from the Austrians and attacked the French. But even the Austrians, in spite thereof, in spite of all their slowness, conquered Silesia with Breslau, and Frederic had to retake it. If the distances, on the other hand, are too *short*, it is impossible to defeat one of the detached and several divisions without the others coming up to its aid. In the moment when this takes place, the advantage of the movement

* General Jomini gives the following definition: "*The inner lines of operation are such as an army forms in order to confront several lines of operation of the enemy, but which are of such a nature that the various corps can approach each other, and their movements be combined, before the enemy can oppose to them greater masses of troops.*"

on the inner line is changed into the disadvantage of being surrounded on the battle-field. Accordingly, in order that inner lines may be turned to successful account, moderate dimensions are required, so as to enable one of the detached divisions to be defeated before the others are on the spot, and to provide that these are not lost sight of. If detached groups are nearer together than two full days' marches, it may be laid down as a principle that none of these can be defeated separately. Hereby the favourable time for action upon the inner line becomes much restricted. If the advance is made too early, there is danger that it will be merely beating the air; if it be made too late in the course of the battle we are caught between the divisions of the enemy, which close upon us on all sides. This state of things impedes our resolve to a great extent. When the enemy employs his cavalry properly, it will rarely be possible to see against which of the approaching opponents we must turn first. But clearness is doubly necessary when everything urges to prompt action. Only generals of great determination can make proper use of the inner lines. The irresolute man vacillates. The uncertainty as to whether he has chosen the right moment, and the right opponent, will nip his operations in the bud. Even Marmont, the clever deviser of Napoleon's brilliant operations between the detached groups of the Silesian army, before that period, 10-15th February 1814, so propitious to the French arms, began, considered that the favourable moment had passed and hesitated. He also would only have devised, and not executed, the movement. And yet Marmont was an excellent captain. The original intention to advance resolutely at the critical moment with the inner line, results, when that moment has not been found, or has been missed, in a final relapse into the defensive and the preliminary adoption of a *central position*. It is said, in favour of this latter, that from it we can equally well oppose each approaching enemy, and can take the offensive in all directions with the same prospects of success. But this advantage which is claimed for it is a very dubious one. It is either great uncertainty as to the position, or, more frequently, a want of resolution on the part of the general that brings armies into *central positions*. And thus it comes about that, as a rule, only the second advantage claimed for it is of practical importance, namely, that it is possible *to run away* with equal ease in all directions.

To these general reasons against the successful carrying out of operations upon inner lines, which have always existed, we may add also particular ones suited to these modern times of ours.

The belligerent operating upon the inner line is only advantaged by a complete victory on the field, for pursuit will almost always be impossible. He must look out for his other opponents.

Now it has been asserted, that we must no longer reckon upon short annihilating blows. The successes of Frederic and Napoleon lay, moreover, in a time when the independence of the higher commands was not nearly so general and so developed as at present. In those days it was more allowable to reckon upon perplexing one column by a victory gained over its neighbour; and throwing all the measures of the enemy into confusion. In these days that is impossible. Now-a-days we must, as a rule, be prepared for an obstinate and energetic advance of all the enemy's generals towards the centre of the ground. The great numerical strength of our armies, too, renders the employment of inner lines a matter of difficulty. For this prompt concentration and rapid evolutions of the troops are essential. That can be performed with one or two, but not with ten or twelve army corps. Such masses need more freedom of movement than they obtain in such situations.

One advantage is, that the troops upon the inner lines remain nearer together, and the influence of the general is greater than it would otherwise be. The latter has his troops more under control than his opponent who is performing outflanking or concentrated movements. Uniformly good subordinate commanders are not so necessary in this case for the success of the undertaking. One or two dexterous commanders, to oppose those hostile groups which, for the time, need only be kept under observation or notice, are sufficient. Napoleon, in the days of Montmirail and Chateau Thierry, only needed Marmont's help, in order to keep off Blücher, whilst Sacken and York were defeated. But all the greater are the demands which are made upon the supreme commanders. Great and prompt resolution, extreme energy, bold daring; these alone lead to victory when one sees himself to be surrounded by strong enemies.

On the whole, it may be said: *it is more difficult to bring to a successful issue a defensive upon the inner lines, than to execute an outflanking or concentrated attack.* Yet true it is, that the considerations which lead to this conclusion are not attached to an abstract and propounded case, where the enemies are assumed to be equally strong, equally valiant, and equally well led, but rather to such as reality shows us, where it is only one party that is fitted for the outflanking operation owing to a superfluity of strength or energy.

If the combatant armies in their manœuvres confront each

other in parallel lines, everything will depend upon who is the first to decide upon concentrating great masses upon a single point, and begins and carries out his designs with the greater dexterity and energy. Therein lies the sole means of securing a superiority by evolution. All the rest must be left to the battle. In the onslaught against the enemy's centre, in order to rout him, there will be the danger of being outflanked, and of seeing the corps hurrying up from the enemy's wings, appear on our own flanks. In such a case we should, for the most part, be content with the lesser success, and direct our concentrated attack upon the enemy's wing. If we have succeeded in defeating it, outflanking operations can next be directed against the rest.

An attack upon the strategical flank of the enemy will always have the great advantage of compelling him hastily to collect his forces in a direction which is for him at once inconvenient and unforeseen. Benedek's march from Olmütz upon Neisse, which we have here taken as an instance, would have been productive of similar effects. The massing of the Prussian forces between Dresden and Neisse could not have been effected without difficulty. But only peculiar circumstances render such an operation on a grand scale possible.

The defender may sooner turn once upon the flank of the assailant, if he has taken up a flank position specially for this purpose, as he marches by. The strong combatant will certainly not resort to this means, but simply bar his opponent's way. But the weak may successfully make use of it. When street-boys fight, and the one who has been defeated posts himself at the corner of the next street, in order to fall upon the victor again from the side; this is a picture of the flank position. We should describe this certainly as being a tactical flank position. But the same picture may be readily transferred to extended strategical conditions. The flank position does not block the way of the enemy, but lies close to it, whilst commanding it. When Napoleon, in the early part of October 1806, wished to advance from Franconia by way of Hof, Schleiz, and Saalfeld to Saxony, and the Prussian army was posted behind the Saale, it had taken up a *flank position*.

Clausewitz says, with reference to this: "The position behind the Saale was a flank position such as is seldom found; it promised excellent conditions for a battle."

He adds the following explanation: "The prime condition of a flank position is, that the enemy cannot evade it, but must respect it. This condition is exceedingly difficult to fulfil, and yet it

was here completely satisfied. For the French had, between the Saale and Bohemia, such a narrow strip of country for their communications, and this communication with reference to the Saale lay so entirely at the side, that they could not possibly advance without going in quest of the Prussian army behind the Saale. The second condition of a flank position is, that in a battle itself it may hold out such advantages that it is worth while to take it. Now the valley of the Saale is a deep cutting in mountainous country, and such as the enemy could only pass in detached columns. On the left bank, it is accompanied by a level fruitful plateau, which allowed our army to make the most precise evolutions. Whilst small divisions of our army occupied the Saale valley itself, and were able to offer a comparatively long resistance, our army was able to throw itself upon that portion of the enemy's army that promised the greatest advantages.* The enemy fought with his back to the steep precipice of the Saale, scarcely occupying sufficient room to develop; he fought with the kingdom of Bohemia in his rear, and, at the side, the loop-hole of escape into the Voigtland, through which he must retreat."

It is the nature of a flank position that it unexpectedly compels the enemy to develop himself for battle in a given direction, and at a given place where he has not intended, and where, accordingly, in all probability it is extremely unwelcome to him. He abandons his road thereby, cuts himself off from all his natural communications, and develops himself on his flank, in order to fight his opponent in a disadvantageous situation. He has, at the same time, unknown to himself, begun a flank march, and is, to his own surprise, interrupted in it. Where a flank march is intended, it is the rule to change from one road to another lying sideways, having, however, as a rule, the same direction only when in actual sight of the enemy. In this case, the combatant does not cut himself off from his retreat, whilst he who is compelled to face round to a flank movement of the enemy will have him permanently on his side. When, accordingly, the attack fails, it is difficult to retire with safety.

But, in order to be attended with favourable results, various conditions in the flank position must be fulfilled. The enemy approaches in a certain breadth; if he perceive early enough the

* Unfortunately there was also here instanced what we have said of central positions in general. The hesitation as to when and in what direction the offensive should be taken lasted until it was too late to take the offensive, and a retreat was decided upon, when the army was suddenly overtaken by the enemy, and totally defeated.

flank position, it will be easy for him to give the heads of his marching columns another direction in time, and to avoid the principal disadvantages which it might impose upon him. A flank position is well chosen, when the enemy must defile past it on a single road. That is the case after he has just passed a great river, and has only a single bridge behind him. In such a case, to go out of his way will be highly disadvantageous to him. The flank position, moreover, exposes the flank to the assailant when marching up against him. The flank, then, must either find a natural protection in the country, or lie so retired and hidden that the enemy cannot surround it. Finally, the impediment which a flank position must have before its front, for its own safety, must not be of such a nature as to preclude an attack being made upon the enemy when he defiles past. But we must always be prepared for this; for not merely the intention that has been previously entertained, but carelessness also can lead hereto.

All these manifold conditions are seldom fulfilled, and therefore effectual flank positions, such as that of General von Werder at Vesoul against the march of Bourbaki upon Belfort in January 1871, and that of Osman Pasha at Plevna on the side of the Russian advance across the Balkans in the summer of 1871, are exceptions.

Here, also, it is not the position, but the weight of the mass of soldiery occupying it, that is decisive for the issue. A weak opponent may take up a flank position. All he will attain will be, that he will be there watched over by subordinate forces, whilst his opponent quietly pursues his aims, instead of abandoning them. When Prince Frederic Charles with the IInd Army advanced upon Le Mans on the 6th January 1871, the French division of Curten appeared at St. Amand upon his left flank, almost in his rear, without checking the general operations for a single day. *It was not feared, that is the truth.*

Where it is necessary to save time, or where a combatant will only allow the enemy to be apprised of his intentions to a certain extent before he himself adopts decisive measures, he can temporarily avail himself of a flank position. If his object has been attained, and his adversary forced to develop his strength, he abandons it before he is attacked. This was the object of General von Werder's position at Vesoul; in this manner, the Prussians might possibly, on October 6th, 1806, have escaped from Napoleon's embrace on the Saale, and the French, in August 1870, on the Wied, have hindered that of the Germans. But herein we shall always have to hold out to the last moment, and not allow

it to pass by unnoticed, which it readily does. Such action, accordingly, always involves great hazards.

Moreover, not only the assailant in the face of a flank position, but the defender also in it, will be obliged to cut himself off from his natural communications. If now he will manœuvre out of his flank position, he must possess great freedom of action, be in his own country, or in a portion of the enemy's country that he has made subservient to himself.

In all manœuvring in war a special regard must be paid to such roads and railways, upon which reinforcements of men, ammunition, and commissariat are conveyed to the front, and upon which the sick and wounded are conveyed to the rear, as well as to all such along which, in case of a disaster, aid can be found. But these considerations paid to "lines of communication," and to the natural "line of retreat," must not, in a vigorous campaign, be the all-decisive ones. Attention can only be paid to them in so far as they do not prejudice the advancement of our own positive intentions, which are directed to the annihilation of the enemy. He who talks much about retreating when about to attack, would do better to remain at home. He who is victorious, secures at once his lines of communication, and his lines of retreat, and the defeated combatant also often reaches them, though with difficulty, because defeat quickens his steps, whilst the victor rests upon the scene of his triumphs. At Zorndorf, by a bold march from the "Drewitzer Haide" to Klein-Camin round the left wing of the Prussian army, the Russians regained the natural retreat to their home, which they had previously lost. Frederic, after the defeat of Hochkirch, first marched off between both the wings of the Austrian army, which were prepared to surround him, to Klein-Bautzen, and then executed a flank march to Görlitz, in order to restore his communications. The eye of the general should gaze before him, and not look back for help and ways of safety.

However, an unnatural arrangement in respect of the arteries of an army, for the lines of communication must be regarded as such, is never convenient. They are best placed behind the centre and at right angles to the front which is taken. They are thus best protected from the enemy, and can be easily reached by all the troops. The enemy that will threaten them must get far round the wing. An oblique front situation is in so far dangerous, as, one wing has a more difficult communication with the rear, and the enemy on one side can with greater ease operate against the rear connections. Most un-

favourable is that case where the line of communication runs from a wing, or even from a flank; because, in this case, its protection by the army ceases, and special measures must necessarily be taken for its defence. But these drain the army unnecessarily of strength. Only in the rarest cases will a strong body of troops be restricted to a single road of communication. We, in civilised countries, prefer to assign its own line of march to every army corps. Behind it follows the baggage, and then the reinforcements and stores of all descriptions from home; it becomes a line of communication, which is permanent. And under propitious circumstances, and where armies are not too large, each corps has an artery of communication behind it, for its own exclusive use.* Only where a deeper invasion has been made into the enemy's country, are all these lines of communication united into a single line of railway for the whole army; for several parallel lines of rail, all leading in the same direction, are rarely met with.

As the to-and-fro traffic upon the rear lines of communication is perpetual, and as many arrangements have to be made upon them, which are of a permanent nature, it is not easy to remove them elsewhere. Such removal can, at all events, only be effected after a considerable time. Attention must, accordingly, be paid to this when executing movements. If corps cross each other at the front, this will naturally entail a crossing on the respective lines of communication, unless the complete exchange of one line for another be allowed. Crossings of baggage and transports on the march always lead to errors and collisions. An alteration in the arrangement of a corps, which has taken place at the front, is not always communicated to the rear communication with sufficient promptitude to prevent the baggage waggons &c. going wrong. If an interruption in the movements ensues, the general must, in each case, restore to each division its old order and sequence from one wing to the other. The evolutions effected by the army often afford opportunity for this to be done. But the general must not consider himself bound to the original arrangement. Inconveniences are not serious disadvantages. In modern times, troops are only dependent upon their lines of communication in respect of their ammunition, which must, of course, be brought up from the base and upon the railway. In all other respects there is great liberty of action,

* This is also in harmony with the administrative independence of an army corps that has to provide for its own maintenance, and is in this respect only dependent upon the Ober Kommando, so far as general dispositions are concerned.

and consequently a turning of the flank, the rear and the lines of communication threatened, is, in these days, of not nearly so much effect as in former times, when it was often absolutely decisive for the issue. Especially never again will the simple geometrical cutting off of a line of communication be of effect, or, at all events, only in quite rare cases.

Moreover, for a natural line of retreat, a line of communication lying at right angles behind the centre of the front is the most agreeable; for an army forced to retire chooses this direction before all other. Every other is a disadvantage, owing to the difficulty attendant upon controlling troops in such moments, yet, as we have seen, not so great a one that the safety of the army would be thereby jeopardised. Lines of communication and retreat *may*, though they *need not always*, coincide. The first lead back to the original sources of strength, the others thither, where, at the moment, an increase of strength is to be sought. The terrain plays in military movements only an insignificant part, as its peculiarities almost always affect both parties equally. Wherever the enemy stirs, we oblige ourselves to follow suit with our army. The network of roads is decisive for the point at issue.

Great wars are inseparable from great roads of communication. The defender who retires can, it is true, turn the terrain to account by destroying bridges and roads. When General von Zastrow, on the 20th December 1870, wanted to advance from Auxerre upon the Upper Loire in order to support the IInd German Army, he found all the roads rendered impassable in such a systematic way, that his operation appeared well-nigh impracticable. But time is necessary for such works of destruction. Temporary interruptions we are accustomed to overcome in these days. In order that the assailant may not allow himself to be disadvantaged by the state of the country, it will be the wisest course for him to push ahead, and keep his adversary constantly employed.

Movements begin at great breadth, and with troops distributed upon as many roads as possible. Wherever practicable, the corps divide, utilizing as many convenient byeways as possible. Upon the point where the cavalry discovers the approaching or stationary enemy, the marching columns close together. Manœuvring begins. An outflanking operation, or an attack by the main body upon a wing or the flank, is begun. The enemy replies with like measures. He escapes being surrounded, changes his direction or his front, adopts a flank position, and abandons it because the

prospects of the threatened battle appear too critical. He is pursued, and falls back, but perceives himself to be even more deeply involved in brushes with the enemy. The troops draw even closer together.

The intention to make everything as comfortable as possible for them is seen to be impracticable. The baggage must, with the exception of the most indispensable part of it, be left behind. It is left at places whence it can later be brought up with ease. By this means, the roads immediately behind the leading corps are free, and others can follow in the same direction, and are possibly enabled, when the expected battle takes place, to support the foremost on the same day. It may happen that even two armies pursue the same direction upon a certain number of roads. The leading army had, perhaps, to execute a grand outflanking movement. The enemy has shown himself here in greater strength than was expected; a reserve army must as speedily as possible be sent to its assistance, in order that the first advantages be not lost. The army which is leading, removes its baggage quite out of the line of march of the army supporting it. It despatches it to roads which form the rear communications of its wing corps, and "echelons" them there, where they can always find their way back again to their corps. Or it draws them up close to itself, empties, when any lengthened advance is out of the question, the commissariat columns into magazines, or upon the waggons, which in this case are more heavily laden, and which each troop keeps immediately by it, and sends them back by circuitous roads. *Every means of keeping the roads clear, and making room for the movement of the combatant columns, is right to adopt in such moments.* The village camps (ortschaftslager) become more and more like simple bivouacs. Such a state of things cannot, of course, last long. Without an action, the two sides, that have approached each other so closely, no longer part.

The battle cuts the knot. The defeated combatant endeavours to escape. The victor will again catch him up. But in order to effect this, and to get more rapidly ahead, he must leave his confined position and distribute his masses over a larger space, where they find more roads. Baggage and columns are brought up; the troops have latterly been badly provided for, and they must be accommodated in more roomy quarters. And then, again, the enemy has recovered and halted. Again there ensues a concentration of forces, and another battle ensues.

Thus the movements of armies are seen to be a constant *separation* and *union*. For both, the right moment must be chosen.

If the forces are collected together too soon, it will be imperative to part them again, or otherwise to march with closed ranks in a narrow space, and upon few roads. And then, in such a case, the advantage of the union of the forces is neutralised, either owing to the front having to be extended afresh, or owing to too great depth in the marching order. The commander that keeps his troops too long concentrated, overlooks the fact that the life of the army demands space. He who is too late in collecting his forces, or separates them again too soon, exposes himself to the defeat of his detached divisions. Laws for the combination of movement and battle do not exist. The simplest manoeuvres are the best; what is required is not to display art, but to defeat the enemy. A careful study of the map, with compass in the hand, is the best means of solving the task. Battle demands a collection of all the forces. But it is necessary always to bear in mind that every concentration of troops is inseparable from hardships and privations for them. that quarters and provisions fail, and that diseases find a fruitful soil. Separation is therefore preferable, but it must guarantee unity of action at the crisis. *It is not the massing, but the co-operation of troops that is essential in war.*

9.—*The Action.*

When Clausewitz describes to us the strategical position of the Prussian troops, in their flank position behind the Saale in October 1806, as being favourable, and Napoleon's advance between the Saale and the Bohemian frontier as a hazardous undertaking, we are forced to ask ourselves what reason the Emperor had for putting himself in such a situation, and how he ever managed to emerge from it victorious. The answer is simple. *He was certain, under all circumstances, of his superiority in action.* The superior numbers, the military experience and tactics of his troops, and the reliance upon his own strength, gave him the confidence that, wherever and howsoever a collision came, he must eventually be victorious. Such a feeling enormously facilitates strategical ventures. Though the combatant has retreat at his side, and at his rear a frontier or a river, be he obliged to fight with a false front, let the lines of communication be unfavourable for him, *all these circumstances are not worth mentioning, if he is the stronger on the field of action.* The pre-eminent importance of the action in war is evidenced by all experience and by the history of every campaign. We are not here treating of any particular action, but of action generally, in order to examine its nature more closely.

“*L'arme à feu c'est tout, le reste ce n'est rien,*” is a saying of

Napoleon, of whom it has frequently been said that he conceived his strength to lie in the bayonet attack of great masses. If we reflect, that in these days great effects can be produced with the rifle up to more than 1,000 metres, and with artillery to the double and treble distance, we shall not be disposed to doubt the correctness of the above cited maxim. Our modern actions are decided by great masses of projectiles hurled simultaneously at the enemy. Too strong metaphors are employed when "covering the ground with lead," "sweeping the field with bullets," and so on, are spoken of. But in general terms the nature of the case is hereby aptly expressed; for when a battle rages near at hand, it is impossible for anyone to stand upright and uncovered for any length of time, or even to show himself on horseback. Only a would-be suicide may attempt it, for, as is well known, Death never takes such as offer themselves to him. Thick masses of riflemen, lying flat on the ground, in groups forming a long consecutive chain, send in our modern infantry engagements, against each other continuous streams of blue pellets, until the one side gives way. The unsuccessful attempts made with mitrailleuses are a symbol of our modern mode of warfare. Machines are now desired which would unceasingly strew balls, like drills sowing grains of corn. Yet all the same, the legend of bayonet charges—which Suwarow neatly put as follows, "The bullet is a fool, but the bayonet is wise,"—is, in these days, of deep importance. The rifle causes losses in the enemy's ranks, and the bayonet—that is the close approach—increases the impression which the former causes, by inculcating terror. Both must go hand-in-hand; for it is not so much annihilation of the enemy's warriors, as annihilation of his courage, that is to be aimed at. The victory is won as soon as the conviction has been brought home to the adversary that he has lost the day. This conviction he will, in spite of all the fertility of the rain of bullets, never gain, so long as the combatants remain at the same respectful distance from each other. On the contrary, should the enemy approach, the proof is given him that all his firing does not prevent the other from coming to close quarters with him. The danger presents itself to him in a threatening shape. If, then, from the last position taken, a decisive rush is made, without any intermediate halt, the enemy will, as a rule, consider himself defeated, and give way. This rush is called a bayonet-charge, although the bayonet has, as a rule, little to do with the matter.* *His still irresistible*

* In actions which take place in villages and in woods, when the combatants come to close quarters unexpectedly, it is still employed.

strength lies in the conviction forced upon the adversary, that a body of men which possesses the energy to force its way through a deadly shower of projectiles will, at a push, certainly possess the requisite energy to finish him off with cold steel if he awaits its approach. The shuddering fear of death drives him to flight.

In the Russian army, the marvellous efficacy of the bayonet is preached even in these days. When illustrious writers, in dealing with it, recommend a storm by compact bodies, the doctrine is carried too far. Bayonets must only be employed in cases where confusion or want of a clear view lames the enemy's fire. In a thick wood, or at night, it will be better to push forward with columns, than to direct an ineffectual artillery-fire among the trees or into the darkness. But, otherwise, it is necessary to break up into loose order. The rush in skirmishing order betrays also a higher degree of bravery, because in it the individual is more independent, and is not carried away so much by the whole as in close order. Herein is expressed, not the strength of dogma, but the strength of the collective training of the soldiery, whether they are capable of a resolute bayonet-charge or not.

But a breaking up into skirmishing-order must never take place prematurely. A body of men broken up into clusters of riflemen is lost to control; the command their leader has over them is considerably diminished. It is hard to manœuvre. A battalion in close order can at the word of command wheel right, left, forwards and backwards; but a company, fighting as a cluster of riflemen, cannot, although only a quarter as strong. The impulse for a further advance during the action is, as a rule, given by fresh contingents coming up in a compact body; for the resolve generally proceeds from the commanders, and these now have only complete control over compact bodies. They are the tools of their will. In the first part of the campaign of 1870, because as yet our soldiers were not very well acquainted with the new long-distance rifles, we often made trial of advancing within the distance at which our needle-guns were effectual, then breaking up into loose order and spreading for skirmishing. Great losses were thus unavoidable; for, whilst our infantry covered hundreds of metres across the field of battle, they were showered with projectiles, without being able to send back a single one. In such a situation, the French were at rest, and fired well; but the Germans soon knew how to help themselves. A very loosely extended body was sent forward; this engaged all the enemy's fire, and behind it the troops advanced without much risk. In the latter part of the war the aid of the artillery was waited for. In this period, charges, which in

the month of August at Wörth, Spicheren, or Metz would have cost thousands of lives, were victoriously executed with little loss; such as was, for instance, performed by the 8rd Army corps on the first day of the Battle of Orleans, against the heights of Chilleurs aux Bois, and again by the 9th, at the storming of the Plateau d'Auvours before Le Mans. Other than these simple measures "for avoiding losses" will also be unnecessary in the future. They will be all the less so, as the arming of the infantry from that time has become uniform. He who ponders too much how he shall avoid losses, forgets how to bear such as are necessary.

How close to the enemy we should come before breaking up into loose order, depends upon the terrain and the special circumstances of the case. As the support of compact bodies is almost always necessary for forcing riflemen ahead, it follows that the interval between them and the enemy's position must not from the outset be so great that it will be necessary to halt more frequently than is necessary to infuse fresh blood. Besides, in advancing through corn, underwood, gardens, and villages, the scattered masses of infantry lose much of themselves; for the eye of their officers cannot observe them as it can in the ranks. For this reason also, we must avoid having to pass over too great distances in open and loose order. It is wise to be moderate in this respect.

In modern times, the attempt has been made to regain to the fullest extent control over these skirmishing bodies; to bring disorder into order. This is to be effected by making them very thick. Our chains of sharp-shooters are very similar to the long infantry lines of the time of the Great King, only that ours do not advance with a parade step, and do not fire standing, but lying down. Ours have, moreover, lost the straight line, and cling to the ground wherever they find cover and advantage.* And then an attempt is made, as was the case a hundred years ago, again to regulate firing by word of command. This problem is, to-day, less capable of solution than it was in those days; because the scattered order and the noise and confusion of the rapid firing have all increased, because the human voice is drowned, and the excitement of the battle engrosses, more than it ever did, the attention, the thoughts, and the mind.

* We certainly often, to-day, see the military love of what looks pretty rebel against this, and so we are brought back at last to Mollwitz. We certainly comfort ourselves with the reflection that this is only possible in peace-manceuvres, and is spontaneously abandoned in time of war; but here the force of habit, which in process of time makes of this illegal game an awkwardness in case of necessity, is under-estimated.

N.A

The wish to have the expenditure of ammunition under control is a natural one ; for, in case of waste, it may be difficult to supply it ; and a body of men that has exhausted its ammunition is, for the moment, a dead force.* It is, moreover, correct that, considering the precision of the rifle, we may, according to a computation of probabilities, expect to hit a distant object by a great number of bullets simultaneously hurled at it, but not by single shots fired at it. And then, considering the uncertainty of all calculation, it would appear practical that all sharpshooters should not take one single and fixed distance, and fire accordingly, but that one part should fire further than the distance given, and another shorter, in order thus to cover a zone with projectiles, within which the enemy will certainly be hit. And, again, a mass of bullets simultaneously fired at the commencement of an action will possibly allow of its effect being visible, so that, after various distances have been tried, the right one is found. But the success of such endeavours is never quite certain, and it were an illusion to believe, that a number of men would, in these days, allow themselves to be employed in battle, at the word of command, as a living mitrailleuse, to be directed, at will, now in this, and then in that direction. This is only, apparently, possible in time of peace in military evolutions ; for the thinking-machine of the ordinary private soldier, works far too slowly, to be capable, between the object being pointed out to him and the word of command, "Fire!" of keeping his eye and his weapon directed upon that object.† He

* The experience of the last great battles have, however, at present only proved that, in the precautions taken for ensuring the supply of ammunition, the aid afforded one body of troops by another was quite sufficient to make good the deficiency that had arisen in other quarters. A general deficiency never took place.

† The surprisingly good results often obtained at the rifle-butts by volley-firing, at the word of command, certainly prove of what the arm is capable if properly handled, and when circumstances are favourable to its use. But it would be extremely dangerous to draw thence conclusions as to its effect in action. In addition to the fact, that in rifle-exercises the riflemen are not disturbed by danger, and all excitement of battle is wanting, and moreover that, as a rule, good weather and normal circumstances are chosen, we must also principally remember that here the whole attention of the rifleman is directed upon the butts at which he must fire. The manifold perplexing impressions and distracting incidents that in real battle engross the thoughts and senses of the man are here wanting. The excellently written history of the Second Regiment of Foot Guards by Baron v. Lüdinghausen, called v. Wolff. p. 234, speaks in terms of praise of an under-officer of the 4th company, Serjeant Schulz, for having, whilst under fire in the Battle of St. Privat, observed that his men, in the excitement, were firing at 400 paces with the sight of the old needle-gun up, and for having ordered it to be altered. If, then, the simple fact, that a superior in the midst of danger preserves his composure and presence of mind so far as to correct the sight, be considered—and rightly—something extraordinary, no too high estimate of the precision of the fire of great

hears the ring of the words, fires blindly into the smoke, and, as a rule, only later awakes to the consciousness for whom the bullet was really intended. It often happens to an educated man, who is accustomed to think faster, that he hears something, but yet asks the speaker what he has said; and then immediately, before the other has had time to repeat his words, knows himself what it was. In such a case, also, the slow working of the communication between the ear and the consciousness was at fault. Now what is difficult apart from any danger, will be quite impossible in the wild excitement of battle. One must, accordingly, content himself with a very small portion of the desired effect. A certain and definite influence can be exercised by the officers upon their men when the fire is first opened, and something of this influence remains to its later course. Then the mass of soldiers not only learns how to aim, but also to calculate the possibility or impossibility of a success. Accordingly, in the wars of the future, more care will certainly have to be taken than heretofore that the showers of bullets are directed upon the right objects. *As these objects are much more clearly and generally known to the attacker, who by his movement takes a direction upon certain points, than to the defender, it follows that it is a great error to assume that the advantages of a fire-action are entirely on the side of the latter.*

As the strength of the streams of fire decide the day, that combatant, who could bring all his weapons simultaneously and collectively into action would have the greatest chance of success. It is impossible to do this completely. We have already seen, that at first one part of the troops must be kept back, in order to enable all the various positions taken in the advance against the enemy to be successfully surmounted. Moreover, for unforeseen emergencies, a reserve is, under all circumstances, required. Only by degrees do all the forces engage in the battle. *But we must reflect, that a gradual consumption of the forces is a necessary evil, and is no advantage of the new mode of fighting.*

This must be paid regard to in the arrangement of the action. A general consumption of the forces is often brought about by the fact that such an arrangement was never made. The thirst of the lower commanders for glory, and restlessness on the part of

masses in battle must be indulged in. In order to attain similar results, as at the rifle-butts, the employment of the correct sight is the most elementary of all demands made upon the troops, and the precise marking of the object, proper holding of the weapon, proper pulling of the trigger, and many other things besides, all which must certainly be renounced, must be added, if those are considered difficult and their fulfilment remarkable.

the higher commanders, drives the troops by driblets, such as they come up, into the battle.

N.B. | Frequently this cannot be avoided, because the engagement results from unexpected brushes with the enemy, and becomes at once so violent that there is no longer any choice. But whenever it is possible at all, the advance and a well-ordered development of the forces should precede the entrance into fire, and a commander should leave himself time to bring the troops first into the direction in which their attack will be the easiest and the most effectual. *A careful arrangement of the battle secures the simultaneous and collective employment, if not of all forces, yet of the major part of them.* It spares much bloodshed, and, in the course of the battle, readily recoups the time it has cost previously to it. If, in the future, this arrangement is allowed still more scope, the idea of the gradual consumption of the forces will be rectified. The duration of the battles will not, perhaps, as a rule, be rendered shorter, because preliminaries, and a thorough preparation, are inseparable from the notion of arranging a battle and require time; but the real decisive act of the whole action will be compressed within a narrow sphere, and will be again represented as a great collective exertion of a weighty army, and not as the sum total of a number of small individual blows, which are only connected in so far as they are all directed towards the destruction of the same object. Even there, where the battle was the result of a sudden meeting with the enemy, it will, perhaps, be able to be brought to a stop with part of the troops, whilst the rest are drawn up for battle after calm calculation.

What has been here said relative to an infantry action, is at the same time applicable to the whole army. When the troops are drawn up for battle, the co-operation of all three arms is effected. The artillery is the indispensable companion of the infantry. It makes room for the latter, where it is not able to force its way single handed. It prepares the way for the battle, shields the foot soldiery from unnecessary losses when the best forces would be wrecked by too great impediments, provides it with covering and defence when it is compelled to retire. As the enemy uses his artillery in a like manner, the action commences with an artillery engagement. Only when the enemy's batteries begin to be silenced, and their defeat is evident, does the infantry attack take place. The artillery accompanies it with its guns, without exposing itself to the effectual rifle-fire of the enemy. This fire it silences from a distance, and thus prevents the great disasters which would otherwise easily befall its own infantry when

storming against firm positions. No bullet can penetrate a garden wall. The infantry posted behind loop-holes will return the fire of the assailants, almost as firmly as in peace manœuvres. The best infantry in the world can be paralysed under such circumstances. The braver it is, the more will its bravery enhance its own destruction. In order to avoid this, the artillery must support it. Even though the shells and shrapnels of the latter produce no material losses, they yet bring it about that the defenders hide themselves behind their cover, and pour forth their fire blindly without seeing whither it is directed. He who has ever in real war learned to know the difference which lies between an attack upon infantry not played upon by artillery, and upon infantry which has, for a long time, been exposed to the effect of artillery-fire, will never forget it. The explosion of the first shells in the lines of the defenders, who have a sheltered position, produces an almost immediate effect.

Upon the side of the defender, the batteries which had been silenced in the artillery engagement again resume their activity immediately the infantry action begins in earnest. They hold out then with the foot soldiery in the latter's positions until all is over, disregarding the danger of falling into the enemy's hand. At the last moment, they assist in beating off the enemy's onslaught, or they cover the retreat of the defeated defender.

The part played by the artillery is not a decisive one; for only a very inferior enemy will allow himself to be driven out of his positions by distant artillery-fire, and abandon them before he is hard pressed by the infantry. But, all the same, it plays a considerable part. Infantry cannot any longer dispense with its assistance.

The cavalry will also again play its part in deciding the day, as in former days, when Seydlitz led the attack at Kolin, Rossbach, and Zorndorf. This claim of the cavalry is, for the most part, justified by the recollection of certain situations in the late wars. The lines of sharpshooters were often seen to dissolve under the fire, to become thinner and thinner, and, in their endeavour to surround the enemy, to extend, disperse, and become ragged. Their energies became exhausted in advancing through thick corn or underwood, in climbing hills, in a breathless charge, following close on a long march and evolutions of compact masses across country. The ammunition almost gave out. Many officers fell; the command nearly ceased. Then arose in the hearts of many, who saw all this, the fearful question: how if now the enemy's cavalry appeared on the flank, and careered over the battle-field?

It would without more ado sweep away the wreck of the infantry! When, in the evening of the battle of Vionville, the dusk descended, and scarcely anything more could be discerned of the infantry on the wide battle-field, and the great masses of the artillery of the centre, more than 100 guns strong, stood there defenceless, a similar thought arose in our breasts. It appeared impossible to check a resolute cavalry-charge, that might have hurled itself upon these batteries. This view of the case was one of the reasons for despatching all our available cavalry against the enemy.

Every great battle of modern times is accompanied by such episodes. But these are primarily perceived only on our own side, and not on that of the enemy, for the distances in action are considerable. Then, again, the semblance of weakness is greater than the reality. French squadrons of horse in 1870 hurled themselves, defiant of death, upon the German infantry advancing in loose order, and was yet shattered and destroyed by the fire of small detachments. A squadron of cavalry presents too considerable an object to be able to hold out within easy range of infantry-fire. It must even retire before the shrapnel-fire of the artillery, which pours balls in showers over it before making its charge. If it does not find sufficient cover, it can only seek safety in distance. If its commanders even ride as far into the action as mounted officers can, in order to inform themselves as to the situation, they will, all the same, see but little. The moments of weakness in the enemy are only perceived in the foremost rank of the infantry. It is from their behaviour that the commanders-in-chief first guess that a crisis is at hand. If, then, the cavalry generals must hurry back to their squadrons and bring them into action, valuable time is always lost, and the favourable moment may meanwhile pass by. Masses of cavalry, however, in motion, are easily noticed. A cavalry division in trot kicks up as much dust as an army corps in rapid movement. Where the country is in any degree open, it immediately attracts all the enemy's fire. The latter knows full well that it is a question only of minutes, and that, for this time, he can interrupt the fire that is being directed against other objects. It is scarcely possible to miss a mark like a squadron of horse. The artillery can turn to account the greater ranges, and the infantry direct its bullets so precisely, that at a distance of 700 or 800 metres they do not rise above the height of a horseman. In quick fire, it launches, within the space of a single minute, innumerable bullets against the approaching enemy. The horses have become

better since the days of the Seven Years War, and can better endure rapid careering over great distances. Yet this increase in their power has not kept pace with the increased effect of arms of precision. Formerly, again, the fighting powers of the infantry were broken as soon as their compact order was broken and scattered. In these modern times, they begin with being scattered. Each small detachment is in itself a useful whole; even the individual does not feel himself defenceless so long as he has cartridges about him. The relation between the cavalry and the infantry has become perfectly changed. Seydlitz, Zieten, Driesen, Gessler, were able to keep their squadrons in readiness within 800 paces of the enemy, to ride up in person to within half that distance, survey the enemy, as, in these days, an infantry brigade at drill is inspected, discern the moment when the lines have begun to waver, and then throw their force upon them. It was only necessary to break it at one point; and then the line of battle connected therewith was rolled up. Now, in these days, success is infinitely more difficult, even the infantry that has been ridden over by cavalry is not done for, but only its fire interrupted. By repeated charges the cavalry hopes to work surprising and lasting effects, and, whilst the advanced companies of infantry engage the enemy's fire, command his attention and raise a cloud of dust, shrouding those following, to bring up its forces without being perceived, and with little loss. Moreover a hilly and sheltered country, which is more favourable to its activity than the open plain, affords it the opportunity of making an unexpected charge. But even these advantageous circumstances will only rarely neutralise the great superiority of the infantry-fire.

We certainly often hear the remark that it is only necessary to induce the cavalry to expose itself in the battle to like destruction as the infantry, in order to achieve great and successful results. But such persons do not reflect that, in this demand, there is something actually *inequitable*. Clausewitz, after having described the vain charges of the French cavalry upon the grenadiers under Prince August at Prenzlau, says: "*The author has been here convinced that it lies in the nature of a trooper not to wish to allow himself to be shot on such an occasion.*" The possession of a horse furnishes a man, in the hour of the greatest danger, with the means of saving himself; and it cannot be expected of him that he should not avail himself of it. The infantry would, also, often gallop away, if it only had horses. But it cannot shake off the enemy, even when it perceives him to be stronger. The marvellous obstinacy of their resistance, which at times justly rouses

our astonishment, is partly due to the fact that they must either defend themselves or be utterly lost.

To make use of the horse, in order to escape death, comes so naturally to our human feelings that we consider flight on horse-back far less disgraceful than flight on foot, even when the motives and the object are identical.

Schiller could allow Friedlander to confess quietly

Und dieses Thieres Schnelligkeit entriss
Mich Banniers verfolgenden Dragonern,

without being apprehensive that his hero would lose respect in our eyes.

How different would it have been had he put into his mouth these words :

Und meiner Beine Schnelligkeit entriss
Mich Banniers verfolgenden Dragonern.

It would have morally annihilated him, although to save oneself on foot is, perhaps, only a test of greater tenacity, physical strength, and presence of mind. The Wallenstein *riding away* remains a hero ; the same *running* away is a laughable coward, on whom the curtain would at once have to descend. Successful engagements by bodies of cavalry are possible. Whether they will, however, be so frequent as to be able to be regarded as a factor influencing the style and mode of battle, can only be taught by experience. We will be partial in our judgment (as every soldier is entitled to be) and say : "German infantry has nothing to fear from the enemy's cavalry ; let us see whether our cavalry inspires the enemy's infantry with fear." The shock of the masses of horse will be most effectual in its results on the enemy's flank, where they are both least exposed to fire, and where the stream of the enemy's cavalry that they have thrown into disorder affords them protection against it. If such a wide circuit is impossible, a slanting direction against the front can be recommended as being the best. In very obstinately contested and scattered battles, cavalry may even attack the enemy's front, dashing through its own infantry. Their sudden appearance through the smoke is surprising to a degree. In critical moments, a cavalry charge may be productive of great results, even when it does not succeed ; as it interrupts the enemy's fire and renders it possible for the infantry to come close up to the enemy, which was till then impossible. Only the infantry must take advantage of this moment, that so rapidly speeds by, and advance together with the cavalry, in order to gain ground behind it, instead, as generally happens, of being a motionless spectator of the exciting scene. The losses will always be

great. The cavalry must not fear them, if it thinks of successes in action. Yet these losses entail the cavalry's only making one really serious attack in a single day. The stake is great; and therefore all the more difficult is the resolution and the choice of the moment.

Safe and important services are rendered by the cavalry against a like arm of the enemy. At the commencement of the action, it must sweep away the enemy's horse from before the front, in order that his position may be ascertained. During the engagement it protects the wings. It may also, seeing that in these days it is capable of fighting on foot, and carries guns, be of valuable assistance by pressing forward, past the enemy's wings, to the roads upon which he is advancing. There it can check the reinforcements which are being hurried up, and produce confusion in the enemy's rear.

When the artillery, as so often happens, advances very boldly and rapidly at the commencement of the action, the cavalry may achieve brilliant results against it. If the enemy's batteries, as was frequently done by the Germans on the 16th and 18th August 1870, support sudden attacks with their fire, the German cavalry will certainly never shrink from an immediate charge, and will, in spite of certain losses, regard them as a welcome booty.

(To be continued.)

Nursing in Indian Military Hospitals.

By EDITH E. CUTHELL.

INDIA may be the school of soldiering, the paradise of the pig-sticker and the polo-player; but it is pre-eminently the land of the sick-list. Sickness and death hover ever around the European station, and swoop relentlessly down and carry off their victims suddenly from the midst of sport and pleasure. They are the price we pay for holding our great dependency. An Anglo-Indian community is composed of persons in the prime of life. The aged are unknown there, and so are the rising generation. Yet the cemeteries are full of the graves of strong men, and the infants' corner is crowded.

Anyone with any experience of soldiering in the gorgeous East can recall very unpleasant if not dangerous periods spent on his back on the sick-list. They may have been the result of some accident, and India, the land of half-broken and vicious quadrupeds, and of reckless riding and driving, is rife with catastrophes. But quite as often they are due to the merciless grip, more or less lengthy, of the Fever fiend, who, with King Cholera, is ever present in our midst.

Under these circumstances, what visions rise to our memory of comfortless bare white-washed rooms, and hard beds with no skilled hand to improve them or re-arrange the burning pillow. Who cannot recall the unpalatable, unwholesome food, brought over tepid from the mess, or concocted by the ignorant bearer on the spot; the forgotten medicines, the unanswered summons when too weak to compel attention by methods to which the mild Hindoo's natural laziness obliges us to resort to when in health. A sick officer, in the last stage of exhaustion from fever, was obliged to tie a string to his bearer's toe, as the latter snored on the floor beside him, lest, being too weak to awake him, he should sink in the night from want of nourishment.

It is indeed true that sickness and trouble call forth devotion

from mere acquaintances and strangers in India, to which people at home, surrounded by their kith and kin, are totally unaccustomed. But Anglo-Indians are, as a rule, a frivolous set, and amateur aid is neither abundant nor efficient. Last year there were, in the whole of India, only two authorised lecturers of the St. John's Ambulance Society; and courses of lectures, which are at home within the reach of any policeman or shop-boy, had only been delivered at Simla, Bombay, Allahabad, and Naini Tal. The Calcutta Nursing Sisterhood is the only one in India, and that city is as remote from some parts of the country as London from Constantinople or Arkangel.

Not but what there is a kindly idea, even among the most thoughtless, of going across to see Brown, poor chap, who is so seedy. But it generally ends in two or three gathering together round Brown's bed, drinking his sherry, and discussing one another's ponies in loud tones, while poor Brown's condition is anything but improved. The doctor runs in two or three times a day, but he has no time to nurse, and sends in a hospital orderly. This individual is but an ordinary specimen of Tommy Atkins, ignorant and untrained, though well-meaning. In all probability he has been struck off the strength and detailed for hospital duty because he is too old or too slovenly to be a credit to his company. Often the temptation of the stimulants provided for the patient proves too strong for him.

Happy for the sick man if, in spite of hindrances of climate and nursing, instead of being fetched away by the gun-carriage to the white-walled cemetery, he can take the train for the hills or for home, on sick leave. But there intervenes a period of convalescence when, left to his own devices, he often brings on, through imprudence, dangerous relapses, which the presence of a restraining hand might have avoided.

So much for the sick officer. Tommy Atkins fares hardly better in hospital when he undergoes the administrations of the hospital orderlies, tempered by the attention (?) of the red and blue pugree'd native attendants. In times of war, or on active service, the former have to return to duty, and the sick are left at the mercy of the natives.

Such is the existing state of things, to which Dr. Hamilton, the Deputy Surgeon-General of the Lucknow Division, and better known to fame as a crack rifle-shot, draws attention in a recently published pamphlet, and would fain see improved by the introduction of his scheme for female nurses, which is well worthy of being aired in these pages.

Dedicating his little brochure to Lady Dufferin, "in grateful appreciation of Her Excellency's devotion to the cause of the suffering Hindoo and Mussalman women of India, and in the hope that the subject of this paper may receive the consideration it demands," Dr. Hamilton begins by drawing a comparison between the Army Hospital, or Medical Staff Corps, itself only a comparatively recent creation, and the "nursing sisters" of Netley. These latter, in their neat uniform, are now a recognised branch of the Army Medical Department in England. They did right good service last year in the Soudan, and have even been immortalised upon the boards of a London theatre.

Dr. Hamilton implores the benefit of their services for our troops in India, and ventures to hope that the same noble influence which has just started such a grandly benevolent scheme for benefiting the natives in India, will not forget the wants of our own countrymen and women. Surely, too, the great National Aid Society, which cares so kindly for sick and wounded Greeks, Turks, infidels, and heretics, might turn its attention to the subject.

The principal objections raised against the employment of a corps of female nurses in Indian military hospitals would appear to be five in number, and are as follows: (*a*) expense, (*b*) want of accommodation, (*c*) climate, (*d*) married nurses being unable properly to attend to their duties, (*e*) unmarried nurses getting married.

Dr. Hamilton considers that the first objection may be met by considering that the trifling additional expense of the change would be met by greater efficiency, quicker recoveries, and the saving of life. Everyone knows the British soldier is a valuable article, having cost the Government some hundred pounds to get him out to India in a state of efficiency. A further saving would be effected by the return to the ranks of the men now struck off for hospital duty, and in some large stations as many as twenty men a day are detailed for that purpose.

The want of accommodation could be easily supplied by allowing the nurses to occupy some of the vacant married quarters in barracks, which are everywhere available in these days of reduction of the number of married men.

In refutation of the objection as regards climate, Dr. Hamilton calls attention to the fact that the women who cheerfully faced the pestilential climates and the rough campaigns of the Soudan and Souakim would be unlikely to shrink from the comparative ease and comfort of India. The Zenana Mission finds no difficulty in

recruiting its ranks yearly with suitable women to work in similar climates. The Civil Hospital in Calcutta answers well in the charge of a nursing sisterhood trained in India, and the only one in the country. In addition are there not Hill Sanatoria where nurses requiring change could be utilised ?

As to the objection concerning married nurses, Dr. Hamilton allows the truth of it, and suggests that it be met by a stern edict of celibacy, and by compelling nurses to sign an agreement, as the Zenana missionaries do, to give six or twelve months' notice to resign. And, after all, the objection is not common only to India.

With regard to his scheme, Dr. Hamilton would like to see it drawn up on a firm basis, by a committee appointed for the purpose, and that the rules as to pay, appointments, pensions, and duties, should be based on those laid down in the Medical Staff Regulations for nursing sisters, Section III., paragraphs 238 to 259.

He proposes in each presidency a separate nursing branch under the control of the Surgeon-General. At the head-quarters of every division a lady superintendent should be attached to the station hospital, and serve under the senior medical officer. In the first instance these ladies might be lent by the home establishment. But as the scheme developed and solidified, they might either withdraw or volunteer for permanent service in India, or come out for a certain period, as the doctors do. In addition to having charge of the station hospital, the lady superintendent should train "sisters" for general service in the presidency. All appointments to this staff should be made by the Surgeon-General, on probation for six months, and from a list kept in his office, and preference should be given to those who had previous experience, or who held nursing certificates.

Dr. Hamilton would like to see young women, born in the country, utilised as much as possible, as they would be more likely to stand the climate. But our experience of the Eurasian temperament leads us to predict that great difficulties would lie in the way of their adequate training. Surely we in England, with our million surplus of women crying for work, could supply the need ?

The lady superintendent in the division should have control of the "sisters" who should be attached to each hospital in numbers according to its size, say two to each hundred beds. As regards small stations, a permanent nurse would probably not be needed. She might be despatched from head-quarters when required.

With reference to the nursing in the female hospitals, Dr.

Hamilton thinks it would be immensely improved by being placed on an entirely new footing, under the lady superintendent. The untaught soldier's wife, the present "matron," would work as a ward-maid under a sister, and perhaps, eventually, under the latter's training, qualify as a midwife or even a sister.

In conclusion Dr. Hamilton, while in no way wishful to depreciate the hospital orderlies, who, as a rule, exhibit great devotion in their unrewarded and thankless labours, calls attention to the fact that they are generally unfitted for their task. They get no extra pay, and, even when fairly well instructed, the medical authorities have no hold over them, as military duty constantly necessitates their removal.

By the substitution of female nurses all classes concerned would benefit: the medical officers, in the better organisation of their hospitals; the commanding officers, in the retention of fighting men in the ranks, and in the well-being of their sick.

In England we have already the nucleus of the system, and it is from the authorities at home that it must spread to India. It is thirty years since the never-to-be-forgotten name of Florence Nightingale first drew attention to the sufferings of British soldiers, and, as yet, those in India are beyond the pale of the benefits for which she fought.

Naval Reform.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATE MONS. GABRIEL CHARMES' "LA RÉFORME
DE LA MARINE."

By J. E. GORDON-CUMMING.

CHAPTER IV.—*cont.*

NAVAL PERSONNEL.—*cont.*

2.

WE are persuaded that Maritime Inscription, so contrary to the principles of equality, and rendered so useless by the progress that has taken place in the navy, should, and must, disappear as soon as possible; but we think, on the other hand, that the proposal to reduce the term of service from five to three years, which is brought forward by a certain party, and already voted by the Chamber of Deputies, will be the ruin of the navy, if it is accepted by the Senate.

We have just accused the Inscription of failing to produce specialists, when the modern navy cannot get on without them. We have, therefore, to depend on Conscription for that which the Inscription is now unable to supply. Even if strenuous exertions will transform a conscript into a skilled workman, it is perfectly evident that it could not be accomplished in less than three years and that to dismiss men, just as they begin to be fitted for work, will certainly make the navy a school, but will never secure any trained seamen for it.

It has been endlessly discussed whether the three years' service will supply us with non-commissioned officers for the army; our highest authorities think it will not; they consider that this measure, so unluckily reducing the time spent with the colours, will be the ruin of the army.

In the navy there can be no doubt on the subject; it is absolutely certain that the three years' service would be its death-blow. To dispel any hesitation that may exist as to this point, it will suffice to go over the different departments, and to examine the way in which they are formed. Every crew includes two elements: (1) the certificated seamen who have passed through various schools, and (2) the ordinary deck hands. The first carry on the service; the second are, more or less, their auxiliaries.

Setting aside the engineers, to whom we must revert more fully later on, the certificated seamen comprise topmen, gunners, signalmen, riflemen, and torpedo-men.

We have already laid down that as the sails are now of scarcely any importance, we need have no anxiety about getting men who can handle them. These men have their use, however, during long voyages, when the wind gives a chance of economising coal. Hitherto, they have been supplied by the Maritime Inscription; but there is a training ship to improve them.

It is absolutely necessary that the signalmen, gunners, torpedo-men, and riflemen should spend some time in a special training school before they can be employed; the gunners on the *Sovereign*; the signalmen on the *Isis*; the riflemen at the barracks at Lorient; the torpedo-men at Boyardville, and on the *Japan*.

The men are not sent to the schools till they have been kneaded somewhat into shape in the naval barracks called "Quarters." They are there about six months, and then go through a process of selection: those whom it is not thought possible to make much of, become deck hands, boatmen, stokers, servants, &c.; they are sent on board some vessel or another, and are drilled either in the squadron or during a cruise at sea. The others are sent to the schools to go through a thorough course of training, and after a period of nine or ten months' instruction, as a rule, each passes a sufficiently good examination to attain the grade and the high pay of a certificated seaman, certificated gunner, certificated signalman, &c.

Armed with this certificate, they are put on board some commissioned vessel, and are almost able to fill the post allotted to them.

By that time they already count twenty months' service, and have cost the State a considerable sum without any return. They must be on board ship for some time before they become acquainted with all they have to do, for they have to get accustomed to the life on board, and although they may be useful in their own line, it is quite another matter when they have to help in other things, not included in what they have acquired at the schools.

Thus, the certificated rifleman arriving from Lorient is well up in military drill, and can cut a very good figure in a landing party. But on board ship he must be able to help the gunners to work the guns, the topmen to handle the sails; he must learn to row in a boat, &c., and he has no notion of any of these things when he first joins.

Even if a year were sufficient to train him, and this is not always the case, he will then have had thirty months in the service; and

the moment he is fitted to do the work that it has cost so much to teach him to execute, he is sent about his business.

The same occurs in the case of topmen and signalmen; they have to learn to handle the guns, and, above all, the use of the rifle. Most of them join the landing parties, as there are never enough riflemen. Besides, it is indispensable that every man on board should know how to handle a rifle. It was proved at Fow Choow that the firing from the tops was often more efficient than that of the big guns. The Kropakcheks made fearful havoc in the ranks of the Chinese navy. We find, therefore, that these certificated seamen, in common with the riflemen, have quite a new field of knowledge to master. It is the same in the case of the torpedo-men and gunners. The latter are, however, put through a course on board their training ships, which fits them to be of use in any direction over and above their own speciality when they join their ships. But this is the exception. The gunners were specially selected when they first joined the service, and similar results could not be expected from sailors taken hap-hazard from the barracks.

Thus, after effecting a selection amongst those who have lately joined the the service, the navy has succeeded, by dint of money and exertion, in creating a better class, which are called certificated seamen. It takes ten months to train them in their profession, and at least a year to complete their education as sailors; in all twenty-two months. If these men have passed four or six months in the barracks before going to a school which only opens at a certain date—and this is always the case, as it is a very good thing to give them a little general instruction as a means of finding out what they are most fitted for—it takes thirty months to turn out a good sailor. And here, again, we only allude to the carefully-chosen few.

The others, the deck hands, have to learn to handle rifle, guns, rigging, and boats. They are not supposed to equal the certificated seamen, but they must be able to help them, and, if necessary, to supply their places.

Thus, the third of the armament of a gun is composed of certificated gunners; the two other parts are supplied by deck hands and riflemen. We find the same proportion of certificated seamen in the landing parties and in other branches of the service.

Now if it takes thirty months to obtain a certificate, can we wonder that a great deal longer is required to train a deck hand? Five years barely suffice, and even then a man must stop a long time on the same vessel, and not be bandied about from one to another, as too often is the case, since we have organised a fleet

of transports that must be disarmed after every voyage. What, then, would become of our navy under the system of three years' service? If the blind partisans of this movement were to go on board a newly commissioned ship, they would see the confusion and disorder that reigns during the first months, and the difficulty than a crew, composed of young sailors, finds in settling down. What would it be if there were none but inexperienced sailors among them?

On joining a regiment the conscripts find everything in full working order. But when a ship is first commissioned, this is by no means the case. The order to commission is received. The complement for each ship is settled beforehand and a *personnel* from the barracks is appointed—so many certificated seamen, so many deck-hands—and the best must be made of the bargain!

It would take a long time to establish a certain amount of discipline and be ready for sea, if a crew of this nature were entirely made up of sailors who had never been afloat or had any experience. The five years' service is only too short, but it at least gives us sailors in part inured; and a man-of-war starting for a long cruise generally attains a certain cohesion after a period of six months. The three-years system would supply nothing but novices, and many months must elapse before the first gun were fired.

We speak of the navy as it is organised at the present time. But the navy we dream of, the navy of the future, will exact a *personnel* no less solid and well drilled. If, on vessels of smaller dimensions, the crews can be more easily and rapidly disciplined than the immense herds that are at present let loose on our large ironclads and cruisers, on the other hand, they must have a still more careful and special education if they are to fulfil the singularly difficult and delicate mission entrusted to them.

Less varied knowledge is required for handling a torpedo-boat or a gun-boat, but it must be far more precise than the knowledge necessary on board the ships of our squadrons. Courage, decision, and professional insight are required, such as can only be attained after several years' service.

It is constantly asserted, and rightly so, that the three years' service may be enough to initiate soldiers in their ordinary drill, but that it is not enough to get them thoroughly under discipline, or fit them to march unflinchingly to battle.

How much more does this apply to the navy!

The torpedo is singularly difficult to handle, and requires such a special course of instruction that, after creating a special post

for the men employed on ground mines, it is talked of making another for locomotive torpedoes. It is not the course of instruction that is the most difficult part of the business. It is still harder to find courage to start without a moment's hesitation in pursuit of a gigantic enemy, merely on a fragile boat that a single shot will destroy.

It is nothing to discharge a torpedo, but to embark on a torpedo-boat and give chase to an ironclad is what exacts special moral conditions, and a valorous and martial spirit.

And what shall we say of the exceptional fatigue, the long cruises, the incessant watching of blockades, or the breaking of blockades; the agitation of a life of perpetual endurance, such as our brave sailors have just gone through in China!

An army has always its moments of respite, a fleet never has. It is unceasingly threatened, and never has an instant of repose during the whole war.

Anchorage is never secure, the open sea is almost always rough; and, thanks to the autonomous torpedo, it will meet with incessant snares.

Only a deep sense of honour and duty can withstand so many trials.

It really is treason to the nation to allow that three years should be the limit of our longest term of service. It is to strike a blow at the very existence of our country, and to expose it once again to the chance of its colonies being taken from it, its coasts being left defenceless and at the mercy of the enemy.

3.

Hitherto we have omitted all mention of the engineers. The late improvements in the navy have given them so much responsibility that we must devote a separate chapter to them. As we have already said, if the principle of maritime inscription were not so opposed to our habits, and modern ideas, if it were possible to modify Colbert's theory so as to appropriate it to the necessities of our own times, seeing that ships now depend on steam, and not on the wind, we ought to search in the mines, in trade, on the railways for engineers capable of handling them.

We shall be more and more in want of them, not only for the engines of our ships, but for those of our torpedo-boats; and we shall have further need of them to take our locomotive-torpedoes to pieces, and to keep them in order and repair them. At the present time the dearth of engineers is so absolute that on many of our armed vessels there is no regular staff to handle the engines.

In vain may the alarm be sounded, or hasty nominations be made, so as to fill up the posts vacated by the petty engineer officers leaving the service; no steps taken in this direction have produced the slightest effect, and on this point the state of the navy is really deplorable. We must explain the reason of it. Our corps of engineers is made up either by conscription or of the pupils from the schools of *Arts et Métiers*.

The pupils of the *Arts et Métiers*, after going through a good final examination at their school, join the navy with the rank of *pupil engineers*. This is an intermediate grade between the engine-room artificer and chief engine-room artificer; it is held equivalent to the rank of chief engine-room artificer.

The men obtained by conscription, and knowing some trade (fitters, blacksmiths, boiler-makers, or such like) go through a slight examination after a few months' service, and, if they pass, they are appointed working artificers.

Much is left out in the instruction of these men, but to facilitate their mental development, and to put them in the way of reaching those grades that can only be attained by passing an examination, schools have been started at Brest and at Toulon.

Promising pupils are sent to these schools, and they go through courses likely to be very useful to stokers fitting themselves to be engine-room artificers, to engine-room artificers fitting themselves to be chief engine-room artificers; and to chief engine-room artificers wishing to become engineers. The organisation of these schools is excellent, and they supplied excellent engineers when the amount of machinery was limited and it was possible to choose among the candidates. But since the machinery has increased, more and more engineers are required; the scarcity of candidates is very great, and the standard has been lowered. Artificers find great facilities for improving themselves in the navy, and those who work conscientiously are sure to reach honourable posts, as no rank, including that of engineer, can be obtained except by competition.

A good stoker, with a certain amount of intelligence, having passed through the elementary school, can obtain the rank of chief engine-room artificer before his five years' service is completed. At the end of this period the students from the *Arts et Métiers* have generally reached that of engineer. But as soon as these artificers have finished their term of obligatory service, they almost all disappear, the lists are reduced, they must be filled up by men knowing less, theoretically and practically; the general efficiency is diminished, and re-engagements become more and more rare.

From what we have just said on the organisation of the body of artificers it will be seen that the Conscription will only supply a very limited contingent of petty officers. These men are, as a rule, insufficiently educated, and notwithstanding the course of study they have to attend, which the exigencies of the service prevent many from doing, the rank of chief engine-room artificer is only obtainable by a select few. Still less likely are they to obtain the rank of engineer.

The school of *Arts et Métiers* should, therefore, be the nursery for naval petty officers, and this was the case when the lists were not so full; but now that we employ steam so much more, and have need of so many more hands, and our machinery increases daily, we can safely assert that the students from these schools join the navy less and less, and, what is more, as we have before remarked, those who do join it leave it again as soon as their term of service has expired. We must, therefore, endeavour in the first instance to attract, and in the second instance to retain, those usually industrious pupils by a very ample theoretical and practical education, to be more and more developed in the navy, and to admit of their becoming excellent officers of the watch in the engine-rooms.

To further this, a fantastic project has been conceived at headquarters, more fitted for a comic opera than to be brought forward as a serious proposition, such as I wish to advance. Every two or three years, at various intervals, an engineer officer, an old pupil of the schools, is sent round on a tour of inspection, in full uniform, covered with crosses and medals, and as much gold lace as possible. A naval officer, either a rear-admiral or a captain accompanies him, also in full uniform. Both of these go and beat up Châlons, Aix, Angers, &c.; both of them set forth the merits of the profession; both try to enlist men who almost always fail them. The students have read *La Fontaine*, and the engineer officer reminds them of the fox with his tail cut off.

Old comrades have warned them what the navy has in store for them; they still more distrust the enlisting attempted by these bedizened officers, and they go off to serve their time, if they are obliged to do so; which is not invariably the case, as voluntary service for one year, and the chance of drawing a lucky number, gives many of these only a year under the colours, in an artillery regiment. Are they right in this? In some ways they are, and in some ways they are not. Not, certainly, from a pecuniary point of view; but they are right if they are ambitious, for, if money is a powerful persuasive, ambition is also a considerable incentive.

Take a pupil of the *Arts et Métiers* when he first joins the

artillery; at his own request he is incorporated among the men employed by the State, his education soon allows him to outstrip all competitors, and in two years at most he is a non-commissioned officer. A few years later he will be a sub-lieutenant, and, as he was young when he attained the rank of officer, he may rise to high rank.

This hope of becoming an officer, and the example of certain former pupils of the schools who may have had a brilliant military career, often has for result that many men, who enter the service intending to leave it on the first opportunity, end by remaining with the regiment, and by preferring what is almost a certainty to what might await them in trade. It would, of course, be more lucrative, but it would also be more uncertain.

A great many commissioned or non-commissioned officers, both in the artillery or in the marines, begin in this way. They generally become captains before they are five-and-thirty years old. At this age they all have money, a good position, and a prospect of better things. If, on the contrary, the pupil from the *Arts et Métiers* joins the navy, he will enter as pupil engineer, that is, he joins with the hope of becoming a petty officer. For two years he will enjoy both pecuniary and honorary advantages above his comrade who has entered the army. The pecuniary advantage will last even longer, for the pay of petty engineer officers is far better than that of non-commissioned officers in the army. Thus, to cite an example, a chief engine-room artificer draws 100 or 200 *francs* a month, according to what his duties may be, which is far in excess of a sergeant's pay. But in the long run he is placed at a disadvantage. Supposing he happens to be industrious and clever, and that good luck falls to his share, he will be appointed engineer, that is to say assistant, after five years' service; he will remain ten or fifteen years in that position, and consequently will not become staff-engineer for a very long time; this corresponds to the rank of lieutenant. Moreover, the future of the principal engineers is very restricted, for the highest rank, that of instructor of machinery, is only equal to that of colonel, and only six can hold it.

Any engineer of standing in the navy is able to give the names of such of his school companions who, having joined the artillery, became officers long before he did, and reached a much higher rank than his. What is the result of this? The pupil from the *Arts et Métiers*, who finds he has been mistaken as to the navy, almost invariably leaves his corps when he has accomplished his term of service; and trade benefits by the experience he has

acquired at the expense of the State. I have already shown that the merchant service receives him with open arms; he not only draws higher pay, but is treated as an equal by the officers of the steamer he is appointed to.

It is a curious fact that it was a Minister of Marine who decreed in 1864, on the suggestion of the Minister of Commerce, M. Béhic, that the engineer officers, officers of the watch in the engine-rooms of the large steamers, should be officers of the same rank as certificated captains, officers of the watch on deck. Anybody is welcome to explain away this contradiction. The same Minister left the Naval Engineers in the inferior position against which they so justly protest. If the pupil from the *Arts et Métiers* is tired of the sea he can go into a factory, either as artificer or designer, and he will be able to secure the same pay anywhere, and certainly much more distinction than in our navy. Therefore, if we want engineers, and Heaven knows how much we require them, let us give them the distinction they claim, and esteem ourselves fortunate that they do not ask for increased pay as they have in England.

We will examine into the means for compassing this end, and compare our navy, in this respect, with that of other nations. We not only require engineers, but we still more urgently require a lower class of working artificers and engine-room artificers. It must be formed by degrees either in the schools or at sea; this takes time, a great deal of time, more and more every day, as the engines become more and more elaborate. The same *personnel* is, moreover, expected to work the locomotive torpedoes which require such extremely delicate handling that special artificers are talked of for their exclusive study.

It is certainly impossible that three years should suffice to train them. It could only be achieved by the greatest efforts, and of what use would it be, if their service were only to last three years? The artificers would leave as soon as they had learnt their work, and in this way all the labours that should of right belong to the navy would only go to supply trade and the merchant service. These would reap the benefit of its stokers and engine-room artificers, as well as that of the chief engine-room artificers and engineers. We need not pursue this self-evident fact; we will only add that the reduction of the period of service to three years will more than ever encourage an exodus on the part of the naval artificers after they have completed their appointed time.

As they could not become engineers or assistants before their time is up, they would have still less inducement than they have

at present to re-engage themselves. The inferior position assigned to our engineers is not a thing of yesterday. The very small complement of officers existing at the present time is the result of twenty years' struggle. And even the creation of this number would have been adjourned *sine die* had not the English and French fleets met at Cherbourg in 1860.

When the English engineer officers were presented to the Emperor he requested that the French engineer officers should be presented to him. It had to be acknowledged that this was impossible, as there were none! The astonished Emperor gave orders that a gap in our organisation so much to be deprecated should be filled up. The work was taken in hand, but with evident reluctance. The corps of engineer officers was organised—but in what way! One or two chief engineers were created, and enjoyed the privileges of officers in some respects, although not in others. The staff and fleet engineers had a post, but not a rank. They had been given special stripes on their sleeves, particularly to distinguish them as subalterns. Their duties are ill-defined, and everything in this organisation pointed to the intention that it should break up of itself. However, the services done, pointed out as they were by enlightened commanders, proved stronger than other influences, and instead of a break-up there was incessant progress. But this progress was only achieved in the face of overwhelming opposition, and at the price of superhuman effort.

The following are the words of Admiral Krantz:

Up to the present date, the improvement in the prospects of our engineers has been forced, as it were, out of the Commission deputed to study the organisation of this *personnel*; and I must reluctantly testify to the fact that what has sometimes been granted and decided in theory has often been put into practice with scanty good-will.

Thus in all that concerns our engineers we are in as inferior a position, compared with other nations, as we were in 1860. Our complement of engineer officers reaches 105 persons: 6 inspectors of machinery, 35 fleet engineers, and 64 staff engineers. The first six rank with corvette captains, a rank no longer existing in the navy, and which, coming somewhere between a lieutenant and a commander, equals that of a major in the army.

Thus our engineers can never attain the rank of a commander. The fleet engineers correspond in rank to the naval lieutenants, and the staff engineers to sub-lieutenants.

The English have 823 engineer officers, the Americans 254, Chili has 41, almost as many engineers as it has officers; and this *personnel* may have had something to say, in the last war, as to the

superiority of the Chilians over the Peruvians, who had no organised corps of engineers. Turkey has 480, Holland 43, Portugal 42, Brazil 133, and Russia 548.

This last-named Power, which certainly has not a democratic reputation, boasts of 2 engineers with the rank of general officers, 8 with that of colonels, 11 with that of lieutenant-colonels.

England has engineers who rank with captains and commanders. We alone stop at the rank of corvette captain. An incident similar to that which occurred at Cherbourg in 1860 happened at Duleigno in 1880, when the demonstration of the collective European naval forces occurred in the Adriatic: our engineers took a very insignificant position amidst those of other nations. We know that the French rear-admiral did not fail to remark it; but his remarks, along with many others, produced no result and bore no fruit.

Twenty years have elapsed since the Vice-Admiral Bouët-Willau-metz, commanding the evolutionary squadron, wrote as follows:—

When it happens that I have to go down at night to the engine-rooms, and I see these powerful machines at work, on which depends the safety of the ship, when I see that numerous *personnel* occupied in such difficult work, it is quite alarming to reflect that so much responsibility rests with an ordinary petty officer.

“Now that we have succeeded in turning out good engines,” wrote Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, “it would be quite unpardonable if we left them in doubtful and unskilful hands.”

“The engineers fill a most important place in the present days,” wrote the Vice-Admiral Pâris. “Both the issue of a battle and the honour of the colours may depend upon the skilful management of the engines of a ship.”

We will only add the opinion of Admiral Krantz, one of the last admirals commanding the evolutionary squadron. He was even more explicit than his brother officers, but what he wrote has hitherto remained a dead letter:—

The pupils from the professional schools, which supply the navy with staff engineers and chief engineers, and give them a training equal to that in any foreign navy, have ceased to join the navy; or else those who enter it leave it as soon as they have fulfilled the time exacted by the law of 1872—that is, so soon as they have become really useful.

In the hope of introducing better discipline among the *personnel* of the engines, its own hierarchy was taken away from it, and its own special uniform, that it might be entirely assimilated with the rest of the crew. This reform was most unpopular. The standard of admission to the various ranks was raised at the same time; and if the bad effects of it were not felt all at once, it was owing to the fact that the period of service lasted seven years at that time, and that the numerous additions to the usual complement made promotion fairly rapid among the engineers.

The creation of fleet and staff engineers gave the young men an incentive. Each one hoped for a speedy reorganisation of his own corps; and, moreover, at that

period the engines were comparatively simple, and a less well-educated and less numerous staff was required than the present naval *matériel* exacts.

A great block in promotion has resulted from the war in 1870; the period of service has at the same time been reduced to five years, and the dismissal of the classes is always anticipated.

The steam-ship companies have become more and more numerous; trade has developed; the network of railways has considerably increased; a knowledge of machinery is in great demand, engineers are in request everywhere. I have always thought, and I still continue to think, that since 1860, or at least since 1872, we should seriously have ameliorated the situation of our petty engineer officers as regards their comfort, their quarters, and their food, and as regards their position on board and their assimilation. A man expected to possess a solid knowledge of mathematics, physics, and machinery, ought not and cannot be considered on a par with a sail-maker or caulker, petty officer though he may be.

The conditions of every-day life which may suit the latter cannot satisfy engineers whose education and intelligence have been more developed, and who have gone through a school that supplies controllers of works and factories; a school that has supplied distinguished general artillery officers both to the army and the marines, and the pupils of which are more and more sought after by the railway and the steamship companies.

The engineers may at times be somewhat unreasonable in their demands, but it must be acknowledged that they have some grounds for complaint. Meanwhile discontent makes steady progress; the engineers always leave us, and young men take their departure who would guarantee the efficiency of this important branch of the service.

Not only are we unable to choose the best pupils from the schools of *Arts et Métiers*, but we are forced to be thankful for any that come to us, even when they quite intend leaving us as soon as they have accomplished the term of service imposed by law.

This situation is all the more alarming in that, far from getting any better, it becomes daily more defined. I consider nothing is more indispensable on board a man-of-war than good engineers; it is more dangerous to have an unskilful engineer chief of the watch in the engine-room, than an unskilled officer of the watch on the bridge; for the officer in command can superintend the latter, whereas the mistakes of the engineers are generally discovered when it is too late to remedy them.

In connection with the report we have so largely quoted, Admiral Krantz drew up a statement on the organisation of the engineer *personnel*, which begins with these words: "I lay down the principle that every engineer should have begun as petty officer, and should have worked with his own hands before attaining the rank of officer." This principle is not admitted by everyone, and many think that it would raise the standard of our corps of engineers if a special school were founded which would turn out engineer officers. The example of England is quoted as she attaches great importance to that branch of her naval organisation, and grudges no sacrifice to procure the best men to handle her engines. In England the engineer officers are recruited from young men having passed certain examinations as student engineers at the schools established in the dockyards at Portsmouth and Devonport, and about fifty are supplied to each of these ports.

The preliminary education necessitates remaining six years in the dockyards ; at the end of this period the young men considered eligible enter on a course of study at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, with the rank of assistant engineer. They then follow an advanced course of study, and after a stay of nine months they leave it to begin serving in the navy. We need not imitate England, for the engineers turned out by the schools of *Arts et Métiers* are excellent. Our difficulty is not to train them, but to retain them in the service.

We have long insisted on the necessity of having a much greater number of engineer officers ; but, if we have been properly understood, it is not that we think that officers only are indispensable. We require good *engine-drivers*, and nothing more or less ; we ask that these engine-drivers should be given the title and rank of officers, because human nature (and this is one of its best sides) thinks more of honours than of money. But we lay down the principle, in common with the Vice-Admiral Krantz, that the existing and future officers should not be engineers, but artificers who have done the work with their own hands, and are always ready to give a hand again.

We have plenty of excellent engineers. These construct and improve on the engines ; on board ship the one thing to be thought of is the driving of them. If the engineer officers were only as good drivers as the best among the senior petty officers of former days, they would be quite worthy of the gold braid awarded to them, and no really intelligent naval officer would wonder at having them for comrades and equals.

If a special school were founded as a nursery for engineer officers, this school would produce inferior engineers to those turned out by the Polytechnic schools. They would consider themselves above manual labour, they would be more taken up by theory than practice, they would experiment on the engines confided to their charge, and try to improve them, instead of merely confining themselves to handling them. They would no longer be engine-drivers, and, as the inferior *personnel* of the engines would depend entirely on the conscript stokers, it would be less efficient than ever.

Although the engines may become simpler, the difficulty of getting suitable men will be greater, as the former increase in number and as ironclads disappear with their complicated mechanisms, leaving us only with small, easily-handled vessels, above all requiring a considerable number of engineers. On torpedo-boats and gun-boats, taking their slight dimensions into account, there would be no room for two officers, an engineer officer and

an ordinary officer; their engines can perfectly be worked by an engine-room artificer. Thus, in order to obtain as many petty officers as possible, we would endeavour to increase the number of commands.

A special school which gave us ready-made officers, and left us with nothing but the workmen obtained by conscription to fill the posts of petty officers, would only aggravate the abuse of which we complain. If this were absolutely unavoidable, it would be better merely to apply to the Naval School; the students might choose, on leaving it, between the rank of midshipman in the navy and candidate for the engineers. But it is easy, at this point, to see what antagonism there would be between two sections of officers, the one responsible for the engines, and the other for handling the ship. Inevitable difficulties and annoyances would be the result. Now it is essential at sea that the supreme command should be in the hands of one man only, if the safety of everyone is to be considered. The ship cannot be divided in two slices, with different rules and under separate authority. The engineers must be given the rank of officers to ameliorate their condition and satisfy their justifiable ambition; but the absolute command of the engines, in common with every other part of the vessel, must be left in the hands of the ship's officers. When once these principles are established, our corps of engineers requires no further schools than those already existing. The working artificers obtained by conscription become engine-room artificers, engineers, and fleet-engineers by competition.

We should claim a six months' residence in one of our schools at Brest or Toulon for the students from the schools of *Arts et Métiers*, or for those from the technical schools at Marseilles, Lyons, &c., after which we would have them compete annually, or in terms, at the same time as the engine-room artificers who are already in the Brest and Toulon schools, or on board other vessels, for the rank of chief engine-room artificer. This would certainly be a great advantage for these students, as it would allow them to become chief engine-room artificers, equal to sergeants in the army, a year after they left the schools. If these young men, who are compelled to join the service, were to join the artillery, or any other branch of the service, they would begin as common soldiers, and would certainly not be sergeants at the end of a year. We cannot sufficiently insist upon this point, that all our future engineer officers should begin by being artificers, and as highly educated artificers as possible; this would certainly not thin their ranks, for, with the democratic spirit now so universal, aristocratic

instincts should disappear from the navy, and a good artificer endowed with intelligence and education should be as much esteemed as any officer trained on the benches of the Naval School.

If any of the old-fashioned prejudice remains, it will soon be wiped out. Living together on board these little vessels, the constant necessity of mutually helping each other, the perils gone through side by side, in a space so limited that it would be impossible not to become intimate, will engender a familiarity that it is always possible to avoid on board a large ship.

What our engineers want is a lucrative and honourable position. It can be given them without changing the system of conscription, and without bringing them and the officers of the ship into contact with each other on board the vessel. They would never get on together, and most unseemly quarrels might arise. Thus, in our opinion, nothing need be altered in the system of conscription, or the system of advancement for artificers, as it at present exists. The remedy for the unfortunate state of things we have described, in common with many others, must be found in increasing the list of the fleet engineers. Let three posts of Inspector of Machinery with the rank of captain, and a similar post in Paris be instituted for the three ports of Brest, Lorient and Toulon. Let the complement of inspectors of machinery be kept up as it is now, under the denomination of second-class inspectors of machinery, and let this complement be increased to twelve instead of six.

Let a fleet engineer, with two or three staff engineers under his orders, be appointed on board vessels with engines of more than 2,000 indicated horse-power, although under 3,000; a staff engineer on board vessels of more than 1,000 indicated horse-power, and under 2,000; and a chief engineer on other vessels having engines under 1,000 indicated horse-power, but not under 300.

For engines under 300 indicated horse-power an engineer or an engine-room artificer would be sufficient. This simple reform would admit of increasing the complement of fleet engineers and make it easy to find employment for them. These lists, which now include only 35 fleet engineers and 64 staff engineers might be increased to 50 fleet engineers and 120 staff engineers. The increase would at once be felt. We should not gain in quality as yet, but only in quantity. We should, however, hope that in future, seeing a better chance of advancement opened out to them, the engineers will hesitate to leave the navy in favour of trade, which would then only attract the residue from the navy, whereas it now attracts all her best men.

4.

We have not exhausted all the specialities in the navy; our officers, who are the first and most important of all, have still to be touched upon. They, too, have a good deal to try them.

At the present moment there exists so much dissatisfaction amidst naval officers that if these could find an outlet of any sort, in trade, as the engineers have done, certainly more than half the complement of our naval lieutenants would leave the service.

We are not asserting anything without proof; it is only necessary to refer to the list of applications made to the "Transatlantic" and "Messageries Maritime" companies, to realise that the names of more than a hundred naval lieutenants are inscribed on each of them as candidates for the command of a steamer. The merchant service should supply both men and officers to our navy; but just the contrary takes place. Two hundred naval lieutenants apply for a post in our principal companies; and these are distinguished officers specified in the "Annuaire" as *decorés* (this being essential towards being accepted by the companies, whose only difficulty lies in the number of applicants to select from) and able to show seniority of ordinary service; for our lieutenants patiently await the more or less distant day of their nomination as commanders, without a thought of leaving the navy.

This universal apathy engenders a profound indifference to everything in connection with the profession, and is entirely due to the system of service adopted in the navy, a system that puts an end to all high aspirations and all energy, whilst it suppresses all initiative, and so alters even the best disposition that nothing but personal bravery is left to our officers—the courage applicable to the circumstances of every-day life has entirely disappeared.

The fact of always filling a subaltern's post has brought about a horror of responsibility, a kind of cowardice, when any resolution has to be formed, which makes our admirals into men incapable of relying on their own judgment in the smallest matter.

We have a striking instance of this in the fact that Admiral Pierre and Admiral Courbet were the only two admirals thought fit to command the two expeditions to China and Madagascar, and considered to possess the vigour necessary to conduct a naval expedition. The former died at the outset, and his successors were unable to carry out his work; the latter was more fortunate, and did not die until he had brought the campaign to a successful issue.

But we need scarcely recall what went on in China before the arrival of Admiral Courbet, and how our fleet disgraced itself in the eyes of other nations when it remained a passive and indifferent spectator of all that took place at Tonquin. Need we recall the lasting blow to our *prestige* in the Eastern Mediterranean, dealt by the weakness of an admiral who, without so much as firing a shot, allowed our citizens at Alexandria to be massacred, although our flag was hoisted and our naval division, commissioned to the Levant, was anchored in the port.

There lie unmistakable signs of serious and dangerous mischief in all this. We must search out the cause if we are to find the remedy for it.

As we are speaking of the naval "service," which might better be called "servitude"—the more dignified term should be suppressed—it may be well to run through its component parts. It may be divided into several periods. The naval school term, and the grade of midshipman, are the period of apprenticeship. Towards twenty-one years of age the midshipman becomes a sub-lieutenant, and under this title he is taken as an officer of the watch either on board a transport or a small man-of-war. Some lieutenants are even mate of the watch to the first lieutenant; but this only happens in the squadron, and only on board some of the big ships in the squadron.

When the sub-lieutenant becomes lieutenant, his duty remains the same; he is always called to serve as officer of the watch on larger men-of-war. Now, this duty of the mate of the watch consists in walking the deck during four hours, both at sea and in the harbour; to repeat the orders written by the captain, these being called down a tube. As soon as any manœuvre of the slightest importance has to be executed, the commander comes on deck, and the officer of the watch is merely a mouth-piece. Nothing is more humiliating or sadder than the position of lieutenants who know their own worth, and very often are alive to the deficiencies of their chief, but who nevertheless are condemned to this subordinate part. How is it possible that the judgment or nautical experience of an officer can be formed under similar conditions? And this business lasts until he becomes commander, that is until the age of forty-three years, after twenty-seven years' service, of which twenty-two are spent as officers of the watch—twenty-two years spent in these monotonous, wearisome, and, not to mince terms, degrading duties, which are only brought to an end by an appointment to some gunboat in an unhealthy river.

Doubtless exceptions are made for what are called in the navy

“les fils d’Archevêque,” and in ordinary parlance the sons and sons-in-law of admirals, or people more or less remotely connected with admirals.

In no profession is equality such an empty word as in the navy. The lucky ones are given successive and suitable commands; but we need not discuss those privileged individuals—our business is with those who have to submit to the ordinary regulations. Thus a lieutenant, according to the existing regulations, becomes a commander at the age of forty-three. Of course we do not allude to those who get on because they have some connection with an admiral. In a few years the age for becoming commanders will have to be extended to forty-seven, as the vacancies in the higher posts are so limited. Not even then will a command of some sort be given to the commander, worn out by this time by constant subordination, stupified by blind obedience. He must first undertake the duties of second officer on a vessel commanded by a captain, and then the unfortunate being loses the small amount of intelligence, energy, or initiative remaining to him, and becomes the submissive and docile slave of a chief imposed upon him by discipline, but who generally fails to impose by his own merits. And how should it be otherwise? A naval officer can only show his work or his qualities towards the age of forty; and it is hard if he has been able to retain any after thirty years of an odious position, in which he has always been obliged to give way to the caprices and fancies of those above him, who have never allowed him to manifest the smallest individuality. When, at length, he obtains a command, even if endowed with the best disposition in the world, he will feel the same unconscious desire to domineer that often converts those who have been oppressed into the worst of tyrants. He retaliates on others for what he has gone through himself. He takes his revenge on others for the suffering he has endured. The second officer on board a ship is called “the dog on board,” and this contemptuous expression is only a type of the reality. This last trial is the most degrading of all. We need not be astounded at the physical and intellectual weakness which shows itself in almost all the heads of the navy. They have been accustomed to obey during most of their lives, and now they are quite unable to command.

The responsibility crushes and oppresses them. They can never throw off the feeling that they are still officers of the watch or second officers, they always appear as if waiting for orders from headquarters; to act on their own account would seem impossible. When distant missions are confided to them they hold on to the

telegraph wire, that they may get perpetual directions from Paris. In Paris they understand nothing of modern advance, and hold firmly to routine; they are incapable of the most simple effort of will or intelligence. The life they have led has unfitted them, unnerved and transformed them, and it is quite usual for an officer to lose all heart in his prime, after having been brilliant and full of promise in his youth. The long campaigns and fatigues at sea increase this premature decrepitude.

We may further unhesitatingly assert that the greater number of naval officers who, having passed the age of fifty, may still be found endued with some energy and spirit, will prove to have spent most of their time on shore, and thus to have escaped the demoralising life on board ship. A strange career, if all the drudgery must be avoided in order to be fit to render service at the age which is the prime of life in a man who has lived on shore.

We have said that a naval officer is tied to the grade of officer of the watch during the space of twenty-five years. To this lack of variety in subordinate service there is added another vexatious item; I mean the life in the ward-room. Everybody knows that the ward-room is the cabin in which all the officers meet. There was a time when all the officers of the watch on board a vessel were of the same rank, lieutenants or sub-lieutenants. Notwithstanding the difference of age which may exist between naval lieutenants (it may be a difference of seventeen years, and will be extended to twenty in a few years) it was perfectly natural that officers of the same rank should live together, and, thanks to mutual give and take, a commission was generally gone through without much unpleasantness. But now-a-days it is the custom to suppress any information as to the embarkation of officers; entirely according to the goodwill and pleasure of the minister, vessels of the same pattern may have entirely dissimilar staffs. One may have none but lieutenants as officers of the watch, another may boast of three lieutenants and two sub-lieutenants to fulfil the same duty, or even four lieutenants, and one midshipman, &c.

A number of subalterns, no matter of what rank, are thrown hap-hazard on board a vessel. They are forced to mess together and lieutenants of forty years of age and over may have to associate with sub-lieutenants, or even midshipmen fresh from the schools. Not only does this arrangement subvert all notions of discipline, but it condemns men to daily intercourse whose ages are too dissimilar for them to have anything in common, so

that it is not surprising to hear that the lieutenants are apt to envy the doctors and engineers, who can go and live with their chosen associates elsewhere than on board ship. As to the officer who, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, still cares enough for his profession to wish to be on active service, and who reckons on his own personal merit and services to succeed otherwise than by seniority, let us examine how his efforts are rewarded. If he has been able to win the approval of an admiral, if his worth is really marked, he may be placed on the promotion list. This list is looked over yearly by the board of Admiralty, and includes the names of certain officers submitted to the Minister for selection. Everyone is aware of how it is made up. If an officer hopes to find a place upon it, he must call upon all the members of the Board of Admiralty, make his "academical" visits, as they are called in the navy, and asks as a favour what should only be given as a right. It is clear that his efforts are not appreciated unless he has secured considerable interest. Every member of the Admiralty Board has his candidates, relations, or friends, whom he introduces to his colleagues, and these are accepted on condition that their friends are accepted in return.

The army promotion list is made out under the superintendence of the inspector-generals who have personally seen and known the officers, and examined into their merits. There is nothing of the sort in the navy. Living in Paris, the Council of the Admiralty knows nothing of what takes place at sea or in the ports. Besides which the promotion list is only a decoy, seeing that the Minister has the double right of promoting where he pleases, and of choosing from the list, at a venture, what officers shall receive promotion. And, in exact contrast to what takes place in the War Department, the naval promotion list comprises the names of so many officers that they can never be exhausted in a year, and, as others are added every year, it follows that a candidate may remain inscribed for five or six years before receiving promotion. He may, even, have attained his seniority before he has been selected for promotion.

Therefore, what is the result of this? It is that a naval lieutenant never is selected as commander without powerful interest, unless his name has been at least three years on the promotion list; thus it happens that any lieutenant who hopes to be provided for in three years by seniority, does his utmost to avoid being sent to sea, to do no more service, and to lead a perfectly indolent life, being quite aware that there would be no reward for

his exertions, as he would gain absolutely nothing, even if his name were on the promotion list.

This is the experience of the first sixty lieutenants inscribed in the *Annuaire*; all those among them who have not been for some time on the list, absolutely refuse to do anything, and seek a quiet post on land to escape going to sea, which they hate.

In the War Department it is quite otherwise; the promotion list is re-cast every year, and all the officers inscribed on the list, with two or three exceptions, pass on within the year; so that, whatever the seniority of rank, an army officer always tries to merit inscription on the list, which is sure to give him a few months' advantage beyond his seniority. Moreover, the Minister of War has not the right to follow his own inclination in the choice of the officers inscribed on the promotion list, or to name them to a higher rank. He is bound to follow the rotation of the list.

The army list is therefore a reality; that of the navy is a make-believe, a *mirage*, an ingenious method of disguising the least-merited favours under a colour of justice. The life of an officer embraces three periods, three distinct phases: the first, from twenty to thirty years old, a period of enthusiasm, of work, of devotion, and of a desire to do well; the second, from thirty to forty years old, a period of latent revolt against the narrow discipline and the despondency brought about by the situation of an officer of the watch; feeling himself bound to it for many long years, disgust and weariness comes on, the zeal disappears, less and less work is done; the third, from the age of forty, absolute lassitude, indifference, and weariness. There is no further struggle; things may take their chance. From that moment no more study; he plays at patience, or games of *triotrac*, and, aided by increasing physical weakness, soon attains that happy state of intellectual torpor to be found in most of the heads of the navy, that love of repose, that worship of routine, that horror and want of comprehension of progress, which ends in their having but one aspiration, that of being allowed to live out their tranquil existence, and to blindly enjoy the present, oblivious of the past and careless of the future.

We cannot assert sufficiently often that the principal and overwhelming reason of this gradual decomposition in the navy is the outcome of the monotonous duty to which a naval officer is condemned during twenty-two years, that of officer of the watch.

It is certainly inconceivable that from the age of thirty-seven years it should be obligatory, during another ten years, to be on deck for a

watch of four hours, in all weathers and in every kind of climate. The physical fatigue increases more and more; rest after the watch becomes more and more necessary. When an officer past forty has concluded his wearisome duty, going up and down like a wild beast in his cage, and repeating the orders of his chief, his only inclination is to do nothing; and he cares very little about the education of the men he ought to superintend and direct. He throws himself at full length in his cabin, and leaves this care and superintendence to his subalterns.

We may add that the less there is to do during a watch, the more wearisome it is; and usually it is quite uneventful. The moment anything the least unusual occurs, the commander appears on the scene and takes all initiative out of the hands of the officer. Therefore the latter has only a long and trying task, less interesting than that of a sentinel at the outposts.

In the present condition of the navy, with its large and costly vessels, no captain would allow one of his lieutenants even a single chance of sharing the peril and honour of directing a difficult manœuvre. He feels the responsibility; could he trust anyone but himself? The commands have become fewer. The fleets only comprise a few powerful unities; consequently those who are selected to command them are, in like manner, fewer in number than ever.

It is a strange fact that these splendid ironclads, these perfect engines, which certainly are marvellous productions of human genius, have had a deteriorating effect upon the navy, by condemning a still greater number of subalterns waiting for promotion to fulfil the duties of ordinary officers of the watch.

An unusual amount of intellectual capacity is needed to command these large vessels; but the captain alone need possess it, the rest of the officers are merely his submissive instruments. Unfortunately the captain seldom comes up to the importance of the almost superhuman task confided to him; and whilst his officers are all being weakened by the surrounding inaction, he himself is paralysed by the immense responsibility weighing him down. Squadron fighting is, thank God! a thing of the past, but, if it still existed, we should soon see what fatal catastrophes would bring about the destruction of these vessels.

Can we alter the state of matters we have just described? Most assuredly—and without other expenditure than what would be necessitated by increasing the list of officers, the notorious insufficiency of which was rendered notable by the ill-starred expeditions to China and Madagascar. The other alterations

needful to protect the naval officer from premature decrepitude need cost the State nothing.

It is almost forced upon us that our complements should be increased. Unfortunately, in 1871, they were reduced by 380 officers under pretext of economy; but the fact was forgotten that economies at the expense of our national security are fatal, and may bring about irreparable misfortunes. No doubt in time of peace the present strength was sufficient; but as soon as mobilisation became needful, the necessary effective force would no longer be forthcoming. This became evident in the first naval effort we were called upon to make since 1870, that is during the last few months. There were no officers; and they could only be obtained by disturbing various appointments on land, and by confiding part of the service on board our ships to a *personnel* insufficient both in number and in standing. Such a situation seems incredible; it is so strange that we can hardly believe it. We must, nevertheless, yield to evidence. It is only too true that, in order to make any way against the nation we had treated as a "negligeable quantity," we had to sound the alarm, take whatever we could get, and "scrape the bottom of the bunkers" as the sailors say. We had no other way of officering the vessels we sent to the Chinese seas. And how were they officered? Sub-lieutenants were taken as second officers on transports of the third class; midshipmen were officers of the watch on transports of the first and second class; and, finally, sailing-masters were sent on board ships with a sub-lieutenant, where the ordinary staff would have comprised three lieutenants and two sub-lieutenants.

There are simple beings who believe that our armament on a peace footing is a more or less limited effective, at times requiring to be filled up; in no case to be reduced in time of war. These people have a certain common-sense of their own. How is it possible that the requirements of peace should be more than those of war, or that the *personnel* needful in the former should be limited in the latter? How explain that fewer officers, or officers of subordinate rank, are required for service under fire than for ordinary work?

The service in time of war is arduous in a much greater degree, and exacts very different qualities. But the Minister of Marine has been obliged to ignore this elementary truth. Our vessels set out with insufficient resources, with a diminished *personnel* which was over-wrought by this most arduous mission; for the chances of war were added to all the ordinary anxieties at sea. No doubt each most thoroughly did his duty within the limits of his strength;

but these limits must not be overstepped; it does not do to rely entirely on the courage of men; it must be remembered that their courage may be crushed by circumstances.

The exigencies of modern warfare are a hundred-fold more terrible than those of the warfare of former days. In olden times, in the days of sailing vessels, a surprise was rarely to be dreaded. Only in certain winds could there be any danger, and, so long as the wind did not change its quarter, safety could be insured by taking up a certain position. Vessels could take stock of each other, and take each other's measure before coming into close quarters; they could, in some sort, make acquaintance before beginning to fight. Therefore the watches were not so arduous; they were shorter and less charged with anxiety. There was no torpedo to fear, and shots could be avoided from a distance. Now-a-days all this is changed. A blockading squadron, or a squadron of cruisers has not an instant's rest. She is threatened unceasingly; if she is not perpetually on the alert, she runs the risk of being attacked and beaten. Day and night, in all weathers, in all winds, at anchor or in the open sea, she is in danger of being annihilated by an almost invisible enemy. Instead of diminishing the number of officers of the watch, they ought rather to be increased. Moreover, as we have endeavoured to explain, the duty of defending our shores should be given over to the navy, and to the torpedo-boats.

Now the war in China obliged us to diminish our movable defence force, already so insufficient. Great alarm was taken at the danger of dismantling our frontiers on land; but no one seemed to perceive that our shores were equally exposed, and that with the exception of a few slow and heavy ironclads, and a few worthless coasting vessels, which could not be everywhere at the same moment, everything we possessed in the way of naval strength had been despatched to China, and that a few swift vessels could have ravaged our shores without encountering the slightest resistance. Nevertheless it was seen fit to aggravate a situation so replete with peril. Was it feared that the mobilised force would be compromised if some fifteen thousand men were borrowed from an army reckoning hundreds of thousands on a peace footing, although that which constituted the very key-note of the defence of our nation along the whole maritime frontier might be disorganised with impunity?

It might be exhaustively repeated that torpedo-boats should alone defend our shores; in vain might it be set forth that they alone were fitted to protect our naval and commercial ports, in vain

might the movable defence force be upheld as the school best suited to form the officers and the engineers destined, later on, to serve on board these vessels; in vain might attention be attracted to the ever-increasing number of those splendid torpedo-boats of which other nations become possessed; in vain might it be most clearly established that we could not consider ourselves properly defended unless in possession of *two hundred* armed torpedo-boats; no sooner had we to do with that "negligeable quantity" called China, than we had to give up the only ten armed torpedo-boats we possessed. And all the sacrifices we were obliged to make did not succeed in satisfying Admiral Courbet. We were totally deficient in officers, even after the means employed for spreading them out; even when the number absolutely necessary for the requirements of the service in France was diminished, in order to send the greatest possible number to China. This is the condition to which we were reduced by an ordinary quarrel with the Celestial Empire. What would become of us if we had to sustain a naval war with any European nation whatsoever? Impossible to officer all the vessels we possess; our naval and commercial ports undefended; the whole extent of our shores on the three seas bordering them offered to the insults of the enemy! This sums up, in a few words, what our condition is; this is the direction towards which our mournful situation tends.

Who is to be held responsible for this state of affairs? The origin of it dates from some time back—from the period directly succeeding our disasters, when every thought was centred in economy, with a view to the re-organisation of the army. The disastrous idea of reducing the number of naval officers by 882, at one single stroke, came into contemplation, although it should rather have been increased by retrenchment in the arsenals and constructions.

It might have been tolerably easy to foresee that the successive transformations in the navy would necessitate a more numerous and a superior staff.

Without going back to the radical difference made by the introduction of steam as the motive power for ships, one lieutenant sufficed, in former days, efficiently to direct and superintend the whole battery of a frigate; all the guns were under his eye and under his hand. Now-a-days the guns are less numerous, but they are spread about among the redoubts and in turrets, making it much more difficult to superintend them. The apparatus for handling them is delicate and most complicated. New engines have been added to the old; torpedoes, electric lighting, &c. The

introduction of torpedo-boats has resulted, and will still further result, in increasing the number of commands.

Thus a Minister of Marine endowed with ordinary common sense would have largely developed the complement of officers, instead of reducing it. Not one understood this, or rather none had the courage to say it, or to accept office on condition of being permitted to accomplish a reform which was so urgent and distinct a necessity. We cannot tell whether any will be found in the future capable of doing what no one can be found to do in the present; but we assert that if there is to be a navy there must be officers possessing great experience, and that, as long as there is not a sufficient number of these officers, our navy will be in a sorry condition.

If the outlay is thought excessive which must inevitably result from increasing the complement of officers, it will be easy to reduce it by establishing a system of half pay for officers, as in the case of petty officers. According to the strength required, more or less excellent servants return to their families with their pay cut down, and liable to be recalled when the need arises. The same regulation might quite as reasonably be applied to surplus officers in time of peace; they would be placed on two-thirds pay, and, when it came to their turn to serve in the ports or to go to sea, they would be placed on full pay.

The strain being incomparably more severe in the navy than in any other branch of the public service, it will be recognised that there should be sufficient officers to enable some to take a holiday between two commissions. Even if we resumed the complement of 1870, this would not be obtainable; we should barely have enough officers for the ordinary work. And even with this complement we should be obliged, in a European naval war, to have recourse to the certificated captains, who could be sent on board as supernumerary sub-lieutenants, to fill the vacancies in a *personnel* which is always too small.

Although so necessary, this increased strength would only be a feeble palliative to the moral condition of the corps of naval officers. They would reach a higher grade a year or two sooner, but the lieutenants would equally have to fulfil the demoralising duties of officer of the watch until the age of about forty or forty-three years.

Now we have shown that this watch, although acceptable in youth, when instruction is needed and sought after, becomes tiresome and unbearable to the officer of a certain age desiring personal action. One of our ministers realised this so thoroughly that he

instituted pecuniary compensation—an allowance of 500 francs a year to be given to lieutenants counting twelve years' service in their rank.

One hundred out of seven hundred are now in receipt of this allowance, and the recipients are named *Senateurs*; although this additional pay does not assuredly compensate for the additional exercise of patience and endurance that falls to their share.

On consulting the *Annuaire* it will be seen that a lieutenant with twelve years' service in his rank counts twenty years' service as watch-keeping officer, and twenty-five years' total service, provided he has come from the Naval School. He has then a right to retire; and it is to be regretted that the only premium that can be offered him should be that of 500 francs a year, with the prospect of going on with the same service for five or six years longer. This is the time at which our officers enter into the third phase of their existence: depression, resignation, indifference.

This is all wrong; and if such a deplorable state of things is to be put an end to, the former rank of corvette captain must again be instituted. This corresponds to the rank of colonel in the army, but was done away with long ago in the navy; we suppose with a view to enabling the sons and sons-in-law of admirals to become commanders in a shorter space of time. These individuals are always sure to be unhindered in their career, and to rise to the top of the tree. The recent examples of this are numerous and scandalous. It is high time that they should become rarer. The rank of corvette captain might be restored without any expense to the State, with advantage to the service, and to the improvement of the condition of the officers; seeing that it was abolished through caprice, or interest, or some fancy.

Let us suppose the strength made up to that of 1870, comprising 270 commanders, 800 lieutenants, and a total of 1,070 officers. By restoring the rank of corvette captain, there need only be 200 commanders, 200 corvette captains, and 670 lieutenants, giving a total equal to the former of 1,070 officers. There would, therefore, be no expense on this head; for out of the pay of 70 commanders and 130 lieutenants, a hundred of which already draw an allowance of 500 francs a year, from having more than twelve years' service in their rank, it would be possible to make up the pay of 200 corvette captains. To restore this rank would greatly improve the condition of subaltern officers; it would certainly diminish the period of service as lieutenant by four years, and any officer from the Naval School would at least have the prospect of becoming corvette captain as soon as he had a right

to his retirement. Humble but consoling prospect, compared with the present state of matters! The post of corvette captain is clearly defined in the navy; we have seen how unadvisable it is that a commander should be put back again to the duties of second officer; and we have said that in fulfilling them he parts with the small amount of pride and intellectual energy remaining to him.

The corvette captains would act as second officers on vessels commanded by captains, and the commanders would have no other duty than their own, which would raise this rather depreciated rank. Beyond the duties of second officer, the corvette captains would further be given the command of despatch-vessels, despatch-transports, and other vessels which are at one time commanded by commanders, and at another by lieutenants, according to the good will and pleasure of the Minister.

A presidential decree should establish the list of vessels to be commanded by corvette captains. The lieutenants should be nominated partly by selection and partly by seniority. Above this rank promotion should be by selection. The corvette captains would be recruited every three years, and entirely from lieutenants; one half by selection and one half by seniority; the lieutenants appointed by selection would be nominated in turns, according to their seniority on the promotion list.

The complement of commanders could be reduced to 200 by not filling up the vacancies; that of lieutenants could be filled up as rapidly as possible by sub-lieutenants, who in their turn could be easily replaced by increasing the admission to the Naval School in proportion to the vacancies, and by the titular nomination of some auxiliary sub-lieutenants.

At present there are first and second class lieutenants, and the *Senateurs* as well; but this is not a special class, it is only an ironical title proceeding from the fact that seniority of rank gives a right to the allowance of 500 *francs* to which we have alluded. Whatever class they may belong to, all lieutenants work under the same designation, and do the same duty. There is no distinction between a lieutenant counting seventeen years' service in the rank, and one who has just been promoted. The one has quite as good a chance as the other of a command at sea; they can and do fulfil the same duties, sometimes as second officer, but chiefly as officers of the watch. Is not this equality too much of a good thing? Although founded on equality in rank, it makes no difference for service rendered, or for seniority in rank. In our opinion, this should be changed, and, after showing how distasteful and wear-

some the service of the watch through long years might become, no one need be surprised if we ask that lieutenants of the first class should cease to go to sea as officers of the watch. They should only be obliged to be second officer under a commander, or under captains of despatch-vessels in the flotilla, gun-boats, and other small ships classified by a presidential decree. We need hardly say that we look upon them as the natural heads of the groups of torpedo-boats.

The lieutenants of the second class should be officers of the watch on board ships commanded by captains, second in command to corvette captains, or commanders of vessels inferior to such as should be commanded by lieutenants of the first class. This would be the nursery for recruiting commanders for torpedo-boats. When torpedo-boats have come into common use, when we possess hundreds of them, the command of them must certainly be given to young men in full possession of physical strength and intelligence. As they become easier to handle, these will discharge the task to perfection, and all the more so from the fact of their being more active, younger, and less worn out in the service. Mere sub-lieutenants will be capable of commanding torpedo-boats of a small pattern. In youth we dread no danger; discomfort and privation are of little moment to us.

Home appointments, according to their importance, should be equally divided between first and second class lieutenants. The number of both classes of lieutenants should be fixed according to the requirements of the service; therefore it is evident that lieutenants of the first class should be less numerous than those of the second class. We reckon that 200 lieutenants of the first class would suffice. Lieutenants could only be placed on the promotion list for the rank of corvette captain after spending two years at sea in the first class of their rank. This condition appears most important to us; for, to a certain extent, it would guarantee the rights of seniority, whilst allowing a sufficient scope for selection; and the scandal would be less than such as at present exists, when lieutenants can become commanders, and anticipate their promotion from the Naval School by seven or eight years, with no other recommendation than family interest. If our suggestion is adopted, no one would be a lieutenant for more than five or six years; thus, no one could gain more than three or four years by promotion through selection, and this would be amply sufficient.

The Phantom Piper.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACK WATCH

By JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.

LORD WOLSELEY was right when he wrote to the noblemen and gentlemen engaged in the labour of love of raising a memorial to the Black Watch, on the spot where the regiment was first embodied, that no honour too great could be rendered to the corps, and that when in action no trouble need be taken about the part of the field where the 42nd were, for "he had always then realised that what men could do they would accomplish." He continued that he had ever tried to have the Royal Highlanders with him on service, for he could rely upon them at all times and under all circumstances. "Wherever I see the red hackle I feel I have there not only good friends but also staunch comrades." The General had them with him in the onset upon Coomassie, in the midnight march to the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir, and in the Nile expedition. He had witnessed them at the storming of the heights of the Alma, where they did their duty, albeit they escaped with the loss of but three rank and file wounded—the fortune of war; he watched their behaviour during the weary months before Sebastopol, and he must have heard of them in the hot stress of the Mutiny.

It was my privilege to have accompanied the Black Watch on another occasion when their panegyrist, then Sir Garnet Wolseley, was to the fore, and, although there was no fighting, there was scope for that display of endurance of climate and fatigue, and of fortitude under sickness, which are not the least among the qualities of the ideal soldier. Theirs are grand traditions, from Fontenoy to Kirbekan. They have served in Flanders, Canada, the West Indies, America, Egypt, the Peninsula, and Waterloo. To enumerate where they have been, and what they have done, within the present reign, would be superfluous. Raised in Perth, in 1739, from the ten independent companies existing since 1729, they have been Royal since 1758. The red hackle in the feather-bonnet is a distinction won at Guildermalsen in 1795, when the light com-

pany drove back a squadron of French hussars which had pushed, by a *ruse de guerre*, through the intervals between the wings of the Ross-shire Buffs.

In the autumn of 1878 I sailed from Malta to Larnaca, in the south of Cyprus, with the 42nd, but not exactly in the same transport. The day we arrived was unfortunate. An advance party was landed, in heavy marching order, to go forward to the camping-ground. The guide mistook the way, and Sergeant Samuel M'Gaw, who had earned the V.C. at Amoaful, was struck by the cruel sun and succumbed that night. That camping-ground at Chiflik Pasha, a few miles in the interior, could not have been more imprudently selected. It was on the site of an ancient graveyard, and was a nursery of pestilence. A "dem'd moist unpleasant" tract, bare, stifling with a steamy heat, and cheerless. There was plenty of animation—animation of a kind—withal. The tarantulas were enterprising; the cockroaches were phenomenally large and phenomenally active; there were snakes, and asps, and myriad persevering insect-torments, most common of which were the mosquitoes and sand-flies. Very industrious were those sand-flies; they loved to burrow in the regions where the drawers lapped over the socks, and, once having effected a lodgment, it was next to impossible to get rid of them.

Tents were pitched in a stony, stubbly soil, cut up in ridges, and overgrown with brambles. There was no distraction for the unfortunate men; they were left to fume and fret under canvas, to perspire, smoke, inspect each other's tongues, and speculate when they were likely to be knocked over with the fever of the island. How the gallant little 2nd Ghoorkas, the Prince of Wales's Own, the Rifles of Sirmoor, were envied! Their lines were cast in pleasant places. They lay under the shade of an apricot grove, amidst plots of turmeric, with rills of water stealing along wooden conduits and falling to the ground to moisten the roots of the trees. The proprietor was dismayed when he heard that troops had taken up their quarters on his domain, but beamed with relief when he learned that they had not interfered with fruits or shrubs beyond plucking a few unripe grapes. These sturdy Tartar-looking mountaineers of Nepal were well in hand.

In that proprietor, a pleasant Greek pope, I met a kindred spirit. We had many instructive chats together in French, not in Greek—I found that all my school learning went for naught with the moderns—and I picked up, amid other items of information, that he liked the British soldiers, but preferred the white to the black, and, above and before all, admired the men in petticoats, they had

such fine music! The amiable and reverend old gentleman was alluding to the melody of the bag-pipes.

Now, I am a connoisseur of bag-pipe music. I could listen to it, and have listened to it, for hours, as I have seen the late General Sir Hope Grant do—solemn, stiff-backed, and bolt upright—at a competition in the Crystal Palace. Aye, and I have done what I wager he never did—I have listened to it in a back-parlour, although I am free to confess that a hill-side is more congenial to its peculiar charms.

The Union pipes, which is inflated by pressure of the elbow on a bellows, and is held on the knee, is the indoor instrument. The war-pipes, with the braw young Highlander puffing into the chanter, his trophy of ribbons fluttering over his left shoulder as he struts to and fro, “jetting under his advanced plumes like turkey-cock”—that is the outdoor instrument. Where can a figure prouder, more martial, and more picturesque than that of the piper, be presented? What notes more lively, more defiant, and more vivacious with a wild vibration, the very eagle-shriek of sound, than those of the pipes, can be heard? When one of your pale-faced æsthetes decries pipe-music, and turns up his round eyes, I pity him for a poor fool. But he may have his excuse. It may be that one must be born to the taste, as to the flavour of usquebaugh.

Besides, the piper is no mere musician. He is a soldier, and goes under fire with his comrades. He distinguishes himself, and is the cause of distinguished conduct in others; for, as Byron sings,—

With the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

At the battle of the Blue Mountains, in 1806, where Ferguson's Highland Brigade swept the Dutchmen before it like chaff, what was the first favour the grenadiers of the 72nd asked on their halt under a burning sun? That the pipers should play “Cabar Fey,” the rallying tune of the regiment; and to the skirl of native concord the blithesome lads danced a reel. “Cameron's Gathering” counted for something in the winning of Waterloo; and, to come down to our own times, did not wounded Piper Weatherspoon, of the 42nd, take the rifle and place of dead Corporal Samuel at Coomassie, and fight on till exhausted from loss of blood? So, with your favour, good Master Æsthete! sarcasm does not sit well on you when pipe-music is eulogised.

An unpropitious season that was in Cyprus. The malarious fever spread with alarming rapidity, and it was determined that a company of the 42nd should be sent experimentally by sea to Kyrenia, on the north of the island. I got permission to go with it, and had ample means of observing of what manner of men the company was composed. As I strayed forward on the British India steamer, I could note by their conversation and bearing that the "sodger laddies" came of a superior class. There was no cursing, no coarseness or lewdness, but a deal of quiet fun. They were mostly "kintra-bred," and appeared to be sons of small farmers. Here a group hearkened to Roy, the piper, who was practising on the chanter; there a compact knot gathered round a corporal who was reading one of Sir Walter's novels; a stripling with a clear voice was reciting a poem of Burns to an audience of his particular cronies; now and again the humming of a Gaelic verse took louder volume, or there was a clatter of shoon on deck, as some emulous votary of the goddess who presides over the fling and the sword-dance rehearsed an elaborate step. The atmosphere was one of sedate frolic, and yet most of these men were convalescents. I seldom was more gratified in my life, and Captain E—— was not displeased when I told him so.

In the group clustered by the piper, an attentive listener was the second mate of the steamer, a squat, curly-haired, liberally-freckled young Londoner, Mr. Todd. His eyes sparkled at the variations evoked by Roy on his reeded tube, and once or twice he seemed on the point of breaking out into a Ratoliff Highway minuet.

The voyage occupied a portion of a day and a night, and Kyrenia when it did rise up was greener and more grateful than that abominable Larnaca. There before us were the northern sierras of Cyprus, misty and multi-coloured and varying in shape like to the shadowy Camelot which Merlin had "tipt with lessening peak and pinnacle," and made "spire to heaven." As they soared upwards these mountains gradually became bare; there was a tint like that of a section of red brick cut transversely where they rose steep and sheer as a wall; but the prevailing tone as the sun went down was violet. One of the summits in the distance, Pentadaktylon, as its name indicated, was cut into projections like the nodes of a fist; another was crowned at a dizzy height with the ruins of a battle-mented stronghold, and yet another had the crumbling remains of a Greek monastery on its side, while Mount Buffavento was rent into a gusty fissure as if by an earthquake. Fantastic those mountains were, and weird with their clefts and ravines, their clumps of foliage, their brambly tangles of brushwood, their masses of crag

and boulder, and smaller shot of the stony kind, as if this were the identical spot where the rebellious Titans had pelted Saturn. Nearer to us, where a mule-path zigzagged down to the shore, the land was refreshing to the sight with olive and myrtle groves, vineyards, pear orchards, and tall date-palms; and, more grateful novelty still after that dreary Larnaca, there were absolutely patches of green. A large white house peeped from embowering trees and shrubs vivid with blossoms. There the British Commissioner for the district, a captain of the 60th Rifles, and his assistant, a subaltern of the Bengal Fusiliers, held state and issued their edicts through the mouth of their interpreter, an ex-policeman from Malta.

The village was near, "a wee bit clachan" at best—with its flat roofs, its minaret, its many-gabled Greek church, its Turkish cemetery with headstones surmounted with chiselled turbans and its round monuments to Moslem martyrs. A lofty fortress frowned upon us as we lay within the glassy quiet of a half-submerged breakwater. There were but a dozen native craft, fishing-boats, in this small roadstead, and at hand towered the iron-built unarmoured frigate *Raleigh*.

We relieved the 25th Madras, whose band "played us in" to a gentle declivity about half a mile from the sea. The population looked on at the hundred kilted white warriors with a phlegmatic pleasure, betraying faint evidence of the curiosity which they must have felt. The sepoy embarked; the British India steamer faded out of sight on her return voyage; and long before nightfall the Highlanders had built their canvas town, consisting of twenty Lasoar *pals*, with a tent for the quarter-guard and a hospital marquee. The men were delighted with the camp, it was so much cooler and nicer than the exposed slope at Chiflik Pasha. There was good water in any quantity desired bubbling up in crystal freshness from a well by the shore; the Madrassesees had the good nature to leave their water-bullocks behind them, and first-rate bathing accommodation was near. Anon rose the whirr of a partridge, and yonder, sailing down the wind, was a flock of small sand-grouse. The tinkling of sheep-bells, as the flocks wended their way to the farmyards, nibbling as they moved, mingled with the premature "tu-whoo" of an owl; the myriad voices of the cicada swelled in a concert of ceaseless chinks, and now and again the report of a fowling-piece crackled in the distance. There were crows, but, unlike those in the old country, they were generally white; but the bull-frogs were the great feature. They were innumerable, but their croaking was unfamiliar; they piped with a

thrill noise such as never is heard on the sedgy border of a Highland loch.

The hospital marquee was unoccupied, and to it I was hospitably made free. I strolled out to take notes of the aborigines. They were poor, but not paupers; civil, ignorant, and much given to killing time on wooden benches, pipe in mouth. The males are muscular, and have brown, regular countenances, with the straight Greek nose; but they are Orientalised Greeks, with a forbearance, if not a love, for dirt. The females have large limpid eyes; dress in a Frankish style, more slatternly than elegant; age early, and have sickly yellowish complexions. As for the Moslem women, they are as careful not to show themselves as the prophet Mokanna himself. They raised their breast-curtains to their nostrils when they met me, but the moment my back was turned I felt that the natural Eve got the better of Fatima, and that she took a long look at the receding Giaour. Jock and Duncan, Davie and Sandie, were not likely to lose their hearts to these jealously-shaded lights of the harem.

Kyrenia has its show places, its rock-sepulchres and catacombs; but I put off visiting these to another occasion, and rambled towards the fortress of which I have already spoken. At the principal gate (over which the blue-jackets had painted "Fort Raleigh") I was confronted by Mr. Todd, coming out.

"You here!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, "I promised the surgeon of the *Manora*, who is a bit of a botanist, that I would collect him some specimens, if I had the chance, and the skipper, who is a friend of his, gave me a few days' leave."

"How do you mean to catch up the ship?" I asked.

"Nothing easier. I'll cross over the island on mule-back. They'll be at Larnaca for a week yet. The fortress is well worth seeing. Ta-ta," and he disappeared.

The fortress was, indeed, well worth seeing, and was in an admirable state of preservation. Previous to the invention of rifled ordnance, it must have been formidable; even now that the worn and rusty guns in its embrasures were obsolete, it could be made strong without very much expenditure of time and labour. The walls were high, solid, and smoothly-finished on the outside, and two round towers bulged from the angles at the sea-front. It was the grimmest of loop-holed and crenelated piles. In the brave days of old this must have been a place of renown. Lordly mansions may have reared their proportions where the donkey stumbles over the rubble-heaps, and the wardens on those castle-walls may have

heard the roar of wassail or the soft serenades of some Italian lute. How the Wizard of the North would have gloried in this splendid remnant of Venetian strength, and gloated over the old-world details in moat and portcullis, arched vault, and cunning recess for arquebusiers, galleries commanding every approach, and hollows through which that mediæval device of devilry, molten lead, trickled on the heads of assailants! How flattered he would have been to have met a cateran in the Black Watch tartan pacing behind the parapet, although he might have been put in a quandary by the white pith-helmet.

I wandered for hours over the fort, examined its ancient cannon, its hooped bombards, its stumpy mortars, and its greenish culverins, on which could be traced such inscriptions as "*Galleagus ablegatus* (partly undecipherable) *me fecit*"; chatted with the corporal of the Scottish guard and the Turkish sentinel, puffing a cigarette, his musket lying by his side, at the gate. I was gradually sinking into a reverie, and weaving a ghost-story anent this landmark of departed magnificence, when the skirl of the pipes recalled me to the present, and reminded me that it was time to get back to camp, where I turned into my marquee after a night-cap with the officers, and slept the sleep of the somnolent.

Next morning there was commotion. Captain E—— informed me that I would have the variety of witnessing an *al fresco* detachment court-martial. The water-bullocks had broken from their spancels the night previous, and a party had been sent in search of them. In the quest the party found the bullocks, but lost three of their number. At two in the morning these three had returned, professing themselves unable to track the cattle. They were in a state of semi-intoxication, and evidently not from the wine of the Commanderia (a fraud, by the way), but from the more potent mastic. They were imprisoned in the quarter-guard; but when the sergeant of the guard came with his report, the three prisoners were not forthcoming—had vanished like so many Pepper's ghosts. This was a grave breach of discipline. Captain E—— buckled on his claymore, and, assisted by his Lieutenant and the Surgeon-Major, who was with us, opened the proceedings. They were brief. There were no witnesses. The sentries could offer no explanation; they had heard nothing; they were pacing in front of the tent, how could they tell what was going on at the back? The "scoondrels maun have crawled oot on a'-fours, like lizards." The sentries were put under "stoppages." The sergeant of the guard, a worthy old soldier, was told he was admonished. As for the truants, there was no resource but to wait till they turned up.

"Hang the louns!" said E——. "They know I cannot flog them, and I cannot well send them to solitary confinement. 'Twould be heaping extra duty on their comrades. I must only threaten to have them tried by regimental court-martial when we rejoin headquarters, and keep them within the lines, and set them to do the dirty work of the camp in the interval. As for the sergeant of the guard, I am sorry for him. He is a careful man, and one of the few veterans of Ashanti left to us now."

Shortly after the "quinine parade," which showed an excellent state—only four unfit for duty, and we had brought down thirteen invalids—the truants turned up, sheepish, foot-sore, and hungry. They were consigned to the quarter-guard, and the sergeant made sure of their custody by strapping them with ropes to the bottom of the centre pole.

"They 've had more drink," said Captain E——; "it puzzles me how they manage to procure it, and they not knowing a word of the *bat*."

The day passed pleasantly, the men keeping under cover during the strong heats, and in the gloaming we had some improvised athletic sports. The tootling of a flute provoked the reel of Tullochgorum; and a spelling-bee was organised under my presidency, to the immense enjoyment of a circle of laughing soldiers. I was in the act of deciding a question as to the orthography of the word "borough," which had cropped up between a pawky Dumfriesman and a brawny chiel from Inverness, when a shouting and shuffling from the quarter-guard drew our attention that way. The tent had collapsed, and the canvas, undulating like the billows of a theatrical ocean, was spread over the half-smothered kicking prisoners. They had had a little difference of opinion, and in the attempt to settle it had brought the flimsy structure toppling about their ears.

"Gin ye try to break bounds the nicht," said the sergeant of the guard, sternly, as soon as the captives were disengaged, "the sentry has orders to fire on ye, an' he winna fire wi' blank."

The tent was set up anew, and the three bad boys were lashed once more to the pole by the time Roy had begun to play the tattoo. As he wound up with the lingering cadences of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," the wail of the pathetic tune came streaming on the night air from the scrubby eminence over a nullah some quarter of a mile off.

"D'ye hear yon, Angus?" said a private. "What can it be?"

"What can it be? 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie,' plain as a pike-staff."

"That's aisily explained," said Pat Sullivan (there were a few western and southern Irishmen in the 42nd), "if yez knew anything about science. It's an ayoho, I tell yez. They're common as blackberries in Killarney."

"An echo, ye bletherin' fule?" said Angus. "Everybody kens that a scaur canna play the pipes; besides, ye ken an echo cumes richt atap o' the music, and that didna begin till the tune was feenished."

"Mair like 'tis a warlock," hazarded a lance-corporal.

"Warlock yersel! Ye're clean daft, Sandy; as if the Turks ever had a warlock. Why, they're nae Christians."

"'Tis gey uncanny, whatever."

Roy, who had stood stock-still listening, played a few bars of the air again, and anew came the responsive wail.

The men were stupefied with amazement.

"'Tis weird," whispered Sandy, in an awe-struck voice. "The noo screechin' and skirling, and the noo like the thrum of a pigmy scraper's fiddle."

"Haud yer olishmaclaver, men, and turn in," cried the colour-sergeant.

"'Tis witches', fairies', or brownies' wark, an' I'm eerie," repeated Sandy, as he moved to the shelter of his *pal*. "I'm no afeard o' living man, but a ghaist I canna abide."

"Crass o' Christ about us," ejaculated Pat Sullivan; "mebbe 'tis a banshee."

As a matter of course, the singular incident formed topic of conversation among the officers, and the doctor, who was rich in folk-lore, spun us some supernatural yarns—not, he took care to add, that this was anything supernatural. It was explicable on perfectly rational grounds, like the mirage of the desert, cloud-visions at sea, showers of frogs and stones. It was an acoustic phenomenon, that was all, and he was flattered with the hope of arriving at its solution, and possibly contributing a valuable paper to the transactions of some scientific society at home.

"Whatever it may be," said E——, "I am pleased at one thing—'twill keep those carles within the lines after dark."

By some freemasonry the prisoners got an inkling of what was exercising the camp. They did not try to creep from the tent that night. With the succeeding sunrise, the discussion, which had been prolonged to the small hours under canvas, was renewed. There is a strong remnant of superstition in the Highland character, and it was admitted almost universally that a mischievous imp was weaving cantrips over the place. Some inclined to think

that it was the spirit of poor Sergeant M'Gaw was uneasy ; others that some Scotch laird who had been done to death in the fortress at the period of the Crusades was calling for vengeance to his countrymen ; but all agreed that the sign was of ill boding. There was a mystery to be unravelled ; something unlucky had happened or was about to happen. Over whom was mischief brooding—the captain, Roy, the prisoners, or the company at large ?

I own I had a bad night's rest. I started on my rude couch several times, but was reassured by the steady tramp of the sentry on his beat. Once I had a genuine fright. I could have sworn I heard a shaking of the soil, a stir of feet, a gurgle, and some moans of agony. Was this an earthquake and its sequel ? Such visitations were not unknown in Cyprus. I rose, stepped quietly to the entrance, and peeped out. All was still ; and I marked with satisfaction the kilted laddie walking to and fro on his post, his bayonet glistening in the moonlight. I came to the conclusion that I had been the victim of a delusion, stimulated by perturbed dreams and undue tendency of blood to the brain.

At breakfast my mind was relieved. I learnt that a pack of pariah dogs had made an onslaught on the officers' private stores, but had been caught *flagrante delicto* by a vigilant servant, who had made them eat stick. It was the final ululation of one of them which had alarmed me.

As evening approached, the men avoided the Turkish cemetery. At tattoo hour excitement was on the strain. All was normal till Roy wound up with "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," when, as on the preceding night, the notes were sent back, but this time from the shade of an olive-grove to the left. It was clear this was no echo, and the Highlanders went to rest more perplexed than ever, and convinced that the place was haunted.

Their talk was all of brownies, and bogles, and kelpies, of Nickie Ben and second sight, of "auld wives' tales," and such other idle nonsense. The impression was growing that the prisoners, in their midnight spree, had desecrated some tomb, and the feeling against them was bitter. The doctor had failed to probe the mystery, and was rather gratified that the sound had come from a different quarter, as it upset the acoustic theory which he had been unable to establish. Captain E—— said nothing ; he had his duty to carry out—the elucidation of the marvellous was no part of it.

The third night came ; excitement, made tremulous by a chill dread, was at its height. At twilight, precautions had been secretly taken to ascertain that no practical joker was at work, not that the Highlanders entertained any idea of the sort, but the hard-

headed English surgeon had his suspicions. Two men lay *perdu* near the position whence the sounds had first arrived, two behind the olive-grove, and two others were on the watch, like greyhounds on the leash, to rush whither the mysterious echo might lead them. As Roy finished the customary air, it was duplicated with extraordinary skill, but now from the midst of the cemetery. The two watchers bounded off, and caught sight of a gliding apparition in white, with high boots, curiously like a postilion playing the ghost in a table-cloth. One of them stooped for a stone, and was on the point of throwing it, when his comrade, who had an eye sharp as a *skian dhu*, arrested him in the nick of time, discovering that the appearance was that of a harmless Turkish woman. The sounds had abruptly ceased; the cemetery was as lone as it was mute.

I left the next morning for Nikosia, the chief town; and when I had the opportunity of inquiring about the Phantom Piper from my friends of the Black Watch, they told me, with a laugh, that I must have broken the spell, for that he had never deigned to favour them with a lilt after my departure.

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On Saturday, June 26th, of the present year, I attended the Scottish Gathering at Stamford Bridge. You may be sure that I was not far from the tent where the judges in the Pipe Competition, the Mackenzies, Cummings, Frasers, Gows, Stewarts, and my old friend, Macdonald Jeffrey, of the blood of Flora, who saved the young Pretender, sat in deliberation. There were artistic performers there, amateur and professional, from the land of the mountain and the flood, and a rare treat I had in pibroch, reel, and strathspey, sprightly fling and solemn lament. Close by me, and quite as much interested as myself, was a squat freckled man with frizzy iron-grey locks. He looked at me keenly, and, as he overheard my name from a saluting acquaintance, he stretched out his hand and exclaimed, "Don't you recollect me?—Cyprus—Todd—second mate of the——" and then the episode at Kyrenia leaped to my memory. "I'm awfully fond of pipe-music, though I *am* a cockney," he continued; "bit of an amateur myself, you know. These coves are very good at time and the grace-notes, but there's not one of them can come up to Roy, of the 42nd, at the fingering. I tried to imitate him, but I couldn't."

Mr. Todd had unconsciously stuck a pin into the wind-bag of the supernatural—even into the bellows of the Phantom Piper.



Toulon, Maritime and Military.

By F. G. WALLACE-GOODBODY.

Toulon is essentially a "war town," or, to express the term in the language most familiar to the inhabitants who use the expression, a *ville-de-guerre*. Without the permanent residence of a powerful squadron and the station of a considerable garrison, without the arsenal and its thousands of toilers, the houses of business, the hotels, restaurants, and cafés of all kinds and classes, would gain a still more moderate existence than they actually gain with these powerful allies. Since the present state of Toulon is the theme, an individual intimately acquainted with this town would regret that the French Government, instead of wasting time, life, and treasure in unprofitable distant foreign enterprise (for which colonising exploits neither the French character nor army seem to be adapted), does not see the necessity of proceeding more vigorously with the sanitary works so long in contemplation, and promising at the present moment so little likelihood of completion. A great impetus given to such an undertaking would remove the chief obstacle to the erection of Toulon into a winter sojourn. This change would greatly increase the prosperity of the town.

Even as a "war town" Toulon, as it is not difficult to imagine, is better represented by the navy than by the army. Fourteen or fifteen ships of war of different dimensions are continually to be seen in the inner haven, or *petite rade*. Some of these vessels are justly esteemed by their admirers as ironclads, superlatively speaking, of the very first class. Allusion is made to such floating fortresses as the *Redoutable*, *Colbert*, and *Dévastation*. Previously to the late naval manœuvres, which successively took place here and on the Corsican coast, and in which operations so much importance was given to the torpedo, no less than forty-one vessels were assembled.

The army is not, as a rule, seen to so great advantage, numerically speaking. The garrison is not so large as many may suppose. Toulon being continually traversed by troops, either going or returning from abroad, it can hardly be said to possess any fixed garrison. According to the census taken in June last, the "municipal population" amounted to 57,635 inhabitants, whilst the "floating population" was estimated at 12,497 individuals. The troops were returning to Toulon from Tonkin at that moment, and were included in the latter total, as were the crews of the fleet, the regiments stationed at the time in Toulon, and every description of temporary sojourner, besides other factors unnecessary to mention here, entering into the complicated calculation of the census. All these deductions being made, it will be seen that the permanent garrison of Toulon is not a large one. The troops comprise infantry of the line, occasionally *chasseurs*, marine infantry, and artillery. Engineers are but rarely seen, whilst cavalry is still more conspicuous by its absence. After leaving Marseilles, the nearest cavalry regiment is stationed at Tarascon, in which poor, dull old town are permanent cavalry barracks.

Small and undiversified as is the Toulon garrison, it presents a surface as legitimately inviting criticism as that of any other town boasting a larger land-force—or, for that matter, as the whole French army itself.

It may not, perhaps, be inappropriate to offer a few remarks upon the present method of levying troops in France. A more vicious system than the conscription can hardly be conceived, whether it be considered in its bearing upon the quality of the bulk of the men composing the French army, in its influence on the prosperity of the country, or, finally, in its effect on public morality. In the first place, it is perfectly needless to say that the military profession is far from being to the *taste* of everyone, whilst it is not every man who even possesses the necessary *physical* qualifications for taking part in a campaign. The exemptions from military service are remarkably few in France, and in the immediate future are likely to be tolerated still less. Schoolmasters, and, as it has been mooted, even priests are to be rendered liable to compulsory service. The constitution of the French army is, therefore, most motley. Many of the recruits would be ignominiously rejected were they to present themselves before an English army surgeon. To be brief, the British military system, in the maintenance of an army of *professional* soldiers raised by voluntary enlistment, may be said to equal in its result

the careful weeding of a force raised by conscription. After withdrawing from the French army all the men physically or otherwise unfit, it would even then be open to doubt whether the residue would favourably compare with their English rivals. This sufficiently proves the inefficacy of the conscription as a military system, even if we ignore the fact that a study of the exploits of the greatest conquerors of ancient or modern times offers an exemplification of the superiority of a comparatively small, easily handled, and highly-trained force over vast numbers inferior to themselves in disciplinary perfection. Nowhere is this principle to be so remarkably observed as in an attentive perusal of the life of Alexander the Great. The Romans, generally, offer a striking example. The lives of Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Cæsar, Xenophon, and others, afford similar proofs. Modern times present the victories of Crécy and Azincourt, and, approaching still more our own era, several in the Peninsular War.

Secondly, the conscription in its effects upon commerce, agriculture, and upon business generally, is absolutely disastrous. As an example, a youth is early introduced into life, and brought into contact with his active fellow-creatures. Be he a gardener's boy, a shop assistant, a follower of a trade, or even a junior clerk in an office, he toils diligently, shall we say, up to the age of sixteen. At that mature period he at length realises the important fact, that four years later he will be called upon to draw by lot. In nine cases out of ten he considers further exertion, if not absolutely useless, at least unnecessary, and he either ceases to work altogether, or fulfils his daily duties lethargically, spasmodically, and without enthusiasm. Such a course appears to have some *raison-d'être* when we remember the fact that, at the age of twenty, he is abruptly summoned away from his home and from his pursuits, and peradventure, after drawing an unlucky number, finds himself liable to five years' compulsory service. After undergoing this term he emerges from the army (if he be still alive), having half forgotten the trade, if any, that he had formerly learnt, and probably vitiated by contact with those associates which are to be found in all armies. He then finds himself cast upon the world with all to recommence, and after having lost five of the most precious years of his life. It is true that during this interval he has figured as one of those millions of units presenting a formidable barrier to invasion, and in the defence of his country, whether his efforts have been peaceful or warlike, he has fulfilled the conditions comprised in the words *gloire et patrie*.

It is proposed to reduce the term of military service to three

years. This reduction, whilst palliating the evil to a certain extent, would greatly impair the efficiency of the armed French nation. It is also not improbable that, in the end, the endeavours of military war ministers or shcer politicians to render the *impôt du sang*, as it is horribly called, more palatable, and to reconcile the safety of the country with their own popularity and interests, would lead to disastrous consequences. Again, the drawers of lucky numbers incur but one year's abstraction from their normal pursuits, and under certain contingencies are permitted to select their regiments. Occasionally the artillery is chosen. The peer who once observed that a longer period was necessary for the complete formation of a good gunner than for the perfecting of a bishop, would be pardoned if he opened his eyes somewhat wide on beholding a consummate artilleryman of one year's experience. It is somewhat amusing to notice the subterfuges, manœuvres, and ingenuity generally to which the French conscripts have recourse to lighten the burden of their slavery. Some become *infirmiers* or hospital nurses, of which there are a prodigious number. Others become "orderlies," &c. &c. A case came before the public in France recently, in which a certain count and large landed proprietor was accused, with others, of inducing one of his grooms to serve in his place and to bear his patron's name. Military offences, and crimes committed whilst serving with the colours, are punished with unexampled severity in France, sentences of twenty years' imprisonment being not rarely given. It may be said with some justice that such criminals are the worst subjects, and would not have been worthy members of society in any sphere; but, on the other hand, there still remains the fact that the inducement to crime might not have presented itself in civil life.

Thirdly, as affecting public morality the conscription invites much criticism. The term "*jeunes gens*," as applicable to young men, is proverbial throughout France. The denizens of many towns inform the inquirer that "the young people are very bad here." The cause does not appear to be known to the utterers. Allusion has already been made to that age upon the attainment of which the young Frenchman sees the conscription looming in the future. A closer inspection is productive of idleness and of all that it drags in its train. The crowd of young loafers in all French towns are assiduous frequenters of *cafés*, disturbers of the night, and, in many cases, lead questionable existences. The latter feature is particularly to be observed in the south of France, where the climate is conducive to rapid maturity.

It is to be fervently hoped that a military system of this description will not be hastily introduced into England.

An inspection of the troops at Toulon would represent them as being well cared for as far as diversity of costume is concerned, the climate in the summer permitting indulgence in many contrivances to resist the heat of the sun. In England we rarely, if ever, behold, even in the hottest season, regiments clothed in white cotton trowsers, with shades of the same material to the shako. The general attire, however, of the French linesman is still ugly and inappropriate. The skirts of the tunic are too long and voluminous, whilst the trowsers are bagginess itself. The uniforms throughout the whole army are about to undergo some important modifications, although it is to be feared without losing the inseparable national characteristics. It is strange that so revolutionary a nation as the French should not only preserve the antiquated shako, but also that their exalted military representatives should at this moment be introducing a modification of that head-gear, absolutely overwhelmed, in the case of the officers, with gold lace, a gigantic *pompon*, and other useless and frivolous ornamentation. The shako in question has not yet been distributed, but is exhibited in the shop-windows of the principal military hatter in Toulon.

The uniform of the Gendarmes, which force is represented by five brigades at Toulon, is also about to be altered. The hideous cocked hat is to be abolished for ever, and to be replaced by a superb brazen helmet. A dolman of a new type is also to be introduced, whilst the white aiguillettes are to be retained. The British tourist may, perhaps, in the course of his future railway peregrinations throughout France, regret the absence of the familiar head-dress so intimately connected with the tall, scowling warrior to be observed at every French station,* whilst many are disposed to consider that to the obsolete cocked hat in question is to be attributed much of that awe inspired in the breasts of delinquents at the appearance of the Gendarmerie. Be this as it may, the Gendarmerie are a *troupe d'élite*, and are by far the most efficient military force in the country. The change in their uniform is to be directly attributed to General Boulanger. The mysterious designs fathered with or without foundation on this military sphinx, offer a striking argument in favour of the posts of First Lord of the Admiralty and Minister of War being filled by non-professional men—even under a constitutional monarchy.

* Railways in France being State undertakings, a gendarme is present at each station to witness the arrival and departure of all trains.

Without detracting from the undoubted sterling merits of the French soldier, both officers and men, like Falstaff, may be said to be fondly attached to the pomp and panoply of war, although, unlike Shakspeare's hero, they are not averse to the more serious aspects of belligerency. But a short time since, a detachment of barely 200 men was seen proceeding along the Boulevard de Strasbourg at Toulon, preceded by a band of nearly fifty instrumentalists, exclusive of numerous drummers and trumpeters, the whole being headed by a tall drum-major reminding the spectator of the palmy days of the Empire. Occasionally both orchestra and drummers and trumpeters played in unison. The detachment was accompanied by no less than six mounted officers. The enormous space separating the band from the rank and file was occupied by three mounted officers, two of whom maintained a respectful distance from their chief. It would seem to be a matter of utter impossibility for a French officer to ride with his sword sheathed, even on the most ordinary occasions.

A contemplation of the French officers assembled upon certain occasions in the Place d'Armes at Toulon, somewhat encourages the belief that, as a rule, they are more gentle and less stiff in their usual bearing than their English *confrères*. That rigidity of bearing so characteristic of the British soldier, be he officer or private, is only observed in France in the case of the Gendarmerie.

The French soldier is becoming somewhat addicted to intemperance—a vice to which such a town as Toulon, where *buvettes* and *cafés* are innumerable, offers especial temptations. On the other hand, however, it may be doubted whether British troopers would be able to wear their sabres on all occasions with the same peacefulness as the French cavalryman or artilleryman.

A remark in connection with the French army which an observer must particularly apply to Toulon, it would be a mistake to overlook. Reference is made to the reception given to the French troops by the population on the return of the former from a distant expedition, such, for instance, as the recent Tonkin war. Whatever may be the devouring enthusiasm excited within the French breast by the sight of the national heroes on a great political anniversary, as, for example, at the review at Paris on the 14th of July last, on ordinary occasions the population behold the passage of the military representatives of their nation with indifference. Nowhere was this truth so manifest as lately at Toulon. Troops proceeding to or returning from Tonkin were seen to embark or to disembark without exciting any but the most ordinary attention. No massed bands, as in England, precede the triumphal departure

or arrival. A regiment marching along the streets is rarely, if ever, followed by a mob of idlers. This phenomenon may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the few idle men who are not actually in the ranks have either recently left the army or are soon about to enter it. Neither the prospect nor the retrospect are creative of enthusiasm. The motley and unsoaped crowd invariably to be seen escorting an English regiment is a factor unknown in France, whilst *désœuvrés* of a similar stamp who could show no clearer title to be considered industrious members of society would attract the somewhat undesirable notice of the police.

To render thorough justice to Toulon, the town should be approached from the sea, although the finest panoramic view is to be obtained from the battery of Salut.

The mariner coasting along the Mediterranean bathing the departments of Alpes Maritimes and Var finds himself involved, as he nears the latter, in the whole system of coast defence culminating in the port of Toulon. On his left are the islands of Hyères, dotted at intervals, as is the mainland, by numerous forts. The most important of these islands is Porquerolles, either with respect to population, activity, or to the formidable nature of its defences. Some of the forts, it is true, are obsolete, and are about to be demolished, but not before they will have been replaced by new batteries and redoubts, admirably constructed, and situated upon one of the most inaccessible heights of the island. This fort, or rather vast system of concealed earthworks, whilst being able to inflict incalculable damage upon all that might venture within its reach, is, in its own turn, safeguarded from molestation. It is true that a hostile fleet approaching Toulon from Italy, for example, might avoid this formidable obstacle by deviating considerably from its course, and by swooping directly down upon Toulon from the open sea.

Passing through the moderate expanse separating Porquerolles from the peninsula of Giens, the traveller finds himself within the *rade*, or gulf, of Giens. Cape Cépet will next attract his view. This headland forms the utmost extremity of the peninsula of the same name. Cépet, together with the peninsula of Siciér, constitute the southern boundary of the deep bay forming the outer, or greater *rade*, or haven, of Toulon. Upon entering the great *rade*, the hospital of Saint-Mandrier is seen on the left. On the right of the great *rade*, but near the narrow entrance leading to the Lamalgue lesser haven, or *petite rade*, is Cape Brun, in the vicinity of which is Fort Lamalgue. Continuing her progress, the vessel passes between two headlands, or, more properly speaking, points

of land, and finds herself within the *petite rade*. In this admirably-situated bay, one of the most secure in the world, is stationed the French ironclad fleet of the Mediterranean. On the western border of the *petite rade* is the town of La Seyne, famous for its ship-building works. These works, which may be conducted on a large scale, are considered by their admirers to be some of the finest in the world. The whole of the *petite rade* has yet to be traversed, and still the traveller can hardly be said to be in Toulon. A very narrow passage, defended by a fort termed the *grosse tour* (and in which are some remarkable subterranean dungeons), connecting the *petite rade* with the port itself, must then be passed through, whereupon the houses built on the quays suddenly burst upon the mariner's view. It will be seen, from the above brief description, how inaccessible is the situation of Toulon, and how wonderfully nature, strengthened by art, contributes to its protection from aggression. On the land side the defences are, if possible, still more formidable.

The deep bay, or triple succession of bays, upon which Toulon is built, are dominated upon the north by lofty mountains forming a natural shelter. On the adjacent heights strong forts and batteries are planted. These formidable defences are connected with the town by strategical roads most skilfully traced. The principal of these forts is placed upon the extreme summit of a mount rising to a great elevation, and is distinctly perceptible from the hills surrounding Hyères. The guns from this, and from neighbouring batteries, are capable of sweeping the high road (lying on the east side) leading to Italy, the invaders, it is presumed, having already successfully forced the defences at Antibes, and those protecting Nice.* Finally, Toulon is commanded on the west by the mountains forming the gorges of Ollioules. From these additional remarks, the most inattentive reader will perceive how greatly the possession of Toulon is cherished by its owners, and how greatly it would be coveted by an invader.

The mural defences of Toulon have been much improved and augmented since 1855, the old ramparts having been replaced by a new *enceinte*.

In a commercial sense, Toulon is but the tenth port in France, but in a "military" point of view it is the second, priority being naturally conceded to Brest.† For this reason, and also for the

* General Boulanger, upon the occasion of his visit, in September last, to the South-Eastern Frontier, inspected the following forts defending Nice:—Tête-de-chien, des Adrets, la Drette, and Bevera.

† Geographically considered, Cherbourg is more important.

purpose of fulfilling the condition implied by the title of this article, the port of Toulon will now be treated strictly in accordance with its position as a maritime centre.

The Genius of Navigation, a bronze statue to whom is erected in front of the *cariatide* of Puget, forming the entrance to the Hôtel de Ville, would seem to preside over the whole of this place, and to minister unto its destinies. The streets swarm, as do the restaurants and other houses of public entertainment, with naval uniforms betokening every rank and degree. The most cursory observer could not fail to be struck by the appearance of the French sailors as a body, as they are seen in Toulon, nor to own that they are a fine assemblage of men. Their aspect would almost create an argument in favour of the conscription, which applies to the navy as well as to the army, if we were to permit ourselves to be misled by mere externals. The candidate for the navy embarks upon his career at the same age as his brethren for the army, namely, at that of twenty. Strange as it may appear, the tallest men, as a rule, are selected to man the French *Marine*, so that the crews present a marked contrast to the short, thick-set, although more powerful men so familiar to visitors to a British man-of-war. The conscription is as faulty when applied to the navy, and offers as many disadvantages as the same system when applied to the land forces.

Men of twenty are cast upon an ironclad, and are constrained to learn their profession without any previous training. It must be obvious that sailors so formed could hardly compete with men accustomed to the duties of a seafaring life from the early age at which boys are admitted on board the *Goliath*, *Chichester*, and *Warspite*. The limbs, for all purposes necessitating activity, have partially stiffened at the age of twenty; the muscles are less obedient to the will. Again, in the training of the French sailor there enters too much of that principle more strictly appertaining to the army. This peculiarity is to be observed both in officers and men. The French sailor, in fact, to a very great extent, lacks that distinctive nautical characteristic so remarkable in the British sailor, and which will always entitle the latter to superiority. The French sailor, unlike his brother of the British confraternity, is not a member of a race, "à part," but still is distinguished from his countrymen by a certain hardihood, and by an easy, careless bearing tutored by the seas. On the other hand, the British sailor excels in *seamanship*, notwithstanding the universality of naval improvements and inventions, which, at first sight, would seem to equalise all nations of any maritime pretensions.

With respect to the marine infantry (*infanterie de marine*), no standard is exacted, and they suffer somewhat in appearance by contrast with the sailors. Neither in physique nor bearing are they to be compared with the Royal Marines.

The same remark may be applied to the French naval officers as to the men under their command. As a rule, they bear too great a resemblance to "landsmen." Many are elegant, well-set-up men, upon whom ladies would not gaze with indifference in a drawing-room.

The French navy has made great progress, under the Republic, in efficiency; but the result attained hardly deserves such fulsome praise as is displayed in the following sentence. Vice-Admiral Lafont, in his recent deposition before the "Commission of the Budget," after stating that the French naval officers, in capacity and valour, would seek rivals in vain, encroaches upon the realm of hypothesis, and concludes with the following statement:—

"If we were called upon to sustain a naval war against any other nation, I should leave at the head of my squadron without the slightest anxiety, and I should not doubt for one instant of the success of our fleet, even had we to fight the fleets of those foreign Powers which at this moment have the reputation of being the most formidable."*

These eulogistic words, emanating from the lips of Vice-Admiral Lafont, are probably more intended for the digestion of his own countrymen than for the appreciation of foreigners. Frenchmen high in office are well acquainted with the foibles of the nation which they represent, and are not unaware that the national character easily lends itself to the enjoyment of exuberant praise.

To conclude, the pride of the French naval officer in his maritime resources is that of a man who suddenly, and, as it were, incomprehensibly, finds himself the member of a force to which a great impetus has of late been given.

What would chiefly excite the interest of the military visitor to Toulon would be the arsenal for which this port is justly famed.

The maritime arsenal is not only the principal industrial establishment in the town itself, but also in the whole department of Var. Strictly speaking, there are three arsenals in Toulon, named severally the Maritime Arsenal, the Arsenal of Castigneau, and the Arsenal of Mourillon.

The Maritime Arsenal was built in 1680, according to plans drawn up by Vauban, and occupies, with the Arsenal of Castigneau,

* Depositions of Vice-Admiral Lafont and of Rear-Admiral Brown de Colstoun before the "Commission of the Budget" (July 1886).

which adjoins it, a total surface of 270 hectares. The different establishments which these two arsenals comprise extend over a line of 8 kilomètres in length, and were erected at a total cost of £6,400,000. About 18,000 men are employed in the Toulon arsenal.

The "maritime arsenal" is an arsenal in the strictest sense of the term, if by the word is to be understood a repository of things requisite to war. Castigneau is a magazine, whilst the arsenal of Mourillon consists of a series of docks, or *fosses*, filled with seawater, for the purpose of preserving wood intended for the construction of ships.

Ship-building itself can also be carried on in this arsenal.

Although the arsenal of Castigneau contains one of the largest foundries in France, together with forges and workshops, much space is devoted to the marine bakery, the ovens in which, to the number of twenty, are capable of producing 60,000 rations of bread per diem. In this arsenal is also to be found a store, or magazine, replete with every description of tools or implements, as well as the *magasin général des subsistances*. Castigneau is built upon piles, and extends along the *rade* for a distance of 5 kilomètres, reaching almost to La Seyne.

In the "Maritime Arsenal" a vaulted gallery, 320 mètres in length by 20 mètres in breadth, is devoted to the manufacture as well as to the storage of ropes. In the department destined for the forges is to be observed a huge hammer weighing 2,500 kilogrammes, set in motion by steam, and serving to forge or to repair those greater masses of iron brought into use for the construction of the largest steam-ships. In the *salle d'armes*, besides sculptural representations of Bellona and Fame, statues to some of the principal French naval heroes are to be seen, such as Tourville and Jean Bart. In the department devoted to models duplicates of all the weapons in use in the Marine Artillery are manufactured.

There is one famous institution which, although no longer existing, it would be impious to pass over unnoticed, the more so as but a few years since it was situated within the precincts of the Maritime Arsenal, and also because it was an establishment familiar to all whenever the name of Toulon was mentioned. Reference is made to the old *bagne*, or convict prison.

The convict prison of Toulon was founded by Colbert in 1682, and was not evacuated until 1873. It was situated upon the quay overlooking the smaller *rade*, and was composed of one vast edifice, to which was attached a hospital, the whole being built in the form of an acute angle.

The period of 191 years during which this melancholy establishment existed would seem to have left its impress upon the whole resident population, whilst the atmosphere formerly breathed by many thousands of unfortunate wretches would appear to refuse to be dispelled, and to hover over the devoted town like a curse. A city cannot receive within its bosom as sojourners the scum and feculence of society, as it is termed, without ineffacable traces being left behind. The descendants of many of these men are still living in and about Toulon. The indelible stain is stamped upon the very physiognomies of the lower orders, whilst its invisible magnetic and mysterious influences would seem to affect the dealings of the upper sections. Toulon lawyers, for instance, are justly famous for their astuteness and for that marvellous faculty which they possess of extracting blood from a stone.

Although the convict prison has disappeared, Toulon, as a species of compensation, has been visited for the last two years by a pest of an equally fatal and agonising description.

Brief allusion has already been made to the hospital of Saint-Mandrier. This institution, which is beautifully situated upon the borders of the sea, is so named after the ancient bishop of the old Gallo-Roman town of Pomponiana, the site of which the learned place on the peninsula of Giens. The Hôpital de la Marine lies within the town, and was built in the time of Louis XIV. by the Jesuits. Both these hospitals are intended strictly for the reception of patients appertaining to either of the forces; but during the great choleraic epidemic of 1884, they were thrown open indiscriminately to the civil population.

Toulon was known to the Romans under the name of *Telo-Martius*. Notwithstanding this title, the place was more famous in the time of the latter people for its devotion to the arts of peace (dying in purple being practised there) than for the warlike reputation which it afterwards attained. Even at so comparatively late a period as the reign of Francis I., Toulon had not yet gained any great degree of importance. In 1524 the town was taken by the traitorous Constable De Bourbon, who entered the place at the head of Charles V.'s troops.

The first serious efforts undertaken for the improvement of the port of Toulon were due to Richelieu; but the rise of its future dates in reality from the times of Louis XIV. During the two following reigns, however, it fell greatly in importance, being almost entirely eclipsed by Brest. At the outbreak of its Revolution the town experienced many vicissitudes. In 1798 the Convention placed Toulon under the Ban, and the Royalists threw

open the *rade* and the port to the British. In the meantime the Republican army laid siege to the town, and succeeded in entering. The British admiral, Sydney Smith, before retiring, burnt the shipping in the harbour, but failed in a similar attempt to destroy the arsenal.

At the present moment Toulon, comparatively speaking, may be said to be in a prosperous condition. The general total of the population, as produced by the census of 1881, amounted to 70,103 inhabitants. The census of 1886 has given 70,132. The population has therefore increased by 29. The parity of numbers is singular and noteworthy. Thirteen hundred persons (a very moderate computation) fell victims to the two choleraic epidemics of 1884 and 1885, whilst at least an equal number have forsaken the town.

The importance of Toulon lies in a future which may not be very distant. Cherished by its possessors, it is equally coveted by its neighbours, and will always be the prize of the stronger.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER I.

A DEED OF BLOOD.

NOT long before the Indian Mutiny of 1857 Richard Whitby, a man about thirty years of age, was a captain in the 88th Regiment N.I., then quartered at Delhi. He was staying with his brother, who commanded a battery of artillery at the station of Meerut. Richard Whitby, though an ardent soldier, and one who had served in the first Afghan war, employed his leisure hours in the study of natural history. At some little distance from Meerut there is a grove of trees, containing sundry small temples and mausoleums, which last cover the bones of holy men of past generations. These buildings are erected on the edge of an ornamental piece of water.

Whitby was wandering one evening, at dusk, in this grove, for the purpose of securing a specimen of a rare species of owl which he had observed in this semi-deserted locality. In order to obtain this bird of night he was crouching in the shade of an old edifice, with his gun ready in his hand. Suddenly there emerged out of the darkness one of those hideous-looking objects known in India as fakirs. The man looked scarcely human, and was a stunted dwarf, strangely deformed, but yet apparently of great strength. His long ill-kempt hair flowed over his shoulders, his head was covered with ashes, while the only clothing he wore was a leopard-skin mantle. Whitby knew that this wretched creature had a great reputation for sanctity, and was credited by the ignorant with the possession of supernatural powers. He saw the man enter the low-browed doorway of a ruined temple, and almost simultaneously with his disappearance therein Whitby heard the most heartrending shrieks and screams. The voice was that of a woman, seemingly in great terror. Then came the ringing report of a rifle, and all was still!

Whitby jumped to his feet, and in another moment he had en-

tered the temple. He found himself in a small chamber massively built of cut stone, with an arched roof, and lighted by one single lamp. By its dim rays he could see a young and beautiful Indian woman, evidently terror-stricken, and trembling like an aspen-leaf. The body of the fakir was lying on the ground at her feet, and from a wound in his side the blood was slowly trickling. There was yet a third figure, that of a tall handsome young Englishman, in the uniform of the 200th Regiment: who had a gun in his hand, and it appeared evident that he had been the assailant of the ascetic. Whitby looked at the Englishman, whose countenance was greatly agitated by rage and excitement.

"You coward!" he exclaimed. "How dared you fire on an unarmed man?"

The soldier, still beside himself with anger, answered: "He was a brute, and deserved to be shot like one! But I did not mean to kill him! He first attacked me with a dagger!"

Just then was heard the sound of trumpets recalling the soldiers to barracks, and the man hastened from the temple unobserved by Whitby, who was leaning over the prostrate body of the fakir with the humane intention of rendering what assistance he could. But he found that the man was dead—shot through the heart. The dagger he would have used was still clenched in his hand.

Whitby addressed the young woman, but, though he spoke Hindostani perfectly, she either did not or would not understand him. He then left the temple with the intention of proceeding at once to the police, to give notice that this crime had been committed, and to secure the offender. Whitby was exceedingly indignant, knowing that the wanton murder of a man of such great local influence would be much resented by the population, and he deeply regretted that the culprit was an English soldier. He knew, of course, that offences of this kind were extremely rare, but his was a nature that detested anything that might appear like the oppression of the weak by the strong. He reported the matter to the proper authorities, and then returned to his brother's house to dinner.

Whitby was not by any means a ladies' man, and his brother was a confirmed old bachelor. The "gup" of the station seldom reached them; still they had heard in a vague way of the charms of two new belles, Florence Rawley and Eleanor Wake, but, living much out of society—feminine society, at least—they had no personal acquaintance with these ladies.

Two days after the murder of the fakir the brothers saw a carriage, in which some ladies were seated, drive through their grounds

and draw up at their hall-door. Such an unprecedented event in their existence occasioned the two recluses no small surprise. They thought there must be some mistake till a servant brought them three ladies' cards, on which were respectively inscribed the names "Miss Rawley," "Miss Wake," and "Mrs. Coots." With the latter lady they were slightly acquainted; she was the wife of the Paymaster of the 200th Regiment.

Two pretty girls, chaperoned by the matronly Mrs. Coots, now entered the ill-kept and roughly-furnished sanctum of the bachelors' abode, which had never before been trodden by such fairy feet.

Only one of the ladies seemed thoroughly at ease: this was Florence Rawley, a sweet-looking young girl. Miss Wake, a tall, handsome brunette, was much disturbed, and even Mrs. Coots appeared to be strangely agitated.

Florence was the spokeswoman of the party, and she plunged at once into the matter in hand.

"Captain Whitby," she said, addressing the younger brother, "we are told that you are going to prosecute Henry Brown—one of our men. Is this absolutely necessary? Could you not let the matter drop?"

Whitby looked with amazement at the exceedingly pretty girl who made this strange request of him. But the unimpressionable naturalist merely answered, in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Oh! Then the villain has confessed? I did not know his name, and was not even certain to which regiment he belonged."

"Then," said Miss Wake, "we trust to your honour not to make use of the information we have so unwittingly given you."

Whitby turned and looked at Eleanor Wake, and thought he had never seen a lovelier countenance. She was tall and slender, her complexion colourless but beautifully white. She had brilliant dark eyes, with very finely arched eye-brows.

"You place me in a very difficult position," he answered. "It is certainly my duty to bring this criminal to justice."

Eleanor's small mouth quivered with emotion, and the tears welled into her exquisite eyes.

"Have you realised the fact," she said, "that the dead man's wife wishes the affair to go no further? She is of respectable family, and being dragged into a police-court would be the ruin of her reputation according to Eastern ideas."

"No," said Whitby, "I had not thought of the matter in that light; but I cannot see that her prejudices should prevent justice being done."

"Then, also," pleaded Florence, "Henry Brown's old mother

is the best of women. If her son is hanged, or even imprisoned, the disgrace will certainly kill her."

"A criminal's family, in such cases, is always to be pitied," said Whitby; "but still the offender must be punished."

"You will at least promise not to use the information you accidentally obtained from us?" continued Florence.

"I promise that," he answered, gravely.

The ladies talked for some time, using such reasons as they thought convincing; but Whitby was not to be turned from his intention of seeking out the man. The argument he found most irresistible was Eleanor's bursting into tears, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. The interview was becoming exceedingly painful to the brothers, yet the ladies seemed to show no intention of going away. How much longer they would have remained is uncertain; but seeing fresh visitors arriving in another carriage, they hastily took their departure, to the great relief of the gentlemen.

The Whitbys recognised the new arrivals, who were a Major Page and his daughter Louisa, very old and intimate acquaintances of theirs, although they had never before been honoured by a visit from Miss Page.

The Major was an old, eccentric, half-crazy retired officer. As to the lovely Miss Page, Meerut society was rather severe upon her. Ill-natured people called her "the Griff's delight"; more envenomed tongues spoke of her as a "garrison hack," and she was even irreverently nicknamed "Unlimited Loo"! She had been mainly educated in India, and the Whitbys had known her from her babyhood.

Major Page's principal craze was that the signs of the times were pointing to an universal kingdom; and having an idea that the elder Whitby was a man open to conviction, as soon as he had entered the room he started talking upon his incoherent hobby.

After airing his notions about the "White Horse of the Book of Revelations" with all the energy of firm belief, he continued:

"I tell you, Whitby, people know nothing—absolutely nothing! But I will educate them—from the atomic law up to the millennium! They think they know everything; but they must all have their noses brought to the grindstone"; and the Major rubbed his prominent crimsoned nasal organ violently with his withered old hand.

While he was thus rambling on, Miss Page went up to Richard Whitby.

"Come into the garden. I want to speak to you privately," she said.

They left the Major still holding forth to John Whitby, and went into the garden. Directly they were alone, Louisa said, pettishly:

"Why did those girls and that woman, Mrs. Coot, come here?"

Whitby felt that it would be a breach of confidence to disclose the purport of their visit, and therefore made a vague diplomatic answer.

"Do you think the girls pretty?" continued Louisa. "I do not."

"I consider Miss Wake beautiful," he answered.

"Oh," she laughed, "there's no accounting for taste! She is like a Maypole, and reminds me of the mathematical definition of a straight line—length without breadth! People rave about Miss Rawley, too. I don't admire her in the least. But, look here!" suddenly changing her tone, "is it true that you are accusing a man of the 200th Regiment of murder?"

"I accuse him of homicide, certainly! Whether it was justifiable or not, a jury must decide."

"I think it very silly of you to meddle with what does not concern you," she answered.

"But," he retorted, "surely it concerns you less?"

"It concerns me very much," said the girl, turning red. "If you get that poor man hanged you will do me a great injury."

"Why, how can that be?" he said. "What harm will it do you?"

"Because—because—I know I can trust you, Dick—he is the only man I have ever, or shall ever, care for."

"Nonsense," said the amazed Whitby, who well knew that the fair Louisa's love affairs were perennial. "Besides, *you*—in love with a private!"

"He is a gentleman by birth, and may be a rich man some day."

"Well, from what I saw of him, I should say he is an unmitigated scoundrel."

"No, he is not. There is something peculiar—I call it ruffianism—about him, but that is what I like him for."

"*There's no accounting for tastes*," retorted Whitby. "I should pity his wife!"

Louisa turned and looked very keenly at him.

"Then you would be wrong, Dick," she said. "That man has

his faults, he has an uncontrollable temper, but he would give you his last sixpence."

"I have generally observed," said Whitby, coolly, "that *that* sort of person never has sixpence to give."

"But," she pleaded, "will you drop this prosecution?"

"No," answered Whitby.

"Then," said Loo, "I shall never forgive you—never!" and, like Eleanor Wake, she burst into tears, and they parted in anger.

This series of adventures left Richard Whitby very much perturbed in mind. Louisa's passionate tears and reproaches very little affected him, but the heartbroken look on Eleanor Wake's face he could not forget. Who was this man—this common soldier—who influenced women of such different types? That the high-caste Indian woman, the frivolous and worldly-minded Louisa, the confiding and child-like Florence, and last, but not least, the noble-minded Eleanor—should all appear to be interested in the fate of one man seemed an utter mystery.

However, Whitby was not a person to be easily turned from his purpose, and he considered it his duty to see that this case was investigated by the proper authorities. But, when the police looked into the affair, it was found that the body of the fakir had disappeared, and his wife, the only other witness of the tragedy, was not forthcoming. Also, when Richard Whitby was called upon to identify the culprit from among eight hundred men, most of whom seemed alike in expression of countenance, he found the task more difficult than he had expected. He felt it would be unjust to fix suspicion upon an innocent man, and when he remembered Eleanor's mournful, pleading eyes, and even Louisa's angry tears, he was almost glad that circumstances obliged him to act in accordance with these ladies' wishes.

Some little time passed, and Whitby had returned to his own regiment at Delhi, when one day he was surprised to receive a visit from an Englishman, the emissary of the Newaub of Doobghur. The gentleman's name was Sims, and he was a member of a well-known firm of solicitors in Calcutta. Mr. Sims informed him that some papers of importance belonging to the Newaub had been lost. These papers had been in the possession of the murdered fakir, whose death Whitby had witnessed, and there was every reason to believe that they were now in the hands of the (at present) unknown English soldier who had committed that crime. Mr. Sims hinted, with lawyer-like caution, that no harm was intended to this individual, for, if the papers were restored, no questions would be

asked. Could Captain Whitby help him in any way? Whitby answered, with soldierly bluntness, "that he knew nothing about the papers, and as for the scoundrel who had killed the fakir, he hoped that he would be hanged." He recommended Mr. Sims to make inquiries in Her Majesty's 200th Regiment at Meerut. The officers, he felt sure, would give him every information in their power, as it was impossible that the assassin could have utterly disappeared.

Mr. Sims inclined to the idea that this crime had been committed to obtain these papers; also, that the soldier was only the tool of others. However, there seemed to be a mysterious importance attached to the missing documents, the contents of which Mr. Sims was not authorised to divulge.

An element of anxiety had entered into Captain Richard Whitby's life. Was it possible that that beautiful and refined gentlewoman, Eleanor Wake, was in love with such a man as Henry Brown? Impossible! Then—was she in any way in his power? Louisa's extraordinary conduct, too! That girl was never over-scrupulous about speaking the truth. Was that heartless, selfish flirt really sincerely attached to a private?

Why had Brown murdered the fakir? For money? For papers? The shrewd mind of Whitby rejected the idea that plunder had been the man's object. He had seen on the soldier's face demoniacal rage and anger, but certainly neither craft nor greed.

He formed the resolve that, for Eleanor Wake's sake, he would find out the whole mystery.

CHAPTER II.

"UNLIMITED LOO."

ENSIGN BURKE, of the 200th Regiment, like most youths of twenty, was in love. The present object of what he called his "undying affection" was pretty little Florence Rawley, his commanding officer's only daughter.

Desmond Burke was a tall, handsome lad, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and golden hair, who was popularly known in his regiment as "Paddy." Possessing unfailing animal spirits, the sweetest temper, the lightest of hearts, this wild Irishman was an universal favourite, especially with the fair sex.

The Ensign was delighted when Captain Moore, of the 80th Hussars, said to him one morning:

"Come along, Paddy, and I will introduce you to Louisa Page.

"The fellows here call her 'Unlimited Loo,' which is rather a shame, for she is an awfully jolly girl. The father is an old lunatic—a rum card; but he made a lot of money in the Commissariat, so Loo is well gilded. Why don't you go in for her?"

"Oh! she wouldn't look at a poor beggar of an ensign like me; but I should like to know her."

They drove in Moore's smart mail phaeton, drawn by two fine bays, to the house of Major Page, which was in the Native Infantry Lines. It was a large thatched bungalow, situated in a well-kept garden bright with a mass of flowers. Moore handed their cards to the bearer, who, after a minute or two, returned, and, salaaming, said, "Miss Baba salaam do." They accordingly followed the servant through the entrance-hall into an elegant apartment.

Louisa Page was reclining in a low chair. She rose as they entered, and motioned her visitors to seats which the bearer placed for them.

"Miss Page," said Moore, "allow me to introduce Ensign Burke, of the 200th Regiment, to you."

She looked at Burke steadily for a few seconds with evident appreciation, for, like good Queen Bess, Miss Page had "a keen eye for a likely man."

"Mr. Burke and I do not meet quite as strangers," she said.

The Irishman felt that it was very stupid of him, but he could not remember ever having been introduced to her before.

"You are somewhat altered since I saw you last," she continued, addressing Burke, "but I do not think I am mistaken in thinking I met you in Dublin."

Burke smiled. Yes, he recollected Louisa Page as a demure little bread-and-butter miss, with neatly braided hair and shy, retiring manners, and now—— She was dressed in the latest extreme of a voluminous fashion, in a silky gauze of a light blue colour, while her flaxen hair curled round her lovely face and fell in studied carelessness on her shoulders. She had a pretty trick of pushing her curls behind her dainty ears whilst speaking. Three years before she had been a nice little school-girl, but now she was an enchantress. As she sat in the subdued light, tinted with pink from the window-curtains, Burke was struck with the harmony of the soft colouring of her hair, complexion, and costume, and the general picturesqueness of her surroundings. She was undeniably fascinating; her smile was charming, her grey eyes seemed alternately suffused in liquid tenderness, and sparkling

in joyousness, although there did not seem to be much depth of feeling in their expression.

"So you are going to get rid of us at last, Miss Page," said Moore. "Ah! we are all very melancholy at the thought of leaving, I assure you."

"Yet I have heard you and the other fellows abuse the place dreadfully," she said. "Perhaps it was because you couldn't think of anything else to say."

"We didn't know how well off we were. Now that we are going to say adieu to this station and Miss Page, perhaps for ever, we are all tremendously grieved."

"I daresay you won't remember me for one day after your departure."

"You say *that* because you know that you will forget us? Well, we are much obliged to you for having admitted us to the honour of your acquaintance. Fate snatches all our joy from us, but we'll endeavour to bear up as well as we can. But think of the old regiment sometimes, and don't let those fellows who are coming in cut us out entirely," said Moore, in a tone which might have been somewhat satirical; but she accepted his words seriously.

"I don't suppose I shall admit any of them to the 'honour' of my acquaintance, as you call it," she said. "Do you suppose I receive every gentleman who chooses to send in his card?" She smiled, and continued graciously: "Of course I shall always be glad to see Mr. Burke, whom I venture to consider an old friend. The slightest intimacy in the dear old country seems a bond of union when one meets in India."

"I am delighted that you have not forgotten Dublin."

"Oh! I am sure I shall never forget it. It is such a charming place! I paid a visit to Dublin, Captain Moore," continued the gushing young lady, apparently thinking that she ought to give him a turn of her favours, "and I saw Mr. Burke there!"

"By Jove—quite a romance altogether," said Moore. "Fate evidently brings you together again."

"Was not your cousin's name Carew?" she asked Burke. "You see I've an excellent memory; but, in truth, the sight of your name on your card recalled the event to my mind, and the other name came with it. But where is Mr. Carew? In England, I suppose?"

"No. He is on his way out to India. I am expecting him every day."

"Really, Mr. Burke, you astonish me! It certainly does seem

as if Fate had something to do with it all, as Captain Moore says. Well, I sincerely hope Mr. Carew will come here. I should be very pleased to see him again. By the bye, is he in the army?"

"Oh no!" said Burke. "He possesses a good estate in Sussex, and belongs to no profession."

On receiving this answer she made no reply, but turned to Captain Moore, and again led the conversation to his approaching departure and that of his regiment. She then allowed herself to be *persuaded* to present her portrait to their Mess photograph-book. As she rose to procure it she proved to be taller, and in possession of a more fully-developed figure, than might have been expected from her appearance when seated half-reclining on her chair. Her features, when in repose, looked less youthful than when she was smiling and chattering. At first she conveyed the impression of having quite a baby-face; but, on closer inspection, her features were seen to be strongly marked. The brow was heavy for a woman, and the nose and mouth were inclined to be coarse and cruel. Yet her face was, altogether, wonderfully handsome, and the undulations of her figure, as the flimsy folds of her long dress clung around it, were full of grace.

As they made their adieux she apologised for the absence of her father, and told Captain Moore that she hoped to see him again before his regiment left. Finally, she bid an exceedingly cordial good-bye to Burke.

"What an extraordinary renewal of acquaintance," observed Burke to Moore, as they drove away.

"So your friend Carew, whom she so well remembers, is a man of property, eh?" said Moore. "Ha!"

"Yes, he is very rich; and, now I remember, he was quite gone on Miss Page. He will be glad to renew his acquaintance with her."

A few days after his visit to the fascinating Louisa Page, Burke saw her cantering along the public promenade, with her light curls streaming in the wind, and her lithe figure swaying gracefully to the movements of her spirited little Arab. Two officers of Artillery, and another of the Staff, were in attendance on her, but he said to himself that Carew would have no difficulty in cutting them out, notwithstanding their gay jackets.

The following day he called upon her, and found her reclining under her punkah, pale, pensive, and dressed in white. She apologised for not rising as she motioned him to a chair with a gentle smile. She said she was suffering from headache, caused,

she supposed, by the increasing heat of the weather, which rendered it necessary for her to keep quiet.

"Perhaps I shall make it worse by talking to you?"

"Oh no, Mr. Burke, thank you. I have been so dull all day. A little talk will do me good."

"So you will soon lose all your friends in Captain Moore's regiment?"

"Yes," she replied, carelessly, "but I do not suffer overwhelming regrets on that account. Oh, Mr. Burke," she continued, "I want to ask you about the man who murdered that fakir. Has he been found?"

"No, but I am sure it was not one of our men. There is not such a blackguard in the regiment. But there's a fool of a lawyer now come from Calcutta to look into the affair."

Miss Page gave an involuntary little cry of alarm.

"What has he come for?"

"Oh, it seems there is some brute of a nigger swell mixed up in it. Maunders, my captain, saw the fellow Sims, the attorney. He had a long rigmarole about papers, but Maunders shut him up, and told him that none of the men of his company were thieves."

"Then you think the matter is ended?"

"Well, Sims is still poking about making inquiries, and that meddling fellow, Whitby, won't keep quiet. He called upon our C. O., old Rawley, who told him, in his usual polite manner, to 'go to the devil.' Now, if Whitby wasn't a really good fellow, I should think he had got those papers (if there ever were any) himself. We chaffed him at our mess about his detective craze, and he got into no end of a rage. So then our fellows settled there must be a woman in the case."

Miss Page looked ill at ease, and Burke could not help noticing it. "Unlimited Loo," false to her reputation, was no fun at all. She seemed to have exhausted her usual stock of lively sally and repartee. She said her headache was really very bad, so the gallant Ensign rose to take leave.

"Must you go?" she said, brightening up into vivacity. "I was so bored before you came. You will call again soon? Of course you are going to the farewell party the Station is giving to the Hussars at Sirdhana?"

"Yes. It will be an additional inducement to know that you are going. No party would be a success without Miss Louisa Page!"

"And, for my part, I should not care to go ten miles unless I were sure of meeting some *very* agreeable fellows. But mind you

let me know if anything turns up about that fakir business," she said, as she bade him farewell.

"Awful fetching girl, that!" soliloquised Burke, as he rode away. "But what can Unlimited Loo want to know about that murder for? She must have a taste for the horrible!"

CHAPTER III.

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER."

ENSIGN BURKE, with some other officers, was cantering gaily along, *en route* to the palace at Sirdhana, where the farewell entertainment to the Hussars was to be held. He was riding there in joyful anticipation of meeting his inamorata, Florence Rawley, and such was the fickle nature of the Ensign that he had altogether forgotten Louisa's existence. The 200th Regiment had not been long in India. They had come from England in a sailing-vessel round the Cape, a voyage of some six months or so, during which, in the occasional storms and long calms of the tropics, he had been thrown into the closest intimacy with the gentle Florence, and had fallen in love with her.

Burke and his friends had reached Sirdhana, and there, in the glorious clear moonlight, before them lay the city, the palace, and the tall cupola of a Roman Catholic cathedral, with several large gloomy buildings, the habitations of priests, monks, and nuns, all relics of the noted Begum Sombru, telling the romantic career of a woman who lived and died about seventy years ago, and who was first a slave, then a warrior, next a queen, and lastly, after long years, a bigoted convert of the Church of Rome!

But to return to our story. From the many windows of Begum Sombru's long-disused Italian-looking palace lights flashed, and the gardens were illuminated with variegated lamps.

Burke and his companions entered the lordly edifice, and went into a fine suite of rooms hung with oil-paintings of departed worthies.

In one of these great rooms dinner was laid on long tables, which were decorated with flowers and brilliantly lighted. There were a great number of persons present, and several ladies who had ridden over wore their riding habits. Burke was fortunate enough to get a seat at one of the tables, and found himself next to that eccentric person, Major Page, and his beautiful daughter. Louisa hailed him with a happy glance of recognition and introduced him to her father.

Major Page was a tall, well-formed, middle-aged man, with features not unintellectual-looking. But his mind, like an uncultivated garden, had run to seed, while a sunstroke, which had occasioned a severe fever, had partially deranged it. He was, however, sufficiently capable of performing his military duties, and, indeed, had made a considerable amount of money in the Hon. E. I. Company's service while on staff employment. In fact, he was sane enough in all practical relations of life till his head was fuddled with brandy pawnee, which was usually the case every evening.

Burke had hardly commenced his dinner when the Major introduced the topic of Old Testament prophecy, and informed him that a new kingdom, to be called the Kingdom of the Isles, was to be founded on the ruins of all existing European monarchies, and that he, Major Page, was its destined ruler.

The Ensign felt slightly nervous while dining next to this remarkable man, and he began to think that, although "Unlimited Loo" might be all that the most fastidious lover could wish, such a father-in-law would not be quite so desirable.

Miss Page did not talk, and Burke also was silent, so the Papa continued his favourite topic. In the news which he had received from the last batch of English newspapers he clearly perceived the commencement of the end of the existing state of affairs in the world. France and Italy were leagued against Austria, the other great Powers of Europe must soon be drawn into the conflict; the battle of Armageddon would be fought on the plains of Central Europe; and the Millennium, the reign of universal peace, would be inaugurated shortly after.

The lady did not appear to notice the lucubrations of her parent, whose belief in the grandeur of his destiny began to be intensified with each glass of wine he drank. At length he became quite incoherent, just as the Ensign, with the other guests, were leaving the table to proceed to the drawing-room, where he followed them, but, after muttering something about "cup-bearers" and "frankincense," he fell asleep on a sofa, and snored.

"Poor girl!" thought Burke, as he looked at Louisa, "what a hard time she must have with this half-drunken, half-crazy father! I only hope Carew *will* come, and take her to his ancestral domains. She would be an ornament to a ducal mansion!"

A military band was playing in the grounds, and after dinner most of the guests were wandering about the wilderness of orange-groves which surrounded the building, when Burke's delighted eyes caught sight of the slender figure of Florence Rawley walking alone.

in a broad-gravelled pathway. She appeared to be either uneasy in her mind, or anxiously expecting to see someone; for she first walked briskly for about a hundred yards, then she stopped, and sent searching glances into the distant glade. At length, just as she appeared to have made up her mind to resign the person she had expected, a quick step came behind her, and Burke exclaimed gaily:

"Good evening, Miss Rawley! I hope you have not been long waiting for me."

"Oh no," answered the young lady, holding out her little hand for Burke to shake.

"Then perhaps I have arrived too soon, and have put an end to some pleasant reverie? As I approached, you were so absent in mind that you did not hear me. Tell me, what were you thinking about?"

Florence hung her head a little, and said:

"The subject is not worth mentioning."

"It was not a pleasant subject, then?"

"I don't know," she said, blushing slightly.

"Oh, Miss Rawley!" said the Ensign, suddenly plunging into sentiment with a fervour worthy of the days of the Troubadours, "I hoped you were thinking of me! I should be so happy if I dared to think I ever entered into your thoughts."

"Do you ever think of *me*?" said the lady, softly.

"Do I? I'm *always* thinking of you. I can't get your pretty face and sweet voice out of my mind. I try to drive them out, but they will return, and fascinate my too-susceptible heart."

"How unkind to want to drive them out!"

"What business has a poor ensign, with only eighteen hundred pounds in the world besides his pay, to cherish such a lovely vision?"

"Have you really so much money? Why, how rich you are!"

"Don't chaff, Florence. It's cruel to be so satirical."

"But I wasn't satirical. Desmond, is not eighteen hundred pounds a large sum of money?"

"It would look a lot if piled up in a heap of sovereigns, but it only represents ninety pounds per annum at five per cent."

"Oh, Mr. Burke," said Florence, after a little pause.

"You called me Desmond just now," replied the gentleman, in an injured tone.

"Well, then, *Desmond*. I have a favour to ask of you. My cousin—I mean to say the cousin of an old acquaintance of ours, has enlisted as a common soldier in our regiment. He is in your

company, and I want you to do what you can for him," said Florence, earnestly.

"Certainly," said Burke. "I shall be only too happy to do anything for him, if in serving him I shall be serving you."

"His friends have bought his discharge, and papers are daily expected. Will you try and get leave for him to go at once?"

"I will do all I can," said Burke; "but you seem to take a deep interest in this young man."

"Oh yes, of course; that is to say, rather. You know he is the son of an old friend."

"Ah, exactly. By the bye, what's his name?"

"Henry—Henry Brown."

"Brown? Brown? Oh, I know. He is a gentleman—when he comes for his pay he always wears a clean shirt."

"Is that a sign of being a gentleman?" asked Florence, laughing. "But thank you very much. I am sure you will do all you can."

All opportunity for further confidential conversation between the young lovers was at an end. A short but erect soldierly-looking man came up to them. The most marked features of his face were a hooked nose and an immense white moustache. He walked with a firm, sounding footstep, and the stern expression of his keen blue eyes seemed the embodiment of military discipline. Burke felt an irresistible inclination to hide his tall figure behind a neighbouring bush, for the advancing figure was no other than his formidable commanding officer!

Florence was not in the least dismayed. She smiled sweetly in the old veteran's face, saying:

"Isn't it a glorious night, father dear? and isn't it a heavenly party?"

"Yes, yes, my dear; but it's getting late, and some of us have to be up at gun-fire—haven't we, Mr. Burke?—so we had better go home."

"Very well," she answered pleasantly.

Farewells were quickly spoken, and the old man whisked his daughter away from the gaze of the disappointed youth.

Burke thought, "Isn't it a beastly shame to take Florence away so soon"; and he wandered sulkily down the broad paths of the orange-groves. In the brilliant moonlight everything appeared almost as clearly as in the daytime, although the orange-trees here and there cast intensely black shadows upon the path.

The lovelorn Burke began to reflect that as he had been so cruelly deprived of Florence's agreeable companionship, the best

thing he could do would be to console himself with the society of Unlimited Loo, whose lively sallies were sure to be good fun.

What *was* a fellow to do who had been so utterly sold as he had been? He had hoped to have ridden home with Florence. Thank Heaven he could still enjoy the charm of female society, and he would try to escort the fair Loo instead. He re-entered the brightly-lighted palace, where some chaperons and other elderly people were playing whist. The Major still reposed upon the sofa in audible slumber. Burke searched through all the rooms, bowing pleasantly here and there to people he knew. He exchanged a few words with Miss Wake, Mrs. Coots, and Whitby, who was again in Meerut on leave; but he failed to see the tall striking form of Louisa Page.

Of course she was out in the gardens with some fellow or other! It wasn't Moore, of the 30th Hussars, however, for he was playing a rubber; so the ensign returned to the moonlit garden. He passed many happy groups of people, and many still happier men and maidens walking side by side, absorbed in each other's society.

He reached a remote and silent part of the grounds where the orange-grove was very dense. He could see no one, but from behind a cluster of bushes he heard a woman's shrill voice say, in tones of taunting anger:

"When is there to be an end to this idiocy? You must be mad to get into such disgraceful rows. You thundering fool! I don't care how much you injure *yourself*, but you have no right to drag others down with you. Why did you come here?"

Burke thought, "Some poor devil of a married man is catching it, and no mistake!" Then he heard the man so cruelly upbraided laugh—a cool, contemptuous laugh.

"Oh! you may laugh!" cried the vixen, "but it is no laughing matter."

"Then you won't help me?" said a man's voice.

"That I won't," she retorted. "You'll see no more of *my* money."

Burke, not caring to play the eavesdropper any longer, now commenced to whistle noisily. He heard the rustle of feminine garments as the woman, evidently startled, hastened away still further into the dense grove; and then in the moonlight, at a little distance, he saw a tall, powerful-looking figure rapidly crossing the path. By the momentary glimpse he obtained, he fancied the man was dressed in the uniform of a private of his regiment. "If so, what was one of our men doing here at this time of night?" he thought; and why the devil did he choose this place to quarrel

with that female Tartar? But, then, the Ensign reflected, he may be one of the band, or a mess sergeant; but what an enterprising virago that woman must be to come after him here! Mrs. Tommy Atkins is rather a caution.

Burke chuckled to himself as he thought of one of their regimental legends, which was as follows: A private who had got married was asked by his officer how he liked his new condition of life. The man replied: "Well, Sir, it's like this. Before I was married, Mary always used to say, 'Come in, my honey-suckle.' Now, before I enter, she shouts, 'Clean those hoofs of yours, you son of a ramrod!'"

Burke then strolled on. His persevering search was rewarded at last. He met Miss Page in the grounds, and accompanied her back into the palace. Her tall and well-proportioned figure showed to great advantage in her habit. She had elected to ride from Meerut, and had been escorted to Sirdhana by Captain Moore and a select party of the gallant hussars.

When the hour for departure came, Louisa, having stayed to a very late Bohemian supper, which none of the other ladies patronised, and where the men smoked, *sans gene*, said to Burke:

"I'll give you a lead 'cross country to Meerut! Some of those fellows, I think, will find it difficult to get home to-night."

It was a fine helter-skelter ride back. The country, as a rule, was a dead level, without hedges, and the only jumps were over small watercourses; Burke, who was himself a good rider, could not help seeing how particularly well Miss Page looked mounted, and how thoroughly at home she was in the saddle.

(To be continued.)

Our Liberty.

I.—*Our Sailors.*

With sturdy hand, and willing heart,
 Our fathers stemmed the wave ;
 They boldly sailed to every part,
 Though wind and sea might rave ;
 They fought as gallant seamen can,
 And won our rights at sea ;
 They nobly strove, and played the man,
 And gave us Liberty.

They won in many hard-fought fights,
 With hearts of stoutest steel ;
 They struck hard blows for England's rights,
 And laughed at cannons' peal ;
 They scorned in Honour's cause to lag,
 Or from a foeman flee ;
 They fought like men for England's flag,
 And died for Liberty.

II.—*Our Soldiers.*

The soldiers of our native land
 Have stood on many a plain,
 And proved the strength of Britain's hand ;—
 And will do so again.
 They marched wherever England's cause
 The rights of men would free ;
 They well defended England's laws,
 And bled for Liberty.

The strong-willed and heroic men
 Who did these deeds of fame,
 In English hearts live now, as then,
 The glory of our name.
 At Blenheim, Plassey, Waterloo,
 At Inkermann, Ghuznee,
 At Arcot, Albuhera too,
 They fought for Liberty.

III.—*Our Statesmen.*

And no less brave for England's good,
 While troops and sailors bled,
 Were those who high in council stood,
 And laboured with the head.
 Those honoured fathers boldly spoke,
 And spoke with majesty,
 They shrank not to command the stroke
 That won our Liberty.

The statesmen toiled, with eager brain,
 In keeping watch and ward ;
 Thank God ! they laboured not in vain
 Our island-home to guard !
 With strength of will, and patriot fire,
 Resolved our shield to be,
 Suppressing Party's rancorous ire,
 They saved our Liberty.

IV.—*Ourselves.*

And how shall we, their living sons,
 Preserve the gift they gave,
 And leave, as age or cycle runs,
 A name both wise and brave ?
 Shall we our children's heritage
 Diminish calmly see ?
 Or timidly, with senile rage,
 Be robbed of Liberty ?
 Or shall we boldly emulate
 Our fathers' deeds of yore,
 And sternly stand by hearth and State
 As they have stood before ?
 "Yes, yes !" a thousand times we cry,—
 Determined to be free,—
 "Better the patriot's death to die
 Than shame our Liberty."

FREDERIC PINCOTE.

“On Leave.”

THE Queen's Jubilee promises to be a great success, not only in London, but throughout the United Kingdom. At Portsmouth arrangements are being made for a great Naval Review at Spithead in June. The Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Admiral Sir George Willes, is entrusted with the drawing-up of the details. It is proposed to assemble the largest possible fleet, including the most modern ironclads, several of which will be ready for commission next summer, ships from Devonport and Chatham, as well as the Channel Reserve, and training squadrons, and a powerful flotilla of torpedo-boats. Indian troop-ships are to be reserved for Members of the Houses of Lords and Commons and distinguished spectators.

The closing of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition took place as announced, on the 10th November, without any State ceremony. This magnificent Exhibition will claim its niche in the history of the Victorian age as being without a parallel. Few, perhaps, excepting those who have been more immediately connected with it, have ever thought of what it represents—the wealth, the resources, the great future of the Greater Britain, the industry, the taste, the cordiality of the Colonists, their wish to make the Exhibition thoroughly representative, and practically to explain what Federation means. Over 5,500,000 persons visited the Exhibition, and the police ledgers afford the somewhat surprising, but very satisfactory evidence, that not more than a dozen of both sexes have been requested to leave the Exhibition.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales never leaves his work uncompleted, and I question whether he ever displayed greater kindness and judgment than when he received a deputation of the London Trades' Council at Sandringham, to present to His Royal Highness, as Executive President of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, the address and resolutions of thanks, passed by a

large delegate meeting of metropolitan working-men, for having initiated and successfully directed the scheme of cheap admissions to the Exhibition for the artisan classes. Two deputations went to Sandringham, one of the London Trades' Council, the other of the London Working Men's Association. The deputations were entertained at luncheon, and were subsequently received by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family. They were shown over the principal rooms of the house by the Prince, and were subsequently conducted to view the gardens, farm-buildings, and cottages on the estate. Tea was provided in the Sandringham Working Men's Club before the party returned to London. His Royal Highness, in reply to Mr. Porter's address, spoke as follows :—

It gives me very great pleasure, indeed, with my wife and family, to receive you in this my country home, and especially in connection with the object of your visit on behalf of the London Working Men's Association. I am very glad that the scheme which was devised some short time since has enabled the working classes to visit the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and to derive from it that amount of recreation and instruction which so large and interesting a collection of exhibits from our Colonies and our Indian Empire was certain to afford. I am sure it will always be, as it is, my earnest desire to do everything in my power to promote the welfare of the working classes of our country. I hope that later on you will have an opportunity of viewing the objects of interest which you will find in this house and in the grounds. I am very pleased to have received you.

A contemporary, in an admirable article on “Our Guns and Powder,” draws attention to the fact that in the Russian Government arsenals they are ahead at this moment of our officials in England in the skilled manufacture of big guns and gunpowder. Among officers of the highest rank in the British army and navy, whenever Woolwich and Enfield are spoken of they are invariably dubbed “those close corporations.” The administration of both places, it is said, is so deeply mired in official ruts that it is quite hopeless, by mere issue of orders, to effect the greatly needed reforms, or to infuse some modern life and vigour into the establishments. At the present moment Russia is entirely independent of England for the construction and manufacture of guns and powder. Acting upon scientific data, *fixed standards* were devised for the sizes and calibres of cannon and projectiles as well as for the constituent proportions of the materials used in powder-making. Since then a mischance which occurred in the Soudan campaign could never have happened to the Russians. During that little war, shells of a certain class for a gun of a given size—a 7-pounder—were ordered up the Nile. When, after extraordinary fatigue, the projectiles were got to the front, they turned out to be useless, as they were for another pattern of the same

gun, and would not fit the weapon. All the cannon and projectiles used by the Russian services are of uniform grades. A Russian 13-pounder shot or shell, therefore, can always be fired from a 13-pounder gun, and a 20-pounder shell can invariably be fired from that size of gun. It is also deserving of notice that whereas our guns cannot be fired in safety with full powder-charges, no Abouchoff gun has yet burst, nor have any of their gunners been killed or wounded. The Russians are now armed with magazine rifles, while, since 1881, the efforts of the Royal Small Arms' Factory have been solely devoted to a series of trials at rifle inventing, which ended where they began. In April 1884 the new Enfield-Martini was substantially fixed upon, and the first committee's labours terminated.

A carefully finished specimen of the new fire-arm was sent by the officials on October 16th, 1885, to Balmoral, for Her Majesty's inspection. In the trial which took place of this specimen weapon at Balmoral, it jammed at the fourth round. In the struggles of the expert to get the cartridge out, the base was pulled off and the rifle rendered temporarily useless. The gun was returned to London and the officials came to the conclusion that it was a bad cartridge-case and had been filled too often, and that a new form must be devised forthwith. In June last the officials regarded the difficulty as so far overcome that they sent a second rifle, the existing form of the Enfield-Martini, to Balmoral, which was found to work admirably in every respect, and made excellent practice at 500 yards range. The Enfield authorities have now discovered that the cartridge-case ejector is still defective, and recently the employés engaged upon the ejectors, and a number of others, were told that they would be suspended for some time, or until the officials made up their minds what should be the next shape the ejector should have given to it. At the gunpowder-manufactories at Waltham Abbey cocoa-powder is being made, and the authorities are under the impression that the manipulation of the straw charcoal is kept a rigid departmental secret. The writer, however, is acquainted with a gentleman who, upwards of two years ago, became thoroughly cognisant of the art of manufacturing this German cocoa-gunpowder.

I would advise my readers, when strolling up Bond Street, to visit Messrs. Dickinson's gallery, and look at the picture "Running the Gauntlet." It represents the scene where Mr. Benbow came to tell Lord Charles Beresford that the boiler was pierced, and the ship crippled. Behind Lord Charles stand three of his officers, Lieutenants Stuart Wortley, Keppel, and Bower. In front of him

lies the wounded Lieutenant Van Koughnat, tended by Surgeon May, and a seaman, who was working a Gardner, is falling dead. To the left is Mr. Ingram, by whom the sketches of the picture were afterwards made. On the other side of the river, white puffs show where the foe is firing, and from the steamer's riddled funnel drifts shoreward a great cloud of black smoke. The glorious achievement of Lord Charles Beresford and his gallant band of fearnoughts, will ever be regarded by Englishmen as a brilliant episode in a war prosecuted too late for the rescue of Gordon. The picture does credit to the artist, and successfully represents pictorially a scene of which the nation is proud.

The Gaiety under Mr. Edwards, the new *entrepreneur*, promises to do as well as it has heretofore, when under the management of Mr. Hollingshead. All the traditions of the past are strictly preserved, civility and no fees being the order of the day. *Dorothy* is a bright and beautifully-mounted comic opera. Mr. Alfred Cellier has done his work admirably, and there is a freshness and attractiveness about his compositions that produced the highest enthusiasm amongst the audience on its first representation. The opera is rendered by a clever company, Miss Marion Hood playing the leading *rôle* with admirable dash, and her singing of the various airs and concerted pieces won well-deserved applause. Mr. Redfern Hollins and Mr. Haydon Coffin both acted and sang well, and Mr. Arthur Williams as Lurcher, the bailiff, played admirably and without exaggeration. Dorothy's song and chorus during the dance in the hall, is exceedingly pretty and effective; and the quartet “One Moment pray,” won a well-deserved *encore*. I predict a long run for *Dorothy* and congratulate Mr. Edwards on his first success.

What can I write about the *Schoolmistress*? All the actors have returned from their holidays excepting Mr. Arthur Ceoil, whose *alter ego* (ought I to say “under-study”?) Mr. Charles Glenny, acted with much spirit. The *Schoolmistress* plays with more *aplomb* and *abandon* than ever; in short, Mrs. Wood is here seen at her very best. Comedy, farce, and burlesque, are rolled into one, and you seem to catch a glance at one time or another of all the sparkling qualities this delightful actress possesses. How was she received? As she always is, with delight and enthusiasm. Rear-Admiral Archibald Rankling, O.B., is a grand type of the old three-decker Admiral; his weather-beaten cheeks evidencing that he has never neglected his duty or his grog; his stolid expression seems to indicate he may immediately call for his glass, suspecting there is something in the offing. Mr. Clayton has added

to his gallery of histrionic portraits a picture of character-acting that will be long remembered. His delivery of the speech in the second act, at "the party," was given in a manner that showed the actor to have thoroughly grasped the character. Miss Norreys is a capable and original actress. You can always see that she feels her position—an artioled pupil—but that, although in some way disappointed, she never loses her womanly affection. It is a psychological study; the facial expression, the manner, the style of doing her hair, and her toilette, evidence that eccentricity so often developed in woman when she finds her career blighted. The whole character is admirably sustained, and clearly evidences that we have unexpectedly received an actress who is a great addition to the stage, and will hereafter adorn the art she now so successfully practises. The more you reflect upon the character as interpreted by Miss Norreys, the more you become astonished at the close study of human nature she has given to it. She fears the worst, and conveys to her audience the impression that she will never realise the aspirations of her womanly nature; therefore, she will crush them once and for ever. All this is portrayed in a most delicate manner—the close observer of human nature at once recognises the reality of the picture; alas! too frequently met with in ordinary life. Miss Norreys has made a host of friends who wish her every success, and will watch her next impersonation with keen anxiety. Will she allow me to remind her to be careful of her voice; not to *strain* it unduly, but to *cultivate* it, and in the end, instead of having a harsh hoarse voice, she will have one full of modulation, and capable of giving expression to every passion!

The *School for Scandal* is now being played by the Compton Comedy Company. Mr. Edward Compton personates Charles Surface in a very effective manner, although more subdued than I have been accustomed to see the part played. Miss Angela Fenton (Mrs. Colonel Greenall) gives a very lady-like interpretation to Lady Teazle, but she wants stage experience to enable her to grasp the various phases of this difficult character. Mr. Lewis Ball plays the part of Sir Peter Teazle very well, and the rest of the characters are well sustained by this excellent working company, so that the comedy runs smoothly from beginning to end.

A general feeling of regret is felt by the Volunteers on the resignation of Major-General Dormer, who, while holding the post of Adjutant-General of the Auxiliary Forces, has done so much to bring about the cordial element now existing between the volunteers and military. A farewell dinner was given to the gallant General at the Badminton Club, under the presidency of Lieut.-Colonel

Edis, of the Artists Corps. It was a most brilliant affair, and the company included a large number of distinguished Volunteer officers, and that Nestor of the military press, Mr. W. H. Russell. This Club is one of the most beautifully-decorated in London, and is well adapted for country gentlemen. There are stables and coach-houses for the use of members, and those who do not bring their own carriages can have the use of the Club's, which includes a drag, break, mail phaeton, dog-cart, and brougham.

Now that it has been decided to admit but thirty new members every year to the Army and Navy Club, why does not the East India Club rouse itself? The name should be changed—into say the Imperial Club—and let it be more widely known that it admits officers of all branches of our army. It is an admirably-arranged Club, and there is plenty of room to accommodate all those who cannot get into the "Rag." I hear another Club will be started, "The Unionist," under the auspices, I believe, of Lord Randolph Churchill. It is stated that the premises now in possession of the Clarence Club, at the corner of Albemarle and Grafton Street, will be used; but where the noble "Savages" of the West End will be deported to by their Chiefs, Henry Irving and Johnny Toole, is not yet settled.

In order to impress people with the value of Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds for the stable, the Company have hit upon the happy idea of marching up and down the streets two very handsome ponies, with neat green clothing on, and a placard hanging from either side giving an account and list of the various compounds and their uses. I should scarcely have thought further publicity necessary after the encomiums that have been passed on Jeyes' sanitary preparations by all who have visited or been connected with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

Reviews.

EN CAMPAGNE. By A. DE NEUVILLE. London: Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.

To the true soldier, as well as to the true artist, this handsome work, descriptive of the stirring scenes of the Franco-German War, appeals in a manner provoking enthusiasm for the painter who has painted so many battle records during the last ten years. Some of the pictures of De Neuville, such as "The Charge of the Dragoons at Gravelotte," "The Last Cartridges," "Le Bourget," "The Fight on the Railroad," are as familiar to the public as any of Elizabeth Thompson's. Few can have failed to admire them; but engravings are expensive to buy, and require wall-space to show them off. To suit the convenience of those who would like to have De Neuville's pictures in a more portable form, together with his minor military sketches, Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., have issued *En Campagne*, which surpasses anything of the kind ever issued in this country, and, we believe we can add, on the Continent also. The book contains eighty pictures and sketches, produced in the best style, with descriptive letter-press, and is to be followed by a second series, consisting of plates by Detaille, Meissonier. Such a work as this deserves being added to every military library, and soldierly emulation would be stimulated if steps were taken to ornament the walls of those libraries with De Neuville's stirring pictures, instead of the mediocre rubbish that too often does the duty of "decoration." *En Campagne*, we should add, is published at a price which places it within the reach of every officer.

DEER-STALKING. By AUGUSTUS GRIMBLE. London: Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Hitherto Mr. Scrope's *Deer-stalking in the Scottish Highlands* has been the only book devoted exclusively to the subject, which Mr. Grimble has taken in hand in a fresh and original manner. From a variety of sources he has obtained and condensed a mass of information, and worked it up with an experience of the sport at once singularly wide and varied. Mr. Scrope's book was written a century ago, and, in spite of repeated editing, is to a large extent obsolete. All sportsmen, therefore, will readily welcome Mr. Grimble's book, which, by force of its own intrinsic merits, takes its place at once as the standard work on the subject.

MADAME BOVARY. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. London: Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.

Tired of bad translations, and disgusted with having been deceived by abridged renderings, the public now look exclusively to Messrs. Vizetelly for the prompt issue of the best versions of any important foreign novel. It used to be the fashion with publishers to expurgate foreign classics of passages they deemed might be offensive to the public; but the public refuses to be treated any longer as a child. We put aside the question whether the public is right or wrong; but it cannot be contested that it insists now-a-days on being its own judge, and will have unabridged editions, or none at all. Having issued most of the masterpieces of Zola, Messrs Vizetelly are taking in hand the works of Flaubert; and for *Madame Bovary* we can predict a large sale and circulation. Unquestionably the average milk-and-watery three-volume novel will have to greatly improve (not necessarily in the direction of the grosser forms of realism) if it intends to compete with such amazing creations as *Madame Bovary*.

THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL. London: Religious Tract Society.

The approach of Christmas is heralded by gorgeously bound annuals, among which that issued by the Religious Tract Society occupies a first place. Every year the *Boy's Own Annual* becomes more attractive, and on this occasion defies competition. Besides several good serial stories, illustrated in the best style, it contains a number of scientific articles, descriptive sketches, and capital tales, forming most fascinating reading for the youth of to-day. A special feature is a series of chromolithograph plates, executed in the best style, and adding to the splendour of the work.

YOUNG ENGLAND. Sunday-School Union.

It is a feature of this periodical, the annual volume of which now lies before us, to keep touch with events of current interest, while at the same time diverting its youthful readers with stories and narratives of the past. It is thus an excellent instructor for boys in the topics of the hour, and enables them to keep apace with their seniors, taking their daily pabulum from the newspapers. The ever popular Gordon Stables contributes a serial tale "Under the Northern Lights," and the rest of the programme provides a delightful feast for any boy. In illustrations, as in matter, *Young England* gains ground every year, and merits general support as a first-class magazine for young people.

LETTERS OF FREDERIC OZANAM. By AINSLIE COATES. London: Messrs. Elliot Stock.

Known to English readers mainly through his *History of Civilisation*, Ozanam enjoys a reputation in France by reason of his personal character, his intimacy with the great men of his epoch, and the nobleness of his views with regard to humanity at large. The letters which Mr. Coates has translated from the Professor's voluminous correspondence, reveal Ozanam in the light of an amiable Christian man, who had a humble opinion of himself and his work, and devoted a large proportion of his thoughts to the amelioration of his fellow-creatures. The first instalment is so good that we trust Mr. Coates will speedily follow it by the promised second series.

JAMAICA. By C. WASHINGTON EVES. Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

A handsome illustrated volume primarily intended to describe Jamaica, as represented at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition; but giving in excess a full account of the history and progress of that foremost West Indian possession, with chapters on the climate and trade, administration, and other points of interest in connection with the island. At the end is an exceedingly fine folding-map of Jamaica by Mr. Washington Eves, who is to be congratulated in having produced a work which will not only serve as a memorial of the Jamaica Court, and his labours therewith, but also prove of public utility as an exhaustive guide to Jamaica.

THE ILLUSTRATED POCKET EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE. Glasgow: Messrs. David Bryce & Son.

Assuredly, the prettiest and handiest of recent editions of Shakspeare is the one which Messrs. Bryce & Son have issued in eight volumes, on thin opaque paper, with forty line-block engravings, and glossary; the whole contained in a lidless box, and forming not only the best pocket edition of Shakspeare we know of, but also serving as an opportune novelty for the coming Christmas season. The print is large, and the editing by J. Talfourd Blair is of the most scholarly character.

COLONIAL FRANCE. By C. B. NORMAN. London: Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

Captain Norman is to be congratulated on having issued, under the above title, the best and most comprehensive account of the

colonial possessions and policy of France extant in our language. In the course of fourteen solid chapters he describes in succession every French colony, and supplies a copious amount of information on every aspect of value to the statesman, politician, manufacturer, and general reader. It is a work of which any writer of note would be proud, and which we can confidently recommend as a model to any officer desirous of publishing any similar work on topics important to the Empire. Captain Norman points out many a menace to the weak spots of our possessions, which we trust the Government will seriously consider, now that the public is ready to sanction any outlay for improving the Imperial defences.

NEW PRINTS.

The "First-born," published by Mr. George Rees, of Savoy House, Strand, is an admirable mezzotint engraving of the well-known picture by Mr. Hillyard Swinstead. The subject is one that has been rendered in a clever manner by the artist, and reproduced by Mr. S. Arlent Edwards with a clearness and delicacy of touch that renders it one of the finest mezzotints of the season.

Messrs. Fores, of Piccadilly, have sent us two coloured prints, "The First Day of the Season," and the "End of a Long Run," which are companion pictures to the sporting print "A Breast-high Scent" we noticed a short time ago. The three together form a striking series, and display the remarkable originality of Cecil Boulton and Basil Nightingale. They are the best sporting prints we have seen for a long time, and will enhance the credit Messrs. Fores have long enjoyed in sporting publications.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be directed to the Editors, Army and Navy Magazine, 13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W., and must contain name and address of the writer. Name and address on *letters* is insufficient.

It is requested that ruled paper be used, the pages numbered, fastened together, and a small margin left.

Every care will be taken; but neither the Editors nor the Publishers can be responsible for the loss of MSS. through the post or otherwise. When MSS. are desired to be returned, stamps must be enclosed.

Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1887.

The Action in Arms.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LIEUT.-COL. BARON VON DER GOLTZ.

(Continued from page 133.)

Now we would examine *the influence of ground upon the action*; but we do not intend to go into details, because they would carry us beyond the end and scope of these sketches. The effect of the terrain upon the battle has become diminished in these days, because, as we have already often said, the ultimate success is no longer dependent upon the maintenance of a definite order of battle. Its effect is least in respect of the chief arm. Wherever a man can go, thither can the infantry soldier carry his rifle. Even mountains do not any longer prevent him from fighting. In many cases, the country will, as in the movements of an army in action, be of like influence upon both sides. In a thick wood, or among mountains and rugged country, the defender can employ great masses of troops for the decision of the struggle just as little as the assailant can. But frequently the advantage of the ground is entirely on one side; and, as the attacker has the choice of the battle-fields, this advantage is generally on his side.

The first question is that of roads, so all-important for battle. Next comes the equally important question, how far the terrain is favourable to the effect of our arms, and how far it hinders that of the enemy?

The strength of positions is no longer determined by the hindrances caused by watercourses, valleys, and precipices in front, but by the effect of the fire, which is more or less affected by the nature of the ground.

Level eminences with long slopes leading down from them are regarded by us as the strongest positions possible to find, and they

are to be preferred to every position upon steep precipices. In the case of a valley and meadow-land lying between chains of hills or declivities, which is broader than the practical range of artillery, the conditions of the battle are such, that the assailant must send his infantry down to the low ground and make them attack the bank on the other side, without their being able to be supported by their own batteries. The battle will here be very unequal, as the artillery and infantry on the side acting on the defence unite in their operations against the infantry of the attacker.

Such valleys are, in respect of value, much more important than similar ones of such breadth that the defender can, by a lively artillery-fire kept up from the other side, open the approaches to this side. In this second case, it is no longer the ground and the position, but the superiority of the artillery that is decisive. If, by the choice of the battle-field, the energy of one of the enemy's two chief arms can be excluded, whilst we keep ours open, we shall be in possession of an advantage which can scarcely be counteracted by superior numbers. But here also the condition that the enemy is compelled, by the great interest he has at stake, to attack, must be fulfilled. Otherwise, by eluding us, or turning our flank, he will deprive the strong and advantageous positions of their advantage for the defence.

High and commanding points, villages lying on hills, &c., which from afar strike the eye, and which are therefore readily seen to be strong positions, as keys and supports, have in these days the very serious disadvantage that, in the most natural manner, they attract the enemy's fire. That is exceedingly prejudicial to their defensibility. They are the mark of all the guns and rifles of the attacker, and their garrison, in the place of an expected protection, perceives only a rapid increase in their own losses. Plain, unstriking country, possessing a few advantages, is to be preferred.

Now this leads us to examine the artificial strengthening of positions. Its value cannot be gainsayed, but, all the same, it is a conditional one. For defence, improvised village redoubts, trenches on high ground, strong barricades, and similar defences, afford the infantry behind them some protection against bullets, and therefore give composure and deliberation to their fire.

But such precautions, again, only excite the attention of the enemy. They cause him to resort to thorough artillery measures, from which he would otherwise, perhaps, in the heat of the conflict, desist. Every mark which catches the eye, is for the assailant an advantage; it facilitates his generalship, makes it possible to range with greater exactitude, and thus more than balances the advantage which is afforded the garrison. In

ordinary trenches the losses are heavier than would otherwise be the case, unless they are carefully concealed from the enemy's eye by the colour of the surrounding ground being given them, by their being covered with turf, corn, or weeds.

In choosing, surveying, and preparing a battle-field, the question must then be first considered, how the *conditions of fire* lie.

Next important are the considerations of a single and undivided command of the troops. If this is for part of them impeded by the nature of the country, for that part there results positive disadvantage. But with this question, the nature of the combatant forces is very intimately concerned. If they are accustomed to independence, and if the subordinate commanders have discernment and love of enterprise in them, that disadvantage will be considerably diminished in importance.

Finally, we must also notice that, the scattering of the forces, which is necessitated by the country, may exercise a certain influence upon the *behaviour of the troops*. What an unfavourable effect a splitting up of the forces—yet sometimes demanded by circumstances—into various detachments all fighting side by side, which detachments are again so independent of each other that the defeat of the one brings the others also into an evil plight, must exercise, has been already described.

Similarly, every risky dividing up of a troop will make itself felt. But often such a situation may be relatively advantageous in its results. We may remind our readers, at this point, of the well-known historical fact that Field-Marshal Moltke, in his younger days, advised the Turkish general, before the battle of Misib, to post his army with his back to the Euphrates.

It furnishes one of the most peculiar instances of a practical treatment of the concrete case in war; for, considering the nature and character of the armies confronting each other, the victory could almost with certainty be foretold for the side that displayed any resistance at all. And this could be most surely calculated upon where the road to flight was barred.* Cortez, too, only burnt the ships behind him in order to inspire each of his warriors with the resolution of desperation. The like effect will be produced in every advanced guard that has, after having come through a pass and crossed a river, to engage the whole of the enemy's forces. Here even the simple private soldier understands that retreat is synonymous with destruction, but that the situation will improve every hour with the advent of the main forces of his army. This it is that inspires self-defence with marvellous tenacity and

* As is well known, Field-Marshal Moltke's advice was not followed, and the battle was lost.

perseverance, whilst the enemy lacks a similar vigorous impulse. It may certainly appear to him what an advantage it would be, could he sweep his adversary into the river he has only just crossed; but his own existence does not depend upon the success of this attempt. Hence the energy with which he aspires to this end is less. It is due to these conditions, as well as to the weakness which a too wide extension of forces entails, that we so rarely hear of successful defences of rivers. The Lower Danube, one of the greatest barriers in existence, has, during the various Russo-Turkish wars, been crossed in the very face of the defending armies more than twenty times.

In intrenched positions moral effect is also material; it very frequently outweighs material importance. The consciousness of being led up against redoubts inspires the soldier with uneasy sensations.* He is afraid of meeting with impediments, as against which all courage is unavailing. The defender is inclined, in his sense of weakness, to exaggerate the reports of the strength of his intrenched position. And in this he finds, as a rule, a welcome support in the uninitiated. Intrenchments arouse interest in the population. When a newspaper reporter can gain an insight into them, he attributes great importance to the discovery, because it is rare, and supplies all the rest from his lively fancy. Anyone who fought on the Loire will readily recall to his mind the descriptions of the intrenched camp of Orleans, of the batteries of ships' guns of heavy calibre, the iron gratings, the wire nets, the double and triple lines, the mines, and other monstrosities, that appeared in the French, and then in German and English newspapers, to such an extent that they were not quite without their effect. The moral effect produced by reports of strongly-fortified positions can, therefore, be very well made use of to deter the enemy from an attack upon a particular place. With this object were those intrenchments made by the Germans subsequently on the south side of Orleans; for, considering the weakness of the troops garrisoning them, it could not be seriously intended to defend them, after the army had turned westward.

A happy utilisation of the ground or of intrenchments, can

* At the northern entrance of the hamlet of Cercottes the French had erected, behind a cutting on the main road, a very strong barricade; and this during the Battle of Orleans, on the 4th December, was the mark of the artillery of the 9th German Army Corps, so much so, that just behind the redoubt the dead lay piled thicker than anywhere else upon the battle-field. On the morning of the 4th December, a fusilier of the Magdeburg Regiment stood there, and, surveying the nicely-made barricade and the ditches on either side, exclaimed to the French corpses that lay around, "Can't you see that all that scratching is no good?" But this correct conviction only comes to the ordinary soldier after a considerable experience.

sustain the economy of the forces, which becomes doubly important in carrying through an action. Parts of a strong position are naturally weakly defended, and by this means a superfluity of strength can be obtained for purposes other than purely defensive ones. But this economy must not at once be confused with frugality generally. It only requires a clear distinction to be drawn between Unimportant and Important; stinginess for the first, and liberality for the second. Thus shall we be enabled to proceed with sufficient forces to that act of the engagement, from which we hope for a favourable issue.

The necessity and usefulness of strong reserves is often spoken of. This dogma stands in close relationship to the doctrine of the gradual consumption of the combative forces, and is regarded as unassailable. Hence, even in peace manoeuvres, we may frequently see an attack by great masses of infantry, of which only a small portion is in loose order and uses its arms. All the rest follow in close order with drums beating and hurrahs, as though the enemy could thus be driven off. Every reserve represents a dead force.* Soldiers marching up behind the lines of skirmishers, do not inflict any damage upon the enemy, and at most help their side a little by the fact that they, by their proximity, raise the courage of the real combatants. The reserves are only of use when they are brought into action. As the simultaneous use of all the forces is of the greatest effect, it might even appear to be a mistake to separate off reserves at all. But they are required to meet unexpected emergencies in the battle, which always occur. If the situation is a very uncertain one, so that it is believed many surprises are in store, the reserves will of course be made strong. The safer the situation, and the more exactly the state of things obtaining with the enemy be ascertained, the weaker will they be made. More than this, a situation can be conceived of when it would be correct to have no reserve at all; for instance, when the enemy's strength is exactly known, and has been entirely developed. Such circumstances never, however, occur in reality, and, therefore, we must never fight quite without reserves. But all the same, it is correct to say, that it is not *strong* reserves that are the most practical, but reserves, which harmonise with the situation in which the combatant is. Too strong reserves are not the result of good, but of bad economy. They represent a lavish scattering of the forces, and frequently

* We do not mean here those small compact detachments which, at the beginning of an action, are, for a time, kept back in order, as occasion requires, to serve for carrying on the battle, as "feeders," but those larger divisions which the general reserves to himself to employ according to the ideas which strike him during the action.

remain unemployed, whilst they might have achieved a favourable issue for the battle. "Generals who keep fresh troops in reserve for the day following the battle, are almost always defeated. If necessary, the very last man must be brought into action, because, on the day following a complete victory, there is no impediment more to surmount; the estimate in which he is held alone assures the victor fresh triumphs."* Though great generals—as, for instance, Napoleon—have been renowned for the clever employment of their strong reserves, yet the praise lavished on them should more correctly have been given to their understanding how to manage well with the means at their disposal. They, with a part of their army, implicated their adversaries' whole forces in a fruitless battle, and then began with the rest, as well as with a second army they had collected by economising, to carry out their original plan of battle. Here all notion of a reserve vanishes, because, from the outset, a definite task had been imposed upon troops which had not been at once expended.

All-important in an action is *the smooth co-operation of all the various acts of the execution of the plan*. This sounds quite a matter of course, but, all the same, it is not so, for the history of many modern engagements shows that this has been actually wanting. The artillery were brought up after the infantry had exhausted themselves at an obstacle. Fresh troops were only brought up to decide the day, after the troops in front had been so far used up, that they could be of little or no assistance in the most critical moment about to ensue. The cavalry was called up, when the moment for a charge had already arrived, whereas this ought to have been done when the moment was approaching. Presence of mind, as a rule, has been found less wanting than prudence. This springs from experience, practice, and equanimity, which, even in the hours of the greatest excitement, leaves itself time for mature deliberation. It is, without doubt, difficult to be in repose in the middle of action, to be perfectly engrossed by what is going forward at the moment, and, at the same time, to discern what is coming, to think of what must be done, and to prepare for its being done. Yet this is precisely the task of generalship. We have often in our campaigns seen an engagement the result of a sudden meeting, that the troops were hurried into action just as they arrived on the field, that the exertions were wasted, and that the losses, owing to want of co-operation, were unnecessarily great; and the experience such a state of

* Napoleon I.

things has taught us has not been in vain. *The action of the future will demand more thorough preliminaries, a clearer comprehension of the object to be attained, a more careful arrangement, a more intimate co-operation of all three arms, and the simultaneous employment of all available troops to decide the combat.**

We very frequently hear of the various purpose of the actions to which a different mode of fighting must, on each occasion, be adapted. Main and subordinate engagements are spoken of, in which the enemy on one occasion shall be annihilated, on another shocked, on the third deceived, and on the fourth checked. Reconnoitre actions also play a rôle; in them the enemy is engaged, in order to learn something from him, whereas, properly speaking, information should precede the battle. It would lead us too far, were we in this place to treat of the several phenomena. Tactical text-books treat of the subject sufficiently.

The natural intention, in a battle, is always to annihilate the enemy. Every object in war will be thus most completely attained, even a gain of time. The commander of the rear-guard, whose duty it is to render it possible for a division lying behind to obtain a start, cannot fulfil this task better than by decisively defeating the enemy which is pressing him closely. But for this, he, as a rule, lacks strength. He must, accordingly, endeavour to give the impression that he is very strong; must immediately display the whole of his artillery; must spread out his infantry in order that the enemy may become afraid, may desist from pressing him hard, and indulge in preparations preliminary to a serious battle, which he then eludes. An army corps in a battle, that has been pushed forward against the strong front of a whole army, whilst the commander-in-chief endeavours to attain a favourable issue of the struggle by out-flanking a wing, must not, of course, at once attack with energy, because, by itself, it is too weak to achieve any result. It must hold back, cannonade, and deploy its infantry, in order thus to inform the enemy that he had better not stir, otherwise he will be attacked in real earnest.

* The increased energy of infantry-fire, which the introduction of the repeating rifle will bring with it, will probably not cause any radical change in the nature of fighting. Such will probably first take place when the discovery of another impelling force has taken the place of gunpowder. The latter, when compared with the modern development of technical science, must be regarded as an antiquated means, that only barely exists because no proper substitute has been yet found for it. That it will be superseded is only a question of time. If an impelling energy could be discovered, which, without loud detonation and smoke, would work upon the projectiles, and was, at the same time, of the necessary energy, great revolutions in the mode of fighting would ensue, which we, as yet, are not capable of estimating.

Thus is the mode of fighting regulated in a natural way by the relation the forces bear to the tasks imposed on them. To order suspensive battles or a mock battle, is a serious matter; for it depends upon the enemy whether the battle can be so conducted or not. Classifications, and the various names given them, are somewhat dangerous, because, under the idea of the practicability of special and less valuable kinds of actions, is concealed the inclination for weak and half measures. An army fights and uses its *weapons* as well at one time as at another. But the decision we shall only seek when we believe that we have prospect of victory.

10.—*The Battle.*

The most important thing in war is the battle. It forms the crisis whence the decision of all questions, that are at the moment in suspense, proceeds. It is the sword of Alexander, which cuts the Gordian knot. With each battle, a new epoch in the campaign begins. A single great battle has often solved the whole of the complications, as that of Königgrätz in 1866.

We know that no tactics can compass victory without a decisive battle. Even the weakest combatant does not lay down his arms to strategical combinations. Whilst perceiving in them superior genius, he will, at the same time, endeavour to rend asunder the web by brute force and to restore the equilibrium that has been lost.

The attacker seeks to bring about the battle, the defender knows that he cannot permanently avoid it, and prepares for it. He expects it, and will desire it at the moment when circumstances render his position more favourable than usual. It is the sole means by which he can better his position and free himself from being crushed by the attacker. The instance of Daun, at Kolin, teaches us, that on the battle-field the capricious goddess throws at times a rose into the cap of a passive defender, when she has turned away in ill-humour from him who has hitherto been her favourite.

The battle, accordingly, will always be the hinge upon which the circulation of warlike events turns. If at Solferino 160,000 Austrians fought against 150,000 allies; at Gravelotte-St.-Privat, 200,000 Germans against 180,000 French, at Königgrätz 221,000 Prussians against 219,000 Austrians and Saxons, at Leipzig 290,000 allies against 150,000 French, in the battle of the future armies of 800,000, nay, even of 400,000 combatants, will oppose each other. If the Great Powers can place twenty army corps and more into the field, there is no reason for assuming that the major

part of them will not be found on the battle-fields, upon which in future the fate of nations shall be determined.

What, under such circumstances, will be the appearance of the battle-field; of this even Gravelotte, Königgrätz, and Leipzig give us no complete idea. Not merely the increase in the number of combatants will alter it, but modern weapons no less, and tactics therefrom resulting, will be of influence. The theory of war teaches restricted space and demands narrow fronts, in order to obtain the proper depth, and with it the proper weight. The practice of war insists irresistibly upon expansion, so as to enable us to bring all the excellent rifles and guns upon the line of battle into action. *Practice* is herein the stronger part, and extended fronts will be the rule. On the 18th August 1870, the front was not too large for the attack, and, on the right wing, more space than troops was wanting. As in the future double the number of combatants may appear on the field, a line double as long will not be improbable. Upon lines of three to four German miles in length there no longer corps will fight, but whole armies side by side.

These great battles will not certainly unfold themselves at the commencement of the war. Seeing that the troops massed confront each other on a long line very closely, there is at first space wanting, wherein to move them forward altogether, and to unite them upon one field of battle. On a fortified frontier, where brushes with the enemy begin to take place all along the line, these will lead to a *number of preliminary engagements between the various army corps*. Only when the final issue is thus postponed, when the breach cannot at once be made, will the extension of the battles increase, because on both sides an endeavour is made to withdraw the masses from their momentary complications with the enemy and concentrate them forcibly upon the critical point. Then, especially when the defender gains time to make a general advance, will in this introductory period the first great decisive battle be fought. If it does not take place here, it will ensue after the breach in the enemy's line of defence has been effected. Whilst this is proceeding, the defender has beyond doubt gained time to bring up all his reinforcements; on the side of the attacker, everything naturally rushes towards the place where the breach is being attempted.

Yet this battle of the nations in the future is for us a Sphinx with unsolved riddles. Technical science busies itself to find new means of increasing the influence of the supreme commanders. If their control over the course of the battle, as it existed at the time of the linear-tactics, could be restored to them, the gloomy appearance of the new phenomenon would disappear. The telephone

and the telegraph are recommended for the purposes of the general, and the balloon for surveying. The excitement which reigns in a battle, however, makes these things, which are calculated for times of quiet and leisure, appear but ineffectual. Safe means of command are alone those orders which are despatched by officers. Even the information the commander-in-chief obtains from the intelligence sent to him as to the course of the various separate battles which are being fought upon the general battle-field, can during the action be only very small. As we have already stated, it is more in his power to rouse the storm than to guide it when once aroused. One day, a God-inspired genius will appear, who will call this struggle of the future his element, and will control it. But for the present we are face-to-face with a problem. And this is rendered all the more difficult since no kind of peace-exercises busy themselves with this subject. Even the greatest manœuvres, for economical reasons, confine themselves to the separate operations of an army corps, and this, in comparison with that which the war brings us, is a very diminutive experiment. The theoretical exercises do not go much farther, as they are intended to teach the principles of warfare on a great scale. A rectification is necessary here. *It is desirable that small armies should manœuvre, and large ones be moved theoretically*—for no master of the art falls from the sky.

A material difference must be made between a battle which frequently takes place by pure chance, owing to the movements of the hostile armies, and a battle, before which both parties have faced one another for some time, and have been enabled to reconnoitre each other and make plans for carrying it out. Meckel aptly describes this as being the “premeditated battle.” It lies in the nature of the modern war of movement, in the independence of the separate divisions and their commanders, that this species is the exception, but the accidental battle the rule.

But, generally speaking, in the premeditated battle, the duties of the general are simplified; whilst on the side of the attacker they are rendered more difficult; for the enemy also is prepared, and, if he intends to act on the defensive, he has already chosen a favourable position, and, if possible, fortified it. In the accidental battle the duties of the supreme commander are more difficult. He has not had any time to make his preparations, and must, accordingly, improvise his movements. He finds a certain situation marked out for him, avails himself of it, and must hastily make weighty resolutions, without previously being able to get much information or any thorough knowledge of the country and the enemy. The soldiers, on their side, have an easier time of it,

as a rule. They do not find the enemy in prepared and arranged positions. The advantages of the ground are about equally balanced on either side.*

Let us now follow the course of the *accidental battle*.

The enemy, the evening before, has abandoned his positions, and begun fresh movements, the purpose of which we cannot as yet exactly ascertain. We attribute to him the intention to withdraw behind a near line of defence, and hope to anticipate him in his movement. It is possible that we can come up with him before this, but it is not considered probable. Under these auspices, the commander-in-chief issues his orders. A rapid advance is commanded, for haste is imperative. Yet they do not speak exactly of a battle. They only express the general intention of catching the enemy. This is quite sufficient for the subordinate commanders. Special preparations relative to intelligence of the enemy and mutual support excite the suspense with which the next day is looked forward to more than usual. The marching columns of the army corps follow. For a time, the march proceeds without any disturbing incident. Now it is imagined, in the ranks, that the enemy has made use of the night in order to gain a start. The first reports of the enemy's proximity arrive. Some shots are at the same time heard. We have met with weak outposts of the enemy, who have rapidly retired and disappeared behind bushes, houses, and trees. It is once more still, only to be soon again lively. The reports come more frequently. Now, not merely intelligence detachments or outposts of the enemy have been discovered, but a column on the march has been perceived, or perhaps even a camp. The opportunity for a grand coup appears to offer itself; there is the possibility of separately defeating a part of the enemy's forces, of pressing him back, or even of annihilating him. The commander of the advanced guard has ridden ahead to the cavalry, which holds itself in readiness in a hollow. From the elevation ahead, the enemy can, it is said, be seen. He there meets with the superior cavalry officers, and the chances of the moment are discussed. We are all on the advance; it is well known that the enemy is to be engaged; and the resolution is made that the favourable moment must not be allowed to pass by without

* Hence results, that the strategical assailant must constantly strive to involve the defender in his movements, and to implicate him in one accidental battle after another. By the name "accidental battle" we do not mean to imply that it must be left to blind chance whether it comes to a decision by arms or not: we only intend to express, in this term, that the moment cannot be exactly predetermined when it shall happen. The resolution to attack the enemy, wherever met with, and however he may shield himself behind a vigorous and strategical defensive, brings about with certainty "accidental battles."

being made use of. An orderly officer dashes back with the order that the battery shall precede the advance-guard. But it is already coming up. The chief of the battery had made his survey from an elevated position, on his own responsibility, and had commanded his guns to pass and go ahead of the infantry, which makes room for it on the road, so far as is necessary. A battery of horse-artillery has been brought up on the other side. Both are planted in position, and the first shots rapidly follow each other. The enemy is considerably surprised, the trick has decidedly succeeded. The battle-fever, not to say hunting-fever, awakes in the breasts of the assailants. The troops receive orders to quicken their march. The foremost battalion has made grand strides; covered with dust it moves to the attack, its commander at its head. It comes up in the nick of time; for the batteries, which, hitherto covered by the cavalry, had made such splendid practice, have now come into rifle-fire. The general now issues a somewhat general order, to the effect that the battalion shall cover the wing of the artillery, and drive the enemy away. The commander of the battalion, who is but little informed as to what has gone forward, does not care to ask many questions; others do that sufficiently. He sees that his superior officer is somewhat excited, and at all events very much occupied. He tells off his companies, and shows them the direction whence the bullets fly over their heads. A wood, an eminence, or a barn, give him an object that he can readily make for, and this he chooses *faute de mieux* in his haste. At the same time, the commands are shouted in all manner of language; as a rule, some misunderstanding as to the orders takes place, and occupies all attention and voice. In the meantime, we approach the enemy, and his rifle-fire rattles hotly and unexpectedly about our ears. He has still further strengthened the places upon which we were advancing. Our losses all at once become very great. But there is no time for deliberation. Our only object is to advance quickly, and in the hot fight, our companies melting under the heavy fire and broken up into sharp-shooters, sweep forward. With resolute courage they hotly press and drive back the enemy. But he reappears in many places. A battery of the enemy even replies. The battalion next coming up has received orders to protect the other wing of the artillery. Its fate is the same as that of the first, which we have accompanied. The commander of the first regiment, in trepidation, because two of his battalions are separated, whilst hotly engaged, with his third battalion follows one of the two already in action, in order thus, at all events, to keep together two. Soon, the whole infantry of the advance-guard—we assume its constitution to be such as is general—is involved

in a lively battle. The enemy is stronger than we at first supposed. Several batteries on his side are firing.

A movement is visible on the hill, upon which the generals are standing. The general in command comes. At first sight his face seems to wear the expression of disapprobation. But he listens to good reasons, and finally approves of what has been done, as nothing can now be altered. His first care is to ensure the somewhat swaying equilibrium. The general of artillery is at hand, and the main batteries are brought up. They also dash ahead of the infantry. Since a short time, a new phenomenon has manifested itself on the enemy's side. Beyond a wood on the horizon, a pale, grey something rises; it is a matter of dispute whether it is a cloud or dust. Now all doubts are at an end; it is the dust hovering over a great column marching up to the attack. Now the only question is whether it must be taken to be a division or an army corps. The commanding general considers it advisable to inform the nearest army corps of his own army of this fact. Adjutants dash in all directions with short notes in pencil, or with verbal messages.

Now to the commander-in-chief.

He has left his head-quarters of the morning still standing in the old place, in order that work may still be done in the bureaus. Only at mid-day has he arranged for the removal to new head-quarters. With a certain suspense the reports of the march of the morning are awaited, but as yet no battle. And then, all of a sudden, the news is spread that distant cannonading can be heard. It ceases at times, and is then renewed. Frequently, it is uncertain whether the firing is from our own army or from a neighbouring one. A few unemployed officers have mounted the heights surrounding the little town, and, on their return, assure us that they could easily distinguish rifle-fire; the battle appeared to them to attain even greater dimensions, and to be a serious matter. At last an announcement comes. It is the same which was despatched by the advance-guard of the corps in action, when it believed it only saw advanced detachments of the enemy before it. The contents of the message, therefore, speaks of weak detachments of the enemy that have been alarmed, and which are now being pursued. It is only an insignificant battle—such is the interpretation of the message—there is no occasion for fresh measures to be taken. All excitement is calmed down again, all interest is lost for a moment. After the lapse of hardly an hour, the news arrives, which the commanding general despatched after having personally reconnoitred the positions. It speaks of large masses of the enemy, but cautiously

leaves it uncertain whether they are superior in numbers or not, and ends with the communication that the army corps will attack in full force. The scene becomes more serious; the thunder of cannon becomes more lively. An officer belonging to the general staff of another corps, who happened to be in the head-quarters, is despatched with a message to the general commanding his corps in which the desirability of supporting the troops engaged is pointed out. As yet it is not known whether such a step is necessary or not; but prudence, at all events, enjoins that preparations should be made for this object. An officer of the *ober-kommando* dashes off to the scene of conflict. Soon after, the din of battle becomes louder. It has not got more distant. The horses are now sent for on all sides; the march into the new head-quarters is abandoned. Further intelligence from the field of battle is altogether wanting—always a significant sign. After a lengthened pause an orderly arrives. But he does not come from the corps under fire, but from a corps that has not yet been engaged. It announces that it has abandoned its prescribed line of march in order to dash with its full strength to the battle-field, where assistance appears to be urgently wanted, and that all other available troops have also been informed. The word “battle-field” produces a great effect.

The field-marshal rapidly dashes off in the direction whence the cannonading is heard. After some time, he comes up with troops. In serious silence they are marching quickly towards the battle-field. Each man collects all his strength for what is coming. The sight of the commander-in-chief and his suite first breaks the silence. A loud hurrah from the ranks. Soon the first wounded are met with; then a troop of prisoners, frequently under a very large escort, as though it were intended to bring in these first results of the battle quite safely. A longer train follows, and the number of wounded also increases. From the nearest heights columns on the march wind downwards, all bound for the battle-field. Now we turn aside from the main road into a valley leading up to the battle-field. The signs of a serious battle in our immediate proximity are unmistakable. More prisoners meet us. On both sides of the road surgical tents are pitched; field-hospitals and ambulance columns are busy. Wounded are brought to them in great masses. Trains halt under protection, thickly crowded together in the open. Ammunition columns are called for, and are sought for by officers, who dash in wild haste from the battle-field. The dull sound of the cannon and the rattle of the rifle-fire are blended together into one uniform and unbroken roar. Above the wooded hills on our right the enemy's shells and shrapnels are

bursting, their white puffs of smoke stand out sharp against the sky. Hurrahs greet the arrivals on all sides ; it is scarcely possible to have the situation explained to us even in a few words by a higher officer, who is wounded, they are only with difficulty understood.

A few minutes more, and the small knot of horsemen halts on the hill upon which, a few hours before, the batteries that opened the battle were planted. The great number of dead and wounded shows us how serious the battle has here been. We have advanced somewhat, but not very far. The picture of the battle-field unrolls itself to the eyes of the commander-in-chief. Long lines of artillery face and cannonade each other. Thin lines of smoke, drifting across the slope of the heights held by the enemy, denote the chains of the enemy's skirmishers. They surge forward at this point, and backwards at that. Now and then, compact bodies of troops are seen cowering in the folds and hollows of the ground. On the side of the enemy, masses of troops are moving behind the front. Dust, and the smoke of powder and burning farms, lies thickly over the battle-field, and does not permit of the object of the moment being clearly seen. At a still greater distance compact masses are descried. The wings cannot be seen in their entirety, but the ring of their fire announces that they extend further than the horizon. A general, brought up for the purpose, gives the commander-in-chief information as to the course of events hitherto so far as they have come to his knowledge.

No doubt now ; what lies before us is no engagement, but a decisive battle.

In such a situation the field-marshal who first arrives at a fixed and determinate plan for the further conduct of the struggle, will obtain the ascendancy on the field. This is not so easy as it sounds to anyone who does not know what war is. The commander-in-chief is, on the spur of the moment, compelled to give a number of decisions relative to the details of the action. Here, a body of troops advances to the attack, without any connection with the rest, and must be held back ; there, another regiment is giving way from an important position, and needs support. A third begs for reinforcements ; a fourth announces want of ammunition, and a fifth that its flanks are threatened. The cavalry commander asks whether he shall dash into the infantry battle, as he considers the right moment has arrived. The general of artillery wishes to change his position, and wants to know whether this is in harmony with the intentions of the commander-in-chief. With many such, and even less important, questions, is the field-marshal plied ; and, among all these numerous details, he runs the risk of losing sight of the direction that he must give to the action

generally. In order to be safe in this respect, he stands in need of that great resolution that subjects to itself all details, and round which, all orders and commands are so grouped that they are closely allied in respect of the one main object. Thus, all the numerous forces assembled on the battle-field are sent upon a common direction, and all strive together towards this one end. Their joint and harmonious co-operation will be of effect as soon as the enemy's forces are void of harmonious working, and the enemy's general vacillates between details. The great predominance of a God-inspired general over merely a good experienced general will be, just here, most plainly seen. The former may, perhaps, go wrong in trifling matters, may, on some occasions, give a body of men faulty instructions, but soon he will arrive at a large and comprehensive decision. "Le bon général ordinaire," as the French style him, gives, perhaps, to each battalion, each battery, and each cavalry regiment, most admirable instructions touching their several duties in the battle, but they are all without any internal connection. All the troops do their work excellently in the sphere assigned to them, but the one to the right, and the other to the left. If the discipline of intelligence in the army is not admirable, so that, through it, and without any interference of the supreme command, a unity of action is arrived at, a waste of energy unavoidably ensues.

If the campaign has been practically and safely opened, the plan of the battle develops itself immediately out of the ideas which determine the previous movements of the armies. It is well-known* that in the year 1870 the plan of operation for all the armies at the commencement of the war was "to push the French towards the north and cut them off from their communications with Paris." Now, on the 16th August 1870, at Vionville, a situation occurred similar to my sketch above. On the advance upon the Meuse, we expected a battle, yet, only on arriving on this river—not far from it, at all events—on the 17th August, not on the 16th; for it was believed, that the French, whom we had thrown back upon Metz, must in the ensuing night and on the 15th have obtained a great start.

But on the 16th August, the 3rd Army Corps, that marched on the right wing of the IInd Army, came upon the enemy. The French, in consequence of unnecessary loss of time, were as yet much nearer Metz than could have been supposed. The battle was the result of this meeting. The general in command, in obedience to the principle followed by all German armies, decided to attack, but, in so doing, to advance with his left wing, in order thus to

* *The Franco-German War*, published by the General Staff, i. p. 78.

face round towards Metz and to throw himself across the main road between the enemy and Verdun. In this way, the enemy was to be blockaded and cut off from his retreat towards the west, that is, from "his connection with Paris." But he was stronger than was assumed; by degrees, his superior numbers began to make themselves felt. In the afternoon, the army corps, after a severe struggle, only obtained the advantages it had won in the morning. The Commander-in-chief, Prince Frederic Charles, turning the leading strategical idea into a tactical one, likewise determined to block the way of the enemy: the 3rd Army Corps should assert itself where it stood; the 10th, that the field-marshal knew to be coming up on the left wing, was told off to attack the enemy's right, in order thus, if possible, to drive the French completely back on Metz. When it appeared that the available forces were insufficient for this purpose,* but that the superior numbers of the French threatened to crush them, there came to the aid of the first resolution a second, namely, by ceaseless and successive offensive shocks, small as were the resources, to deceive the enemy as to our weakness. Many an experienced soldier in the battalions that had melted away into little bodies, whose energies were exhausted, as was their ammunition, will have shaken his head when the orders came to advance again and again and to leave the enemy no rest. How serious must not the well-disciplined cavalry officers have looked, when at the fall of night their squadrons were again led up to the attack, in which they perceived no definite and clear purpose and object. And yet these measures were the only correct ones. Particularly were they so in their connection with the intention to deceive the enemy, and to attract his attention to such an extent, that he was neither conscious of his own strength, nor conscious, moreover, that his whole safety depended upon his forcing his retreat to the west, cost what it would. The fact is, the "bon général ordinaire" on the French side, was confronted on the German side by a great soldier. The latter understood how to control the ideas of his opponent, and thus to deprive the strength of the enemy's forces of its full effect. So is the problem solved how it came about, that on this day, this turning-point in the course of the war against the Empire, 120,000 French were unable to defeat 60,000 Germans.† In battle, the truth of the

* Parts of the 10th Army Corps had been already engaged in the battles of the 3rd, without this having at once come to the knowledge of the commander-in-chief.

† As to what these figures import we must remind our readers of Clausewitz's saying.

old rule is proved; viz. that each side fears the other. He who most speedily overcomes this sensation and makes himself morally master of the situation, will eventually be the victor; for, above all, forces are placed there which work upon the feelings, and fill them either with fear and anxiety or with pride and confidence.

Now it is by no means indisputable that the plan conceived by the field-marshal is the best that could on all occasions be possibly devised. If the whole situation could be reconsidered in a study at home, a better one could in many cases be found. But any practical plan is sufficient; only it must be unswervingly adhered to, and even each most insignificant order calculated to advance it, until the intuition of the commander-in-chief thinks upon a better. In the dispositions, which vary according to circumstances, only the principles that are applicable to every battle are to be followed.

The case is different with the *premeditated battle*.

The troops have concentrated, in obedience to higher orders. In preliminary engagements, the outposts of the enemy have been driven back upon a first chain of rifle-trenches and villages, artificially arranged for defence, where stronger detachments support them. The armies have now come within close touch of each other. They stand face to face, like two combatants with crossed swords. One is still engaged in hastily strengthening his lines; the other is awaiting the last divisions of the army, which, though still at a distance, are coming up in forced marches. All is at length ready. Outposts have throughout the whole day been standing in uninterrupted contact with each other. It was very difficult to suppress the resulting infantry engagements, so as not to allow the battle to burst forth prematurely. At night, the extensive reflection of fire in the sky shows us that the enemy is in our vicinity. The generals move their head-quarters to the front. They spend the last night in one of their camps. Everyone feels that the decisive day has arrived, and makes his preparations accordingly. Each side knows the other, to a certain extent, so far as general strength goes. The main forces are certainly carefully kept back and concealed as well as possible. However, each attempts to guess how they are distributed. And then the orders for the battle are given; which, in consequence of the constant friction between the two armies, has at length become unavoidable. The leading plan has been laid, before it commences. It is in harmony with the result of previous reconnoitring, exhaustive consultations with a small knot of distinguished men, and long labour. Here it must also be assumed to be natural,

that it is in logical connection with the general views and intentions respecting the conduct of the whole war. And we may presuppose preparations, generally practical preparations, where generalship is intelligently conducted. Accordingly, when the forces are correctly calculated, and the troops brave, a favourable issue ought properly to be assured. But the main point lies in quite a different place.

No battle takes exactly the course that has been planned. Each has its surprises, and takes a course somewhat different to what has been intended. And then the measures originally intended are for the most part no longer practical. Thus it is the affair of the supreme commander to discover the moment when he must deviate from what has been preconcerted and betake himself to improvisation, and when it shall abandon what would be theoretically correct in order to do what proves itself to be practically advantageous at the moment. That is difficult; it is not easy to give up a plan, which has been before made in the fancy, as to the course the battle will take. The engagement Saalfeld, on the 10th October 1806, furnishes an example as to how dangerous it is to definitely sketch out what is coming. Prince Louis Ferdinand stood, on the 9th October, at Rudolstadt, and received orders to march, on the following day, as soon as he was detached from the advance-guard of the Prussian main army, by way of Neustadt to Prince Hohenlohe, who intended to assemble his whole army* in a position at Mittel-Poelitz.†

Now in those days no straight road led through the hills from Rudolstadt to Neustadt; but a detour had to be made by way of Saalfeld, and the bridge over the Saale utilised at this latter place. The French were already very close to this bridge. If they succeeded in seizing it, the Prince was cut off from Hohenlohe. Thus, he acted quite correctly in advancing on the morning of the 10th October to Saalfeld. He acted quite as correctly in halting there, because the advance-guard of the main army had not yet arrived, and he must wait for it. The remarkable position at Saalfeld, which has been vehemently attacked as being an indiscretion, was a natural result and was perfectly justified.‡

But the Prince had unfortunately buried himself so deeply in fantastical plans as to the future, that, at the critical moment, he could not emancipate himself from them. His heart was quite

* Prince Louis Ferdinand was at the head of an advance-guard 9,000 strong.

† This intention was abandoned on the 9th, but the order to the Prince had unfortunately not been revoked at the proper time.

‡ Saving the impracticability of tactical details.

full of the desire to ward off the first shock of the French brilliantly; meanwhile, before arriving at the defile, the heads of his main army should come up, and he should then march off to his army at Mittel-Poellnitz.

If the whole matter had taken this preconcerted course, it would have been really a brilliant stroke. But the French took good care not to come rashly out of the wooded hills and attack him. From the heights they surveyed the Prince's position and the weakness of his forces. They surrounded him on the heights in such a way as to first of all turn his right wing, cut off all outlet, and then to press him with superior forces upon the Saale. Now the moment had arrived for Louis Ferdinand to perceive that that which he expected would not happen, and that he must abandon his preconcerted plan, so as to pass through Saalfeld on to the other bank, or retire to Rudolstadt. Only by so doing could he have escaped the danger. But he was no longer a free agent; he was too deeply imbued with his previously-adopted opinion. The moment passed by; his army was shattered, and he himself fell, and carried with him into his grave the fair hopes of his country. His example is a warning not to go into a preconcerted battle with fixed and stereotyped ideas as to the course it will take.

The battle of the 18th August 1870—two days after Vionville—was a preconcerted one. But it, too, took a different course from what had been intended. The right wing of the enemy was not where it was assumed to be. Our intention, not to make a serious attack upon the front until that wing was turned, collapsed, owing to the fact that the 9th Army Corps became too deeply engaged in a decisive struggle. In this case, partly owing to the generalship displayed by the highest authorities, and partly to that of subordinate commanders, a suitable change in the old plan was made. A general and more determined onslaught was made in front, whilst the outflanking operations were extended more widely in a northerly direction. Thus the original object was attained by a new way. In the preconcerted battle, accordingly, it is essential that the general should carefully consider and prepare the execution of a first leading idea, but should not, whilst so doing, lose his unrestrainedness in observing the real course of events. Rapidity of resolve is less demanded here, and seldom at the very beginning of the active operations.

An accidental battle, and a premeditated battle, accordingly, put the genius of the general to various tests, and this genius may prove its mastery in the one, without necessarily asserting it in the other.

The latest great battles have been decided by an outflanking attack upon a wing. The same idea is therein expressed as underlay Frederick the Great's attacks with his oblique order of battle, a formation which should begin all actions. We do not intend to attack the whole of the enemy's army with the mass of our army, but only a part of it. As the attacker is generally victorious, when he only shows himself to be the stronger at a single point, this intention is the right one. All kinds of attack will bring them to expression in one or the other form. Only we must no longer in these modern times, as was formerly done in the last century, leave that part of the enemy's army that we will not attack quite unoccupied. It will be necessary to attack it with determination, in order to check him. The movability of troops, and the independence of the individual leaders, has become so great, that it can no longer be expected of one half an army on the defensive that it should look calmly on whilst the other half was being defeated. Both must have something to do. The demonstrations, the feigned attacks, by which this end was formerly attempted to be attained, and by which it was actually attained, rest upon very antiquated notions. They will, as a rule, fall short of their object. The development of engagements lasts too long, intelligence duties have become too lively, and military perspicuity in leadership generally is too far advanced to allow a long life to deceptions by such weak means. The preliminary actions, which fill the first act of a battle, must be of a uniform and serious character, if they are to induce the enemy to make a blunder. The arm that here plays the first *rôle* is the artillery. A vigorous artillery-fire, maintained by the attacker, may just as well be a preliminary to a decisive attack by infantry, as the means of concealing and enabling movements made to other points. The views that the defender forms as to the situation, and upon which depends whether he adopts right or wrong measures, will frequently not spring from the impression, which the whole picture of the battle makes upon him, but upon other circumstances. The strategical position, the enemy's habits, incidents, news obtained previously, considerations of retreat, and the communications with the other divisions of the army, all play a part. To these factors must be added a calculation of probability made in a condition of excitement, the result of which, even in a clever man, can be easily an error.

Meantime, preparations for the decisive struggle are completed by the attacker. Withdrawn from their adversary's eye by the nature of the country, or from his notice by the battle raging

before him, the masses move in the direction in which it is the earnest intention to bring the matter to an issue. The smoke of powder that covers the field, and the din of the battle, are the allies of a determined attacker; they help him to approach the enemy's position without being seen. In the future, the object of attack will also be, for the most part, the wing or flank of the enemy, for there superiority can be best attained. But in comparison with 1870, a material change is imminent. Many times then the day was decided by a flank attack executed by a comparatively small fraction of the army. That, in the future, will be utterly impossible. The defender will have learnt to strengthen his wings, and to secure his flanks, by making good use of his reserves. There is no longer any chance of being able, in the outflanking movement, to fall upon a thin, weak flank, and thus to roll up the enemy's line of battle. There will rather result a hot front action in another shape. A disadvantage for the defender will all the same be produced. He is compelled to fight his battle upon a field upon which he had not prepared it. Besides, he must bring up a part of those forces that he can still employ from a great distance. The attacker has preceded him in his resolve, and in his measures. But, all the same, it is necessary for the attacker to show himself on his opponent's wing and flank, not with fractions, but with the mass of the army. If three, four, or five corps have hitherto held in check the front of the defender, and one, or half a one, outflanked him, in the future, the minority will have to be employed for the first, and the majority for the second task. The rôles must be changed.

That is easier said than done. First of all, the small number of the army corps advancing against the front of the defender will most frequently be hard pressed. It has to deal with considerable superiority of numbers. Over the movements of the attacker to turn the flank, there hangs the fatality of a counter-offensive taken by the adversary. Even though this is an operation difficult of performance, yet the attacking general will, all the same, fear it from his opponent, and so see the firmness of his resolve put to the test.

Then, again, it is difficult to move the great masses which execute the outflanking operation within a definite space, without bringing them into confusion. Everything must be performed with the precision of clockwork. That will be an opportunity, more frequently presented than in the late wars, of showing cleverness and experience in moving considerable compact bodies at once. In this respect we have not remained free from a certain

monotony. We have only regarded as possible that which is most convenient, and, as such, the rule to be observed in war, viz. the forward moment of an army corps in the ordinary narrow marching column formation with a depth of three miles (German). When, on the morning of the 18th August 1870, Prince Frederick Charles ordered his army to make a digression, there were many voices raised, declaring this to be impracticable. It found many censurers after the campaign. It was, in fact, the first case of an innovation, the employment of which will finally be approved by the future. The army, six army corps and two divisions of cavalry strong, lay in the morning with its front upon the road leading by Mars la Tour to Verdun, Rezonville before the right wing, and Hannonville-au-Passage before the left, in all $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles (German) in extent. It was to advance thence to the north, in order to wheel to the right or to the left as circumstances demanded. As yet it was doubtful upon which side the enemy would be found before it. The advance might be one or might be two miles in length; as a matter of fact, in the case of the left wing, it extended more than three miles. The commander-in-chief saw, beforehand, that if the army corps, all combined in their bivouacs, should, first of all, have to fall into marching columns, and then should again deploy from this formation into order of battle, the day would pass by, and a considerable part of the troops would not come into action at all. He, therefore, ordered: "The advance shall be made, not in long columns, but in massed divisions, the corps artillery between the divisions." Though this order was not executed by all the different parts of the army, though interruptions and frictions occurred owing to mistakes, yet it is due to it that the whole IInd German Army was available for action upon the battle-field, which was partly three miles distant. It only was criticised because it ran counter to the gospel of the necessity of having thin marching columns for every great movement. Correct as it is in general, yet we must not shun exceptions. They will be very numerous in, and immediately preceding, the great battles of the future. Frederick, on the morning of the 6th May 1757, after a night march, assembled 65,000 men in close order upon the heights of Prosik near Prague, opposite to the Austrian position. He then marched with the whole of this mass $1\frac{1}{2}$ German miles, in close order again, through a country that was not less difficult than that through which the army of Prince Frederick Charles had to move, on the 18th August 1870, to the left, and deployed up to mid-day with all its strength to make a decisive attack upon the enemy's right that had been turned. Napoleon often advanced with forces

considerably more than an army corps, in the morning, in a single direction, and has fought at mid-day with his whole strength, after having covered a good march. The old Prussian peace tactics even understood how to march 20, 25, 30 battalions great distances in close order, and to bring them simultaneously upon the same point. All that will be again necessary. Shortening the columns by broadening them, the movement of the artillery and cavalry *upon*, and the infantry *alongside* of the roads, and the forward advance of deployed masses, as was intended on the 18th August, will, in the future, alone make it possible in many cases to concentrate the numerous forces within the given time upon the point where the decision is expected. An extraordinary case is before us, and extraordinary measures must be resorted to. Upon the broader roads marching can be done even in double column, and the depth of a division shortened by a half, and that of an army corps, by one and a half German miles. The veil of night can also be advantageous for the attacker; it withdraws his preparations from the scrutinising gaze of his opponent, and allows his positions to be approached, which by daylight would cause a considerable loss. But no means must be left untried of shortening the distance to be covered when attacking under the enemy's fire, not so much to avoid losses as to allow the strength and energy of the army to be weakened as little as possible before the final blow. It was on the morning of the 1st September 1870, the second day of the battle of Noisseville, when the news was brought that the French had attempted to storm by night the villages that, on the 30th August, had been the objects of fighting, and when Prince Frederick Charles first stated that we should often in the future have to resort to taking at night places well situated and strongly fortified, which, by modern fire, are rendered almost impregnable so long as it is light, and then hold them by day. At all events, the assistance of the night enhances the time that is, as a rule, too short for the preparations for the battle. It is a matter of course that all these violent measures in moving troops are only resorted to where they are urgently wanted; for they harass the troops and consume part of their vigour, the whole of which is necessary. Battles lasting several days will seldom be without night movements.

The deciding action upon wing and flank must be brought into proper harmony with the advance against the defender's front. Considering the great dimensions armies have now attained, and the many authorities that are all working side by side, success is only possible where the formation of an order of

battle has been securely and carefully made. The decisive blow must not, however, follow close upon the preliminary actions, so that time may be given to the defender to commit blunders. But it must not be too long deferred, because otherwise the want of serious intentions in the preliminary actions will be perceived, and these lose their importance. A quarter of an hour too much or too little may be of the greatest importance, and determine the issue of the battle. When the moment for the decision is considered to have arrived, the decision must be quickly sought, in order to deprive the enemy of the time requisite for making a change of front. And care must also be taken that, when the deciding struggle commences on a wing, the battle does not flag, but is renewed with energy.

The general must banish the fear that, by making an outflanking attack upon the battle-field, he cuts himself more off from his natural retreat than he would do by outflanking movements before the battle, otherwise his resolve and his action will both suffer from weakness. All his thoughts must be directed ahead. *He who fights the enemy who is before him with his full force secures his line of retreat best.* The battle controls all else to such an extent, that all doubts causing a diminution of energy in carrying out the plan of battle must be silent. Good generalship, in arranging the masses for the deciding blow, will never ask what relation they bear to their natural line of retreat, but only in what direction can they put forth their forces with the greatest rapidity and to the greatest effect. It never occurred to anyone in the German army, at the moment of action, that on the 18th August 1870 we were fighting a great battle with reversed front, and that, in our outflanking attack upon the French right, we had completely cut ourselves off from the communications we had hitherto maintained. All attention was centred forwards in the victory, and not backwards in retreat. Thence it was that the attack drew its great strength. Thus must it always be.

In describing a battle we have involuntarily described an offensive battle. What German soldier would do aught else? But love of order compels us also to speak of a defensive battle.

The attacker shuns the front. It is the strength of the defender, of which he must be conscious. If he has arranged it in such a manner, that the country before him is everywhere within range of a vigorous fire, he must here, at all events for one day's battle, be able almost to do without his reserves. As he must be aware that the enemy will seek a second battle-field on the wing or in the flank, he must keep them there in readiness.

The flanks are the Achilles' heel of the defender. But, as a rule, the general position will show the flank to be the part most, if not exclusively, threatened. All available reserves are given to it. Moreover, the utmost care must be taken that defence is not confounded with inactive standing still. There is contained in the notion of "defensive" a leaden weight, that fetters the ideas and resolves of the leaders.

In the battles of modern times, the attempt has almost always been made to protect the threatened wing, when the critical moment draws near, against being outflanked, by lengthening the position. But when the attacker spread further out, it was all the same surrounded, became weak and weaker, and was at last rolled up.

It appears to be much safer to protect the wings by movable bodies which are not rooted to the ground, and which are commissioned to prevent the enemy, by opposing themselves to him, from carrying out his outflanking operations.

During the battle on the Lisaine, on the German side, four kilometres in advance of the right wing of the defending army, an independent division was pushed forward, and on the 16th January 1871, early in the morning, it received orders to attack the flank of the attacker. The French foiled this intention by moving thither with their masses. But the thought of such a kind of resistance is, and remains, an instance of value. It is comparable with the plan of a battle which was expected but did not come off. At the beginning of the war of 1870, the IInd Army at Marnheim chose a battle-field upon which it intended to receive the French, in case they prematurely took the offensive. Four corps were to form the front; one each on the right and left wing were to manœuvre to protect the flanks, and one serve as a general reserve. *The more volatile the defender is, the less he feels himself bound to the first position he has chosen, and the stronger will he be. Motion and activity develop in war to a source of strength.*

The defender, in the same way as in movements, will also, on the battle-field, by taking the offensive from his front, be able to foil the attempts of his opponent to outflank him. There certainly is wanting much resolution, great perspicuity, and the right choice of the moment; for this counter-blow generally leads into a circle of fire. Yet what is difficult is not, on that account, impossible. Let us conceive, on the 18th August 1870, the French Guards ready in reserve behind the right French wing, instead of behind the left, and a Bonaparte on the heights of St. Privat; then, in the moment when the attack by the Prussian Guard had come to a stop,

and the outflanking by the Saxons had not as yet been perfected, a counter-attack on the part of the defender on St. Marie aux Chênes against the thinned and exhausted battalions might have ended in a great success.

Yet it is erroneous to deduce from this, as is often done, a reason against outflanking operations in general. The "Umfassungssucht" (desire to outflank) is often censured without a thought that it is in these days a natural operation to endeavour in battle to gain the enemy's flank. It is, besides, the internal nature of our army. A body of troops meets with the enemy, deploys, cannot penetrate his ranks, and maintains a constant action. The next comes up and perceives that on this tack it cannot at all, or only with difficulty, make its way. Its commander has been trained to independence, to take the initiative, and to act according to his own ideas. He accordingly seeks his own plan, upon which he hopes to make his way more easily and quickly. Thus results a gradual feeling for the enemy's flank; a more and more extended outflanking. But the instances of Noisseville, Beaune, la Rolande, Beaugenoy, la Lisaine, and others, prove to us what little prospect of success a purely front attack has. We arrive at the same conviction when, in those great battles which have been decided by an outflanking movement, the situation of affairs has been regarded up to the moment when the outflanking was effected. Spicheren, Wörth, St. Privat, &c., prove to us that an attack on the front is a very disastrous but an unsuccessful struggle, by which the day would not have been decided.

The effect of the fire of weapons of precision decides the victory, but nothing favours it more than the outflanking, which catches the enemy in the narrow space of the battle-field in the centre, surrounds him, and exposes him to the effect of a cross-fire. An encircling battle, like that of Sedan, displays this annihilating effect in the highest degree. Colonel Blume rightly concludes his treatise upon Defensive and Offensive (*Vertheidigung und Angriff*) with the words: "In the outflanking and simultaneous advance of all our forces against the front and flank of the enemy, there lies the best guarantee for the ascendancy of the attack over the defence."

Too weak outflanking attacks will, in the future, certainly fall short of their mark; strong ones, by an adroit onslaught of independent bodies of troops thrown beyond the wings of the position, or by reserves stationed behind the wings of the defender, can be foiled; and imprudent ones punished by an effectual counter-attack. But, on that account, outflanking, and attempts in this direction, must not be rejected on principle. If our troops were by system

and training to be dragged against the front of their adversaries, as has been recommended by assiduous writers, we should, instead of victories, have defeats to chronicle. The ardent opponents of outflanking movements, besides their fear of dispersing the forces and the confusion of companies, are animated by the confused idea that, after a great war there must be a tactical revolution in all respects. To this idea must be ascribed the absurd phenomenon that is often observed, namely, that after brilliant campaigns the victor begins to cultivate the errors of the vanquished, and to neglect his own good points. The opposite of what has proved its excellence is adopted, merely because it is the opposite. The side that has by a free development of individualities instanced great strength, begins to attempt to restrict the independence of the individual; he who by the unfettered practicability of his generalship has always attained well-timed action, resorts subsequently to schemes and forms; he who by a regardless employment of his forces conquered, now preaches the art of avoiding losses. He who has learnt in active war that his cavalry could only play a subordinate rôle, places for the future his hopes upon great cavalry attacks; he who sees the enemy entrench himself, tired and worn out, now recommends that the spade be taken energetically in the hand. Every, even the best matter has its disadvantages; And these are clung to by the "innovators whose sold aim is to innovate," and so they jump from the frying-pan into the fire. Or they think they perceive in everything that fails, the starting-point for new energies that only need arousing, as well as the guarantee of future successes. In their uneasy desires they lose the ingenuousness and impartiality of their judgment. Such are the authors of the perverse and artificial theories of war, which are always followed by reverses.

Great wars, as a rule, will bring about changes in warfare; but such must not be intentionally sought after. They arise of natural necessity from simple causes. In an outflanking attack we must only look for the *most effectual*, and not the *sole* means to victory. Cases will occur where outflanking is excluded by natural or artificial hindrances. Entrenched positions between "sperr-forts" (detached forts) are always such as cannot be outflanked, and thus they must be taken. The attack in front may, under certain circumstances, be indispensable. But it is not said that we are forced to attack the whole front with equal intensity. By thus doing, the first principle of all generalship, which is to bring the mass of the forces to bear upon a decisive point, would have been from the first broken. He who shows him-

self *equally strong* at all points, is at the same time *equally weak* at all points. Hence the grand attack must only be made upon a wing, whilst the front is kept well occupied—that is, attacked with lesser forces, as here a decisive success can be dispensed with. It will seldom be possible, before the battle, to concentrate the troops which are to deal the decisive blow in front of the wing chosen for this purpose, without its being perceived by the enemy. This will, as a rule, have to be done during the battle. The artillery attack, which prepares the way for the onslaught, conceals by its smoke the movements which are being completed behind it. The concentration of troops for the main blow must not take place before the numerous batteries lying before the enemy's front are in full play. The attention of the enemy will be more engaged the closer to him the troops drawn up before his front advance. The easier will the impression be made upon him that the battle, which is really only intended to withdraw his attention from the threatened point, is the deciding one. But the danger for the troops engaged in this feigned attack is thereby increased. They can be reached by the enemy. He can throw an unintentional seriousness into this front engagement by resorting, on his side, to counter-attacks. The remedy recommended to the attacker in such a case, namely, to make the troops pressing on in front resort to the spade, in order to entrench themselves in the face of the enemy, and to present a firm barrier to his attempts, is in so far dangerous as the enemy soon perceives in such precautions that a decisive attack is never meant; but it must, all the same, not be rejected. A repetition of it may even be necessary, until the troops have advanced close enough to be able to deal the final blow without the troops having too great a distance to cover in making it.

Movability, in the case of an attack upon a wing, will do the defender the same service as in the case of outflanking operations against him. He can, if he realises the situation quickly enough, frequently and effectually answer by breaking forward on the non-threatened wing, thus rolling up the forces diametrically opposed to him, and bringing the enemy's main forces, which are concentrating, to a standstill, and throwing them into confusion. He may, perchance, in a similar manner, upon the threatened wing play a paralysing attack, and the success will then be a thorough one. But there is need of great weight and great resolution, as in the case of the counter move-against an outflanking attack.

The attack upon a wing, if successful, will in the further course of the engagement generally become an outflanking one; for the tendency to roll up the enemy is quite as natural as is the tendency

of the defeated wing to seek for protection and consolidation with the centre. Thus the side acting on the offensive gains room for the outflanking operation, which at first failed him.

The attack upon the wing will, therefore, occur in the wars of the future more frequently than the attack upon the centre. The latter, the consequence of which, in case it succeeds, is penetration of the enemy's lines and his discomfiture, has a hard struggle with the natural strength of a front line of defence. As we advance we shall become more and more outflanked by our opponent, which, considering the great range of our modern weapons, means more than it did in the days of Napoleon. In any case the penetration must be made with a proper breadth, the enemy's wings being kept sufficiently employed. The "wedge" which is driven into the enemy's position, does not suit this kind of attack, as the thin edge of it would be torn in all directions by the fire of the defence, and be speedily annihilated.

In order to penetrate, many and good troops are indispensable, as well as an iron will which does not shrink from great bloodshed. It will not in the future resemble an attack, but more a gradual working through the enemy's lines, interrupted by pauses, and then again undertaken by fresh troops. In this operation, every step gained must be secured during the pauses by earthworks, so that position advances equally against position. Great front-actions will in the future all be of a similar character, and last several days. The losses that will be caused thereby can be easily calculated. Episodes like those from the 14th to the 18th August 1870 may be readily added to by many more.

But the greater the crisis, the more important must the success be for him who fortunately overcomes it. In spite of the sacrifices which it demands, the great deciding-battle must in the future, as hitherto, be aimed at; and there is no greater wisdom in war than to set all physical and moral force upon bringing it to a successful issue. With the triumph upon the battle-field the triumph upon the whole theatre of war is assured. All doubtful matters are at once decided, and we are masters of the situation.

(To be continued.)

The German Army Bill.

By C. J. L'ESTRANGE.

ANOTHER move has been made in the great European war game. General Boulanger's proposal to preserve the peace of Europe by adding over 40,000 men to the effective of the French standing army, has provoked the inevitable reply from his opponents across the Rhine. The friendly move of the Wegg of French politics has been recognised in its true meaning, despite the affectation of philanthropy under which it was cloaked. Prince Bismarck and his colleagues, although probably more anxious to maintain the peace than even the French Government, admit freely that their proposal to increase the German army by 42,000 men is made rather in the interests of Germany than in that of her neighbours. They assert openly that the German army is being outnumbered; and imply that the superior organisation of her military system will no longer avail Germany against the odds that may at any moment be brought against her.

In May 1880, the peace effective of the German army was determined, for the seven years commencing April 1881, at one per cent. of the population returned by the census of 1875. Since that time, the military situation of the Empire has changed very much for the worse. Not only France and Russia, from whom Germany has most to fear, but the other military states of Europe, have since added largely to the strength of their standing forces. Austria has increased her active army by several battalions; and rendered it an offensive rather than a defensive power, by the creation of a Landsturm, comprising several millions of men, for the defence of the country. Italy, in the meantime, has thoroughly reorganised her military system, and, although considerable additions were made a few years ago to her standing troops, a Commission of Inquiry has recently advised the formation of several new regiments of cavalry and batteries of artillery. The smaller Powers of the Continent have made almost equal exertions in the same direction—all tending to destroy the absolute military preponderance enjoyed by Germany a few years since.

The military expansion of France and Russia during the same

period, has been yet more rapid and alarming. The army raised by the Republic, immediately after the war, was numerically superior to that maintained by the combined German States at the same date; and its subsequent increase has been effected without any regard to the almost stationary number of inhabitants. In 1870, the German army consisted, in round numbers, of 378,000 men; that of France, about 359,000. In 1881, the numbers were respectively 427,000 and 444,000; and in 1886, 427,000 and 472,000. As regards the various arms of the service, Germany possesses 483 battalions of infantry, 20 battalions of jäger (or rifles), 465 squadrons of cavalry, 340 batteries of field artillery, with 1,404 guns, 31 battalions of garrison artillery, 19 battalions of pioneers, 2 battalions of railway troops, and 18 battalions of train. The French infantry is composed of 649 battalions (2,939 companies and 295,000 men), the cavalry of about 350 squadrons, and the field artillery of 446 batteries, with 1,856 guns. The artillery has been the object of especial care in France. Reorganisation has been the rule for several years past, and the peace strength has recently been increased by 54 guns. To add to the numerical disproportion already existing, General Boulanger's new measure provides for an increase of nearly 44,000 men to the peace effective of the French army, while the navy already requires 67,000 men, as compared with less than 14,000 for that of Germany.

Despite, therefore, the large additions made since the war to the available fighting forces of the German Empire, France is rapidly gaining an overwhelming advantage in numbers, if not in organisation, which the present and the past attitude of the French people renders in the highest degree dangerous to their neighbours. This fact alone should be sufficient to justify the proposed increase, without reference to the enormous military growth of what M. Déroulède is pleased to consider the natural ally of France, and the natural enemy of Germany.

The last war with Turkey taught Russia many lessons, of which she has been prompt to avail herself. Her army since the peace has been radically reorganised, re-equipped and numerically increased. The peace *cadres* of the corps available for a European campaign, have been strengthened by the addition of 256 battalions of infantry, 90 squadrons of cavalry, and 35 batteries of artillery. At the present time, the infantry and artillery comprise 984 battalions, with 547,000 men, and 395 batteries, with 1,736 guns. In the cavalry, the numbers are still more disproportionate. Including the Cossacks, whose organisation is now almost identical with that of the regular troops, it has been calculated that Russia

could put into the field nearly 170,000 horsemen, as compared with less than 60,000 in Germany.

On both sides, therefore, Germany is losing ground; and losing ground, as the advocates of the new measure have pointed out, through her hesitation to impose upon herself the excessive burdens which her neighbours have voluntarily or involuntarily assumed. As regards personal service, the percentage of men under arms in Germany is slightly greater than in Russia, but very much less than in France. The Russian army comprised in 1870 1·02 per cent.; in 1880, 1·06 per cent.; in 1886, 0·92 per cent. of the population. The French army has meanwhile risen from 0·93 per cent. in 1870, to 1·18 per cent. 1880, and 1·22 per cent. in 1886. Even under the new measure, the standing forces of the German Empire will not exceed one per cent. of the population.

The financial burden involved in the maintenance of the German army is also considerably less than that of France, and even, perhaps, of Russia. The naval and military expenditure of Germany amounted in 1870 to about 272,000,000*M.* (£18,100,000); in 1880 to 400,000,000*M.* (£20,000,000); in 1886 to 446,000,000*M.* (£22,300,000); representing respectively 7·06*M.*, 8·92*M.*, and 9·53*M.* per head of the population. France spent at these periods nearly £20,000,000, over £38,000,000, and over £41,000,000 respectively, representing 10·33*M.*, 20·42*M.*, and 21·57*M.* per head of the population. The military expenditure of Russia is somewhat difficult to estimate, owing to the fact that Finland supports her own troops, and that the irregulars are maintained by a special fund. Despite this, however, the Russian War Budget has risen from 500,000,000*M.* (£25,000,000) in 1870 to 700,000,000*M.* (£35,000,000) in 1880, and nearly 790,000,000*M.* (£39,500,000) in 1886. In such a comparison, the proportion of the military expenditure to the entire budget of each State is also of importance. In France, excluding the interest on the national debt, it amounted to 35·38 per cent. in 1880 and 40·46 per cent. in 1886; in Russia, under the same conditions, it was 49·47 per cent. in 1880 and 40 per cent. in 1886. Owing to the number of small States forming part of the German union, each enjoying whole or partial autonomy as regards naval and military expenditure, it is practically impossible to find the percentages for the Empire as a whole. Taking the case of Prussia, as a fairly representative one, we find that in 1875 the naval and military estimates amounted to 27·06 per cent., in 1880 to 26·05 per cent., and in 1886 to 26·04 per cent. of the total expenditure of the kingdom.

It appears, therefore, from the above calculations that, vast

as is the burden already imposed upon the average German citizen, it is less than in Russia, and incomparably less than in France. With these figures before him, the Emperor in his speech from the throne contended that if Germany wished to maintain her present position in Europe, she must be prepared to make personal and financial sacrifices at least equal to those of her neighbours; and the new Bill, although adding nearly two *corps d'armée* to the peace effective, will still leave a decided advantage on her side.

It is calculated that the new Bill, if passed, will involve a permanent expenditure of about 23,000,000*M.* (£1,150,000), and an extraordinary expenditure of 24,000,000*M.* (£1,200,000). These sums, however, do not include the expenses incurred in providing barrack accommodation for the new troops and enlarging the present military store-houses.

The infantry, at once the cheapest and most valuable arm of the service, will benefit principally by the proposed change. Five new regiments (4 Prussian and 1 Saxon), besides 15 battalions (Prussian), and 1 Jäger (rifle) battalion are to be created. For purposes of economy the 15 Prussian battalions are not to be formed into regiments, but to be added as 4th battalions to corps already existing. The field artillery is to be increased by 24 batteries (17 Prussian, 2 Bavarian, 3 Saxon, and 2 Würtemberg), the railway troops by 9 companies (6 Prussian, 1 Bavarian, 1 Saxon, and 1 Würtemberg), the pioneers by 1 company (Prussian), the train by 14 companies (12 Prussian, 1 Saxon, and 1 Würtemberg). These changes will also involve the creation of 2 divisional staffs, 4 infantry brigade staffs, and 1 cavalry brigade staff. Those men who may still be available after the formation of the proposed regiments, battalions, and companies are to be drafted into corps already existing.

The uncertainty of the political prospect renders the enforcement of the new measure absolutely necessary at the beginning of the next financial year—at least in the opinion of its advocates. This would be, of course, anticipating the expiration of the septennate fixed in 1880 to conclude on 31st March 1888. Count von Moltke, in a speech that attracted perhaps more attention than any other delivered upon the subject, pointed out in a few well-chosen words the extreme danger of delay. “The whole of Europe,” he said, “is bristling in armour. Whether we turn our eyes to the right or to the left, we find our neighbours fully armed, and armed in a manner which must in time be insupportable, even in a rich country.” The nations of Europe, in fact, are writhing under a system from which they can derive nothing but a negative advantage except

in war ; and they will inevitably demand some return for their personal and pecuniary sacrifices in the near future. Indeed, Count von Moltke almost hinted that the constant increase in the armaments of her neighbours might eventually force Germany herself to take the initiative.

All the speakers on the Government side deprecated the proposal, supported by a considerable party in the Reichstag, of reducing the term of service with the colours to two years, instead of three. The average period of service, it was stated, is even now, as a matter of fact, only two years four and a half months—considerably less than the term allotted for training the armies of France and Russia. Moreover, the numerical inferiority of the German army imperatively demands that any disadvantage in this respect should be compensated by the thorough military efficiency of every individual composing it. The rapidity of modern campaigns renders it hopeless to expect that any large number of troops could be trained during war.

That the policy of Germany is, for the present, at least, purely pacific, few but the members of the Patriotic League can seriously doubt. Her whole interests are centred in the maintenance of peace ; she has absolutely nothing to gain, and much to lose, by war. A protracted struggle with France at the present moment would paralyse if not ruin her rapidly-growing commerce, upon which she relies to counterbalance the drain upon her resources at home. That, however, she is prepared to defend her conquests and maintain her present position in Europe, the character of the three men who still rule her councils is a sufficient guarantee, if the explicit utterances of von Moltke in his characteristic speech were wanting to confirm it. "The demand," he said, "which we are now called upon to meet is made in order that the peace of Europe, which has been hitherto preserved with so much difficulty, may continue to be maintained. Should we reject this Bill, we shall incur a most serious responsibility, perhaps for the misery of a hostile invasion. By great sacrifices we have acquired what so many Germans longed for—the unity of Germany. May she also be united on this question. The whole world knows we intend to make no conquests. May it also know that we intend keeping what we have, that we are determined and armed to do so."

Should General Boulanger and his colleagues disregard these words from a man who never promises what he does not intend to perform, they may be held responsible for the most crushing and lasting defeat France has ever suffered.

Naval Reform.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATE MORS. GABRIEL CHARNIER'S "LA RÉFORME
DE LA MARINE."

By J. E. GORDON-CUMMING.

CHAPTER IV.—*cont.*

NAVAL PERSONNEL.—*cont.*

WE have elsewhere indicated how promotion by seniority should be regulated. It is disgraceful and scandalous that when once the list is made out, a Minister should have it in his power to choose as he pleases, and to add whomever he likes to the list. There should be no middle course; either the list must be done away with, and everything left to the more or less judicious decision of the Minister; or else the list must be as just and fair as possible. We should, perhaps, prefer the first alternative, for the decision of a Minister is worth a great deal more than that of the Board of Admiralty. The Minister has only one naval family, whereas each member of the Board has his own; and as these members have no direct knowledge of the officers, similar to that possessed by the inspectors-general of the army, who have personally examined them in their regiments, they prefer candidates connected with their own family, or with their own friends, to candidates who may possess every merit, but whom they have no means of discovering. A sort of compact is entered into by them all, a sort of compromise for their respective *protégés*.

But the term of office our Ministers enjoy is too short and unstable to allow such an extent of power to be given up to them. On accepting office, each would have countless friends expecting places. Politics would come in, and recommendations from senators and deputies would ruin the system. We are, therefore, obliged to leave things to the Board of Admiralty, in which it can do less harm than might be done by others.

But if this is to be the way of things, the list must be made infallible, and the Minister must conform to the precedence on the list in selecting for promotion. The officer longest inscribed is, or ought to be, the most deserving, and, therefore, should be pre-

ferred above others. If it is thus in the army, why should it be otherwise in the navy? We may add that the present promotion list is so full that three years might be allowed to elapse without adding new names to it, and without coming to an end of those already inscribed.

We have already pointed out the advantages of a published list, remodelled every year, and as far as possible limited to the number of officers that may be selected during the current year. We repeat that in the existing state of things there are lieutenants who have been four years on the list, and who still await their turn. These officers should be struck off or else given their promotion. It is quite absurd that they should be inscribed for any length of time; each promotion brings fresh disappointment and discouragement to those who are passed over. We have, moreover, explained that from the moment it is more or less admitted that a lieutenant placed on the list cannot be promoted unless he has been inscribed for two or three years, none of the lieutenants whose turn of seniority ought to come up during the same period either wish to be placed on the list, or have any interest in being put on it; and, therefore, they try to show as little activity as possible. We should, therefore, follow the system adopted in the army, and, by remodelling the list every year, give it that reputation for fair dealing which it lacks at the present time.

According to the description we have given of the duties of a naval officer "keeping the watch," it may be seen that it is within reach of the meanest capacity, and requires no extra training. Nevertheless, by a strange anomaly, the corps of naval officers is only recruited from young men leaving the naval school. A few certificated captains, promoted in consequence of some campaign, complete the strength. The officers risen from the ranks, are so few in number that it is needless to speak of them. And yet, what could be more democratic or more natural than the attempt to facilitate the attainment of officers' rank by our petty officers?

The navy is a sort of aristocracy, and it is almost impossible to penetrate through its doors; no crack regiment is more exclusive, nor is there any symptom in the army of that from which the navy chiefly suffers—obstruction of the inferior ranks by men all showing the same origin, an apparently equal reputation, and the same right to promotion. A great many officers, on rising from the rank of subalterns, and reaching that of captain, consider that they have had a most successful career, and, when they are obliged to retire, leave the army quite satisfied. All naval lieutenants aspire to become commanders, and think they have not got their

deserts unless they do. And, further, if they are obliged to retire with this rank, they feel that they have failed in their career.

In the army, the officers of Saint Cyr and the Polytechnic School, form a picked set to whom the higher steps seem to belong of right.

In the navy, all who have been through the Naval School, and all others as well, aspire to the superior ranks, so that they all hinder each other, and only those succeed who possess interest. This condition of things is the more to be regretted in that it is manifestly contrary to the law.

Although the law of 1832, regulating naval promotion, and very slightly modified since that date, confirmed the aristocratic traditions so heavily weighing down the navy at that time, and at the present—it reserved a third of the posts, belonging to the lower rank of officers, for first-class petty officers and auxiliary sub-lieutenants possessing certain qualifications. But it was practically held of little account, and it was allowed to become a dead letter. Certificated captains may be employed any time that the complement of half-pay officers is insufficient for the required strength instead of supernumerary sub-lieutenants, and as supernumerary sub-lieutenants when they have deserved their distinction by brilliant service or special acts of bravery. They may even be at once appointed lieutenants. But, in reality, those on half-pay have hitherto been so few in number, that those selected to be put on the lists of the regular service have always been very few.

To reach the rank of officer, the petty officers are obliged to go through an examination which is all the more difficult as it is scarcely possible to prepare for it at sea. Those who hope to pass it must have the luck of spending some time on land, and they must likewise have saved sufficient money to pay for instruction in the required technical knowledge. We thus see that the promises held out by the law are a mere snare and delusion. Good faith and justice equally require that an end should be put to this abuse. The War Department has instituted schools for non-commissioned officers; the Navy should do the same. The hydrographic schools in the ports, which turn out certificated captains, are insufficient because the petty officers cannot make use of them, and because they are not thought to be qualified to prepare for the rank of officer.

Special schools are needed on board ships, and in the divisions of the fleet. There would be no lack of subjects, and doubtless men would be found among the best of the petty officers who would be quite equal to taking their turn at watch-keeping, even suppos-

ing that they were only promoted at thirty or thirty-five years old. Some of them might even rise higher. It would be a question of activity and intelligence. The navy would thus cease to be an exclusive body, jealous, narrow, anti-democratic. It would be recruited from two forces, the Naval School, and the School for Petty Officers.

On the other hand, it is difficult to comprehend why the students from the polytechnic schools should obtain admission. They have no sort of right to it, beyond that which they arrogate to themselves and which is so unjustly granted to them—the right to enter every civil and military profession, as if they were fit for everything, and nothing came amiss to them. To crown these reforms in the *personnel*, and to make them practicable, to constitute a navy physically and morally worthy of its mission, we ought still more emphatically to lower the standard of age for retirement.

The limit of age for a vice-admiral is at present sixty-five years; for a rear-admiral sixty-two; for a captain sixty years; for a commander fifty-eight; and for a lieutenant fifty-three years. It is far too prolonged in all ranks, taking into consideration the wear and tear of mind and body engendered by a life spent at sea. To establish this fact will be the hardest task of all. We should doubt the existence of a single admiral owning enough energy to admit that he has ceased to possess any. In reforming the limit for age, it will be necessary to interfere with personal interests, and these are, of all others, the most difficult to reconcile.

It would, however, be a great mistake to hesitate. In theory no officer should be on active service in the navy after sixty years of age. What can be expected of a lieutenant at fifty-three years of age, and of what use can he possibly be? With all indulgence, it would be impossible to refrain from admitting that the limits of age should be reduced by three years in all ranks. This would, again, be an excellent means of hindering officers stagnating as subalterns. If we think of the energy required by a naval officer in the fulfilment of his mission; if, above all, we think of the energy he will require to possess in the future, when naval art will have been revolutionised by the terrible weapons which are only now beginning to make their appearance, we are forced to admit that no career can exact greater or more varied qualifications. Body and mind must be exceptionally fitted for such a responsibility. In the navy, where it is necessary to be strong as well as worthy, youth and health are advantages, the lack of which nothing can replace.

CHAPTER V.
SERVICE AFLOAT.

1.

IN the preceding chapter we have drawn a faithful picture of the hardships and obligations of a naval officer, but we did not touch upon the entire change we consider to be impending in regard both to our *personnel* and *matériel*. We have endeavoured faithfully to depict the existing state of things, so that we may more clearly realise what is in store for us. One of the happiest and most fertile results of the abolition of the great fighting unities of the few but giant ironclads of the present day, will be to multiply commands almost *ad infinitum*, and to give our officers an early chance of developing those qualities of originality, intelligence, and courage which characterise, or rather which ought to characterise, the navy.

Admiral Aube has described the navy as "the science of accepted and fulfilled responsibilities." Now we have seen that it is very far from fulfilling this description. The navy seems at present to be the science of irresponsibility. Each tries to avoid any task likely to compromise; each keeps in the background the moment anything important has to be decided, or personal judgment used requiring boldness of conception, followed by rapidity of execution, such as formerly might have been considered the leading characteristic of our sailors. To the generation formed by sailing vessels, by its long cruises, its incessant fatigues, its perpetual struggle against the elements let loose by nature, by its constant perils, a new generation has succeeded; and being accustomed to steam navigation, with its almost mathematical regularity, on fine, commodious, and solid ships, it has lost all the remarkable and admirable qualities of its predecessor.

We have described the wearisome and deteriorating work it is obliged to fulfil until it reaches the age when physical and moral force fail, and the hour of inevitable decrepitude strikes. We predict, and firmly believe that a revolution will take place in the navy of the future. Watch-keeping will become less and less important, as vessels of heavy tonnage, requiring a considerable staff, will themselves become fewer and fewer.

Lieutenants and sub-lieutenants will, on the other hand, revive the traditions of a former generation of sailors; and not only will the handling of our torpedo-boats and gun-boats fall to their share at an early age, and give their powers of common-sense full exercise, but they will also have to give proof of energy and decision

at an age when, at present, they have only passively to submit to discipline. They will revive the traditions of the good old times, made familiar by legends, telling of those sailors whose brilliant campaigns have made some of the most splendid pages of our history.

Neither can another axiom advanced by Admiral Aube, that "a sailor is formed at sea, and only at sea," be any longer applied to the existing state of things. As going to sea is monotonous, each one avoids it as much as he can, and if he goes he learns next to nothing.

We may, for instance, assert that the evolutionary squadron, the object of which ought to be to form lieutenants, does not in any way develop the courage or intelligence of its officers. It is impossible that anyone should learn anything whatsoever from going in and out of a few easy harbours, a few exercises in tactics consisting in forming line ahead, or line abreast, or line of bearing; or from gun practice where each ship fires in succession at the same target, and where the last ship finds herself blinded by the smoke, and, being unable to distinguish anything, fires at haphazard.

Farther on we shall see that distant stations are no better schools for seamanship or for the art of war. There is, moreover, manifest favouritism in the selection of officers for sea-service. It must not be imagined that every officer has an equal chance of a good appointment, or that they all have the same opportunities of acquiring the scientific and professional value needed for promotion. The system of appointments for sea-service is most arbitrary. The officers are distributed among the five ports, which each have their own roster for sea-service. The result is that those belonging to the ports that have more frequent and advantageous appointments in their gift, have at once a better start.

For instance, an officer attached to the Toulon division most likely would be sent to the Levant or to the Far East; another, attached to Rochefort, might be perpetually condemned to the most unhealthy stations in Africa, the Senegal, or the Gaboon.

The want of a general roster for sea-service has long been felt; and it is scandalous that such a legitimate measure has not hitherto been passed. Not only should there be a general roster, but it should, further, be *bonâ fide*. Now at the present moment it is nothing of the sort. Officers for sea-service are chosen by selection, and not by rotation; this means that the more favoured are the sons, relatives, and friends of admirals, and are selected for the best appointments, whilst ordinary mortals must put up with the worst.

The right to sea-service has been rendered unequal by creating specialities for the officers, just as there are specialities for the sailors, torpedo-boat officers, gunners, riflemen, &c. Nothing could be better if everybody had the same facilities given them for acquiring one or more of these specialities. But the Minister of Marine has the right to select the officers who shall attend the schools, and many can never get into them at all. When the staff of a vessel is being organised, the captain chooses his second officer according to his own liking; then comes a selected officer. As there must naturally be an officer for each speciality, those who are certificated, of course, obtain the preference. There remains but one post for the ordinary officer; it is that of "officer of the broom," as it is called on board ship, so as to indicate how humble is his position and how common are his duties.

It need hardly be added that the admirals choose their flag-captains and the whole of their staff. This is a deplorable system. All these selections only exist in order that officers may do each other mutual favours, and thus obtain patronage. A captain takes the relation of an admiral as second officer or as selected officer, so as to secure the good graces of the former. Favouritism always comes before the interests of the service.

Does a colonel in the army select his lieutenant-colonel, or a major his captains? There is no sort of reason why the same system should not be followed in the navy as in the army. The officers should go to sea in regular succession; not according to the caprice of the authorities. Those to whom a disagreeable appointment falls must make the best of it. It very often happens that those who have to face this disagreeable prospect find some means or other of remaining at home, and very shortly after they are selected for some first-rate appointment. Now this is a regular scandal. Any officer refusing an appointment in his proper turn should be placed at the foot of the list, and should even be deprived of his rights by such conduct.

The same occurs when a command is in question. The Minister bestows it arbitrarily, and is responsible to no one for his decision. We have only to turn over the naval *Annuaire* to prove that the greater part of the commands devolve on members of leading naval families.

Democracy has not invaded the navy. On the contrary, privileges are jealously transmitted from father to son, as in a most exclusive caste.

It has been justly observed that it would be easy unerringly to point out those on the list of the students admitted to the naval

school, who without any personal merit would reach the rank of admiral, and those who would not, unless under exceptional circumstances, even were they excellent officers. The brilliant appointments, the showy commands, are all for the former; conscious worth is the share of the others—and this, according to La Rochefoucauld, is of no use unless Fortune brings it into notice.

The creation of specialities, as we have already observed, has had a bad effect on the general situation of an officer. Formerly the very fact of being one meant that he was fit for every duty in the service. There was one list only for all the four ports, and, with the exception of a single officer selected by the captain, the staff of every ship commissioned for sea-service was taken from this list.

According to the regulations, the senior watch-keeping officer had charge of the guns, the lower deck battery, and even that of the upper deck. The captain then selected the navigating officer; the officer in command of the landing party; in a word, the officer for each separate duty and branch of the service. If any proved incapable of any particular duty, a note was made against him, and this note followed him everywhere, often exercising a decisive influence on his career.

This is no longer the case. Seeing the diversity and intricacy of maritime engines, a certain number of technical schools have been instituted for each branch of naval science, and a certain number of officers, selected every year by the Minister, are sent to them. These are the gunnery school, established in the harbour of the Hyères islands, the *Souverain* and its tenders, the torpedo-school at Boyardville in the Île d'Oléron, the school of musketry at Lorient, the astronomical school at the Montsouris observatory, and, lastly, the gymnastic school at Joinville-le-Pont. After passing the usual examinations, the officers receive a certificate of special capacity, which gives them special advantages. They embark as officers superintending torpedoes, gunnery, musketry, &c., and take the direction of these various branches of the service.

The speciality of officers in charge of the engines already constituted by the creation of various ranks for the chief engineers, and likely to be developed more and more by increasing our strength, completes the series of special officers in the navy. We are far from finding fault with this organisation; in itself it is excellent. The schools supply a real want, and are of incontestable utility. Nevertheless, the development of specialities breaks up the unity of the naval corps, and manifestly violates justice. An officer can, and ought to possess, as in olden times, a thorough knowledge

of the scientific branches of his profession. Without this he can never be fit to command. They almost all have the same starting point, and go on board the *Borda*; therefore, the equality existing at the outset of their career should be maintained in the sequel. As no competition is required for admission to the schools, there is no reason that one should be admitted in preference to another. Everyone ought, at least, to have the option given him. Should this system prove impracticable, selection might then find some justification, but at present it clearly weakens the whole corps.

But it is not impracticable. Various plans have been suggested for placing each speciality within reach of every officer. It was proposed to unite all the special schools in one principal naval college, just as we have one principal military college. Perhaps this would be a good plan. Whether it were or not, there are even now officers who are acquainted with several specialities; we may, therefore, consider the plan feasible, and it would be easy to adopt it.

It would only be necessary to arrange the turns for going to sea and for returning to shore in such a way that each officer should be able to go through the courses at one or more of the schools, and that at the end of a certain number of years he should have followed those of all the schools. These courses of instruction could very easily be condensed into a few months.

As fast as the torpedo improvements take place, so much the simpler does it become, and easier to understand. The same obtains with reference to our guns; it would be much easier to become conversant with them if, as we could wish, the navy were content only to use the 14-cms. gun. In a very short time, those who had qualified would gain the two certificates which, now-a-days, are particularly indispensable, that of gunner and torpedo-officer. The others could be gained with still greater ease, and when each had acquired all the different specialities, the latter would virtually cease to be specialities, as they would be common to everyone. The navy of the present would then resemble the navy of the past. The corps of officers would be increased in value. General progress would set in, and those differences in education would cease to exist which at present give rise to serious jealousies, and serve as a pretext for the most flagrant favouritism.

2.

We have quoted Admiral Aube's opinion that a sailor can only be trained at sea. The sea is the great school for naval officers. We must now examine the working of the measures intended to

secure their instruction in the present state of our naval organisation. Our active fleet, in which our officers spend their time at sea, and receive the instruction necessary and indispensable to their complete development, may be divided into three easily-defined categories : these are the vessels at naval stations in far-off lands ; transport ships ; and, lastly, the evolutionary squadron : three services filling, or supposed to fill, three chief necessities. These three essentially different services constitute our professional schools.

Let us examine their value from this particular aspect ; and, to start with, we shall set aside the transport ships, because we consider that far the best thing the navy could do would be to get rid of them. We, of course, mean the transports reserved to carry troops to our colonies, and the provisions required for them ; we have already said that we should retain transports to accompany and escort our torpedo-boats and our gun-boats. But our present immense fleet of transports costs an immense sum, absorbs a considerable portion of our *personnel*, and is of no more use in educating our officers or seamen, than ordinary steamers are.

It has often been proposed, with great justice, that the navy should be set free from a charge so unsuitably and so uselessly absorbing its energy and its resources. Would it not be undoubtedly more simple, and far more economical, to make this over to the merchant service ? It would do the work thoroughly, and it would, moreover, give it a legitimate profit.

We have indicated our lamentable lack of officers during the Chinese War. Our transport fleet was chiefly to blame for this. At that time it included (of course, we do not speak of armed vessels) eight transports of the *Annamite* type, each having one commander and four lieutenants (the regulation number would be five) ; three transports of the *Tarn* type, whose staff included one commander, one lieutenant, and three sub-lieutenants (instead of four) ; five transports of the *Finisterre* type, with the same staff as the transports similar to the *Tarn* ; one transport of a particular pattern, the *European*, having the same number of officers. Thus the 17 great transports absorbed 17 commanders, 82 lieutenants, and 27 sub-lieutenants, and these might have armed 17 cruisers or look-out ships for the fleet if we had had them.

We must add seven more provision transports to those we have enumerated (the *Caravane*, *Bièvre*, *Arrière*, &c.), each having a lieutenant in command, and another second in command. These fourteen officers could, in like manner, have been better employed. We should add despatch-transports fairly well armed, but possessed

of such inferior speed that they can hardly be reckoned as men-of-war.

The vessels which were formerly called station transports, some commanded by a lieutenant, and others by a commander, had a lieutenant second in command, and three sub-lieutenants as officers of the watch. So we again have 50 officers that might have been better employed. If we add them all up, we obtain a total of 159 naval officers condemned to subordinate duty. A chartered steamer would do as well as a transport, and were the former to be sunk by a hostile torpedo-boat or gun-boat it might be a misfortune; whereas, were the same to happen to the transport—as would be very likely, considering her undefended condition, her moderate speed, and her insufficient armament—it would be a humiliation as well as a misfortune. We should out and out have lost a vessel distinctly carrying the pennant of a man-of-war.

We have not alluded to the old ships employed in transporting convicts to New Caledonia. These (there are two constantly armed) are commanded by a captain, with a commander as his second officer, five lieutenants, and five sub-lieutenants. They are, in fact, considered a training school. Surely it would be better, even if gradually, to replace all these transports by merchant vessels, which could, if required, and according to the nature of their mission, have a naval lieutenant, or a doctor or agent, attached to them as Government agent. Those detailed for carrying the convicts might, further, be provided with a crew of trained men.

We should thus restore the fighting element to our officers, and this is their real work. It would set them free from enervating and insignificant duties. These may be very instructive in time of peace, but they are almost humiliating in time of war. According to a saying in use at the time of the Crimean War, they condemn their victims to be nothing but the *maritime following* of the army.

The necessity for reform in this direction is no new thing. As long ago as 1865 the Prince de Joinville wrote:—

Once for all, the navy should discontinue transport service. It will ruin it, and we have come to this conclusion after giving it the fullest consideration, it will ruin it if this continues to be imposed upon it. The extent and continuity of this service during the Crimean, Italian, and Mexican wars are, perhaps, answerable for the distaste and general falling-off to be noticed in our naval officers.

No order or discipline are possible on board a transport. After struggling to maintain them for a few days, it is given up in despair. The crew lives in a sort of hopeless confusion and helter-skelter; even the officer becomes infected, and forgets the severe and salutary lessons that he learnt on board a man-of-war. Later on he takes the irregular habits acquired on board the transport back to the man-of-war.

As the former fills such an important place in the life at sea, habits acquired upon it necessarily obtain the mastery, and the officer, having lost all taste for discipline, no longer sets the example in it.

Let us say frankly what is the case: the soldiers and their leaders consider the transport as a sort of inn. The naval officer is the innkeeper, paid to look after them. Thus he is often placed in the most unpleasant and humiliating situation in relation to his comrades in arms. Is it surprising that the general relations between the army and navy should be somewhat affected by this? From whatever side of the question it may be viewed, nothing but disagreeables can result when a nation burdens the navy with transport service.

The English gave up doing this many years ago. They had preceded us in the practice, and had gained great experience on the subject in the Peninsular War, as well as in India and America. At the present date they have, perhaps, one or two troopships like the *Himalaya*. They use them because they happen to have them, and, moreover, they are as a drop in the ocean to their immense fleet. Their acknowledged rule is never to employ a man-of-war on any duty that will demoralise the crew, humiliate the officer, injure the discipline, and consequently the intrinsic value as well as the reputation of the navy.

The Americans make the same rule. The Turks alone cram their soldiers on board their men-of-war in the same way as we do. I doubt whether we should take them as our models.

Taking our vast armies into consideration, and the limited resources of our merchant service, it might be permissible, at a time of great pressure and difficulty, if the sea were clear, and if the temporary encumbrance were of no inconvenience, to employ the navy to transport a considerable body of troops; but, as a general rule, this duty, and the subsequent coming and going, should devolve on the merchant service, or on a special transport service to which its officers and crew would permanently belong.*

Personally I should prefer applying to the merchant services, and to the steamship companies already in existence. They should have a certain number of supplementary vessels, which the Government could charter by paying well for them. When unoccupied, or on a return, these vessels might give themselves up to commercial operations. This would be a powerful means of furthering the development of the service of merchant-steamers destined to replace the "old merchant-craft,"† and this cannot be sufficiently encouraged.

For unforeseen emergencies, the State would do well to keep a reserve of the big transports it possesses at present, and which it would lend to the companies when it were a case of carrying horses or artillery; but this part taken by the State in this important branch of our military service would be quite exceptional. As a rule, it would depend entirely on the merchant service for moving the troops and *matériel*.

If it were decided to make this alteration in our naval organisation, we believe that it would remedy one of the causes of moral deterioration that have affected our officers.‡

* The Prince de Joinville spoke from the experience gained in the Crimean, Italian, and Mexican wars, with reference to the transport of an army to a hostile country. We have already shown that this will in future be impossible. Henceforward it will only be a question of carrying troops to a distance, to the colonies, or to a country like China, where the principles of naval warfare are unknown. Only the "coming and going" spoken of by the Prince de Joinville will have to be considered. His argument is still more to the point in the existing state of things, and for this reason we have quoted it.

† Written in 1865.

‡ *Etudes sur la marine et Récits de guerre*, by M. le Prince de Joinville.

No one will be surprised, after reading the opinions we have already advocated as to the impossibility of conveying an army by sea, in the present day, to the theatre of a European war, if we entirely agree with the opinion of the Prince de Joinville. To carry the more or less numerous body of troops necessary to colonial expeditions, the merchant service is sufficient: it was employed in Tunis, Tonquin, China; it ought to be employed everywhere, and still more exclusively.

By suppressing our naval transports we effect considerable economy in our constructions, and get the proper use of a *personnel*, diverted to a service for which it was never intended.*

We are thus left with only two schools in which our sailors can complete their education in seamanship, even as regards the modern sea-going engines, by getting accustomed to the sea, by studying the eventualities of the weather, of the shipwrecks and the tempests they continuously meet with in their chequered career, by acquainting themselves with the geography of the coasts, the resources of the harbours, ports, and different countries, in a word, with everything necessary to that war of chase we have suggested to be the future system of warfare."

The prolonged fatigue of the voyages with their varied experiences are as necessary to the sailor as a knowledge of the weapons of war. They alone can give him the calm determination and accurate judgment, without which he would feel powerless and unnerved in the great day of battle.

Now, do the distant stations and the evolutionary squadron fulfil this requirement, as they certainly did in the bygone days of sailing vessels? This has often been questioned, and, we think, with reason. Let us set aside the evolutionary squadron for the moment; and confine ourselves to the distant stations, and let us see whether they add to the education of our officers and our crews, or whether, on the contrary, they do not greatly hinder it.

At the beginning of the century, French colonial enterprise seemed to have for ever died out; there were, at that time, no younger sons obliged to fly the mother country and seek their fortunes in new countries; three millions of men had fallen on the European battle-fields, mowed down as much by victory as by defeat; our colonies had been the ransom of our disasters; we had

* Considerable saving would be effected in the transport of *matériel* or *personnel* by the merchant service. To cite an example: a transport of the *Moselle* type, carrying *matériel* for Madagascar, costs such a sum in coal and armament, that from Toulon to that colony the carriage of every ton amounts to the price of 180 francs. Any private company would undertake it at half the cost.

handed them over to the conqueror; and although entire withdrawal was not as yet spoken of, we were, for the moment, content to keep within our frontiers without any other prospect than that of living distrustfully amidst our enemies, and perpetually obliged to restrain our ambition.

Nevertheless, absolute retirement is so difficult to a great and rich nation like France, that in the very first years of the Restoration a certain set of our compatriots, established in far-off countries, resumed the traditions of exterior expansion, with more or less success, for our commerce and trade. Certainly no comparison could be made between this small band of prudent and courageous men, and the immense stream of English emigration covering the world with its successive invasions. Nevertheless, small though it was, this chosen band of Frenchmen, perpetuating their hereditary genius for colonisation, was worthy of being protected from governments successively plunged in savagery or complete anarchy.

We have heard of the long and bloody revolutions which followed the proclamation of national independence throughout Spanish America. To preserve the life and fortunes of our countrymen from this reaction, our diplomatic agents in these unquiet regions had always to be armed, and ready with observations, advice, and threatened action. They were, in truth, something more than ordinary diplomatic servants; they were what our consuls in the East had been for centuries in the Mussulman country; they were the representatives of the Government of their own country, and their authority had to be supported and sanctioned by a naval force. This force consisted of the fleet on the neighbouring naval station, and was generally sufficient. They had the right to call upon its services, with this reservation, that, when the commander-in-chief responded to their requisition, he should share the responsibility as a guarantee that the national flag was justifiably employed.

The first ten years of the "July" monarchy, terminating in the deposition of the Dictator Rosas, included the history of our prolonged struggles in La Plata, and concentrated the general action of naval Powers beyond the confines of Europe. It explained and justified the division of responsibility, which, although it had great advantages, had also great drawbacks; especially when the combined action of its two representatives plunged a European nation into a war without being able exactly to trace its origin (as it too often proceeded from individual interests), or to foresee the consequences, as these depended on the chances of war and of politics.

However, this situation was likely to occur in the days of sailing fleets. Communications with the countries of which we speak was both difficult and uncertain. Seeing that to reach the nearest of them, the region beyond Cape Horn, a vessel took five or six months to make the double journey, what Government could, at such distances, direct the action of its agents? A general programme was traced out for the ministers and the admirals, a general aim was suggested to them; but everything else had necessarily to be left to their judgment and patriotism. Therefore everything depended on the choice of men.

The names of Admiral Roussin, of Admiral de Mackan, of Admiral Tréhouart, and of others less well-known, attest that this station at La Plata was a valuable training-school for the diplomatic and military profession, and a no less valuable naval school for all our sailors. The type of vessel being always the same, as sailing was our only means of locomotion, and the gun our only instrument of warfare, all the elements of a complete naval education might be found in any part of the world. All the other naval stations were the same as that of La Plata; they all fulfilled the same requirements; they offered unquestionable advantages to our sailors, and the knowledge was easy to acquire, as it was easy to retain.

This organisation of the naval stations has been religiously adhered to, notwithstanding the changes which have quite altered their characteristics. Now-a-days there is no reason that they should exist; they are no use politically, and do a great deal of harm to the navy. In fact, since the introduction of steam in naval matters, the invention of electric telegraphs, the incessant progress, which shortens all the routes on the globe, and does away with distance—Valparaiso, Shanghai, Sydney, San Francisco, &c. are only a few hours from Paris—a complete revolution has set in, whereby our representatives in distant countries are relieved of all responsibility. Our admirals have ceased to be diplomatic as well as naval; even our diplomatic servants have become the mere mouthpiece of the home officials. Without doubt the most detailed written information, the best drawn up report, does not compensate for an intimate knowledge of men and things acquired on the spot, by constant and familiar intercourse with them.

Our Government made this serious mistake with regard to China when our diplomatic agents failed to convince it of the alteration made during the last twenty years in the Celestial army. It was then seen that no minister in Paris would entrust national politics, even in the remotest lands, or during the greatest emergencies, to

the care of their agents. Above all, none of the latter will ever be able, in future, to take the initiative for France without direct instructions from head-quarters. The telegraph is always at hand to settle any difficulty, to answer the most awkward questions. Any personal decision come to on an important subject by our agents would at once be disowned. Furthermore their threats would not be backed up under the circumstances. Our military and naval strength is so insignificant in the countries where we still maintain naval stations, that they would easily be held in check by the army and navy of the country.

If proof were needed of this we should cite the episode of the *Huascar*, fighting unaided against the *Shah* and the *Amethyst*, and coming undefeated out of the contest. But this is an old story. Since the appearance of torpedoes and torpedo-boats on the scene, who would risk the bad ships at our stations in anything so foolish as a collision with nations which are no longer in a state of anarchy and barbarism, which are now organised and have acquired unity, and which would no longer be daunted by the prospect of an impossible bombardment, or a still more impossible naval invasion? Our naval stations have lost all diplomatic and military value. Everyone knows that they have long ceased to be of the same use as training-schools as they were in the days of sailing.

As far back as 1870 Admiral Aube writes:—

Our naval stations generally consist of a frigate with an admiral and his numerous staff on board, and of two or three despatch-vessels. The station is decided among them. The frigate remains in the harbour of the capital, and leaves it very seldom for an annual visit to the less important ports, in which the despatch-vessels take their turns by more or less arbitrary rules. Three years are passed in this way, almost always at anchor, or making some unimportant cruise. . . . If these are schools, they are schools of *far niente*, of carelessness and laxity under entirely false appearances. For nothing is smarter in appearance, better kept up, more dashing, than any one of our frigates anchored for eight months at Valparaiso or Rio de Janeiro. It would, of course, be unjust to let the blame for this state of things fall upon the commander of the station. This inaction is very distasteful to a great many of them, and quite contrary to their inclinations. But representations and demands from our plenipotentiaries and our consuls intervene. For many long years they have relied on the presence of men-of-war; they cannot comprehend the use of, what seem to them, these purposeless excursions, seeing that they are only for the instruction of the officers and the crew. They demand and implore the constant presence of the admiral, and even do not hesitate to complain of him when, by leaving head-quarters, he completely reveals the futility of these stations, as well as that of their own highly-salaried posts, from a political point of view.

These observations are quite correct; we must add, even should Admiral Aube blame us for calumniating his brother officers, that this forced inaction seldom comes amiss to our admirals.

Repose, *far niente*, and absence of care are by no means distasteful to them in the moral and physical condition they have attained by the time they are old enough for a command. On the contrary, this state of things just suits them. In proof of this, they are not even specially anxious to remain at the head-quarters of the diplomatic agent. Some, from various motives, prefer other anchorage; where they and their ships can equally slumber in peace.

Nothing is more natural. If naval stations are kept up it is not to satisfy their zeal, which has long been quenched, but their justifiable ambition. Each of them, in turns, spends two years (it used to be three) in one or other of these stations, and combines the advantages of a good pecuniary berth with that of "fulfilling their conditions" for being named Vice-Admiral.

"Fulfilling their conditions"—is not this a charming expression coined by the navy? It has of late been modified, to satisfy the natural progress of modern jargon, and has been replaced by the word "qualifying." In order to be promoted from one rank to another, a certain number of years must have been spent at sea, and sometimes a certain number of years in a command. These are the conditions.

The favourites "qualify" at their ease, that is, they go to sea as little as possible; they go on board to qualify, and as soon as their task is finished, they have only to expect their *just* reward. The profane and vulgar go further in their efforts to qualify, but it avails them nothing. To use another nautical expression, those who succeed do so with the "Navy List under their arm," that is by seniority. Our rear-admirals are among the lucky ones in the navy; they go to sea with a view to qualifying; they are sufficiently numerous to avoid going to sea more than twice during their probation, and at the same time they are not too numerous to prevent any from qualifying.

However notable the incapacity of an admiral may be, no Minister would venture to deprive him of this right. We had some recent examples of this which led to most unhappy results, at the outset of the Chinese affair. The admiral who has to qualify sets out, therefore, to hoist his flag at some particular station; according to his tastes and habits, or the number of daughters he has to marry, he will select certain parts of the station which he will leave as seldom as possible. One will live the frugal and economical life of a prudent man in some isolated spot, another will do just the contrary; but they all hope, with few exceptions, for what is well described in an expression which, without being

absolutely nautical, is in common use in the navy, namely, "to be left in peace." They are obliged to spend two years abroad, but what an annoyance it would be for them to get into any bother, either military or naval! It may be remembered how bitterly one of them, who happened to be in China at the time of the River expedition, regretted that he had refused to stir from his own port, where he was in safety, in order to superintend what was taking place at Tonquin; he was determined not to move, *ne quid in turbâ*, as Cicero says. Everything was in a blaze around him; he would see nothing and hear nothing. He was not obliged to occupy himself either with naval or political matters. He was qualifying, and that was all.

In small as in great things, the same spirit animates the commander-in-chief of stations. To keep out of hot water, they keep to parts that are thoroughly well known, and navigate with the utmost prudence. They follow the beaten track, and, so to speak, they only choose the buoyed passages, or visit the great commercial centres. On the voyage to India, China, or the Pacific Ocean, they always stop at the same halting-places. They might get into trouble if they explored the coast, or investigated countries that are little known, and so they do not meddle with this. The naval ships seem in as great a hurry to get to the end of their voyage as if they belonged to the merchant service. There is no more surveying, thanks to the hydrographic engineers, who have dispossessed the navy of this branch of the service. They perpetually repeat that of Corsica and Algiers, but they would certainly take good care not to go to a distance to pursue their occupation in dangerous and inaccessible countries. No more study of the colonies! no more discoveries! nothing to open the minds of the sailors. An admiral who is qualifying cares for none of these things. He does as his predecessor has done before him, and what his successor will do after him, and so on, until the absurdity of such a system becomes so evident that a man will be found sufficiently intelligent to demand its suppression in Parliament, a man with sufficient courage to ensure its accomplishment by the naval ministry. At the present time no admiral in command of a station could strike out a line for himself.

Every rear-admiral who has more or less efficiently commanded a naval station takes all the official and officious correspondence with him; so that if his successor, animated by a noble zeal, were inclined to throw himself into the path of innovations, it would need considerable research to make himself acquainted with his station, and know what to make of it. The fact of an admiral

carrying off the official correspondence may, perhaps, be surprising; but it has long been admitted that the navy was organised for individuals, not individuals for the navy. Therefore each tries to take all he can get, and works for himself alone; no one helps another in order to benefit the public service. Besides, we repeat that no matter how the naval statistics were organised, or what disposition the admirals showed in their command, they would none the less be wretched schools for the navy, as they "localise" men and ships, and prevent their making acquaintance with new parts of the world. We have met admirals who have reached their rank without having seen the Levant, or being thoroughly acquainted with the Mediterranean, the battle-field of all our naval fights.

The more lands he has visited, the better is a seaman's training; and a good officer should be able to act as pilot into the different ports all over the world. Professional knowledge is developed by searching out all the twistings and turnings of the coast; the timid gain in courage, and the adventurous gain in audacity.

Now-a-days a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of all the regions of the maritime world is necessary; it will become indispensable to captains in time of war, as war will consist of long cruises in distant parts of the world. An hour wasted may decide a success or a defeat. Even at night, even in a fog, nothing could excuse any hesitation in entering a port to escape from an enemy superior in strength; nothing could excuse a mistake in tactics resulting from an absence of acquaintance with the place, or the resources and perils it may offer. It is not sufficient to have studied these ports or localities on the charts to escape this disastrous hesitation. The sailors know what assurance is to be gained by personal observation, even were it the imperfect observation to be acquired in a single voyage.

Thus it is evidently necessary to modify the old system at our naval stations, as it lessens the intellectual superiority of our officers, and prevents the greater number of them attaining a complete acquaintance with the seas, upon which they may some day have to take command, and upon which any lack of experience may prove so cruelly fatal to them.

It is to this system that we owe the strange fact that our navy alone stands aloof from the great progress in explorations and discoveries that have taken place all over Europe. We have some first-class explorers who, like M. de Brazza, came out of the navy; but it was not as sailors that they accomplished their labours—our navy is satisfied with going a round of the stations.

Even in Europe our officers, at least those who count twenty-five or thirty years' service, have little beyond a knowledge of the Adriatic, the Baltic, or the coasts of Norway; but when we cast our eyes on a map of the world, when we read the exploits of navigators during the two last centuries, we can only wonder why steam has not furthered the enterprise commenced with sailing-vessels, and without the aid of modern progress, by those courageous navigators who discovered so many unknown lands for us, about which we know nothing more in the present day than what was transmitted to us by them.

Another disadvantage of naval stations, hardly less serious than that of injuring the profession, is that our admirals and officers who are at them are left in complete ignorance of the new weapons of war. Of the seven admirals at the present moment on active service, only the admiral who is second in command of the evolutionary squadron is able to keep up with the march of improvements. The rest, scattered about the four quarters of the globe, placed at the head of naval divisions composed of two or three ships of inferior type, and the vessel that carries their flag, generally some wooden frigate armed with guns of small calibre, remain during the whole of their command quite out of reach of all the recent improvements in arms. From the moment they gave up the command of an ironclad, when they ceased to be captain, until the moment when they may be called as vice-admirals to command a squadron, that is to say, during a period of ten or twelve years, our flag-officers never have anything to do with any experiments relating to the weapons of war. Their information is derived either from books or from committees, if they ever require any. This explains the reason why many of them entirely decline to believe in the changes accomplished in the navy, and smile when they are told about torpedo-boats.

It is not at Valparaiso or any other port in the New World that they would be likely to become familiar with the latest discoveries, or ponder over the altered tactics rendered necessary by their introduction into the navy. This will not stand in their way, however, in the case of war, and the supreme direction of instruments of war will be confided to them although they are as ignorant of their uses as the greater part of the general public, and some people will perhaps be astonished when in presence of the unforeseen they give proof of complete incapacity.

From whatever point of view we look at the system of naval stations, with their monotonous cruises, their insignificant excursions and their missions, admitting of no variety and permitting

very narrow possibilities for study and observation, with their inveterate habits of routine and enforced ignorance, we must reach the same conclusion which not only Admiral Aube, but Admiral Jurien de la Gravière came to as far back as 1871, that is, the necessity of doing away with these stations. He says: "The naval stations are not only useless but they are cruel. They take up three or four years of an officer's life, sometimes in the prime of his youth, to be spent in some unhealthy climate in a distant land . . ." And he adds: "It has been proposed to replace the stations by flying squadrons. It is the general desire in the navy, and I adhere to it unconditionally." Although our opinion may be of little value, we must be permitted to remark that we entirely agree with Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, and join in the hope that naval stations will be replaced by flying squadrons. It may be objected that the small vessels we advocate are unfit to go to sea. Nothing is less the case.

As certain 41-*mètres* torpedo-boats now building are called sea-going torpedo-boats, evidently they are expected to justify their designation, and be able to go to every part of the globe. We have endeavoured to show that these are fighting vessels, and that they are to serve not only for coast defence or in forcing an entry into ports containing hostile vessels, but also on the open sea, in fighting a squadron, in a war of chase, in stopping a transport, or sinking a steamer. We have admitted, however, that these torpedo-boats would not be able to keep the sea for long unattended, and that they must always be followed by a parent ship, by a transport, rightly described as a swift collier by a naval author who holds the same theories as we do. Others have held that torpedo-boats should be escorted by cruisers. We are unable to share this opinion. Cruisers have a very different mission to fulfil from that of the flotillas of small boats convoyed by transports. The cruiser should stand apart; it cannot be large enough to supply the wants of other vessels as well as its own; it requires great speed, coal, armament, provisions, and spare stores. Properly speaking, it is not a fighting ship, we should never wish it to measure its strength against a squadron, or even against a vessel better armed than itself. It is a naval rover, and should equally be ready to fly before the superior strength of an enemy, or to fall without mercy on defenceless merchant shipping. Its crew would necessarily be somewhat numerous; for it will be requisite to disperse it over the vessels it has captured, whenever it is able to retain them without risk, and without diminishing its own strength. It must therefore scour the seas, active and solitary; we must not encumber it with

torpedo-boats and gun-boats which might impede its action and hinder it in its adventures, or force it to be too slow, too circumspect, and too prudent. We only require a transport carrying provisions, coal, and men for our torpedo-boats and gun-boats. They must, moreover, be endued with great speed to fly from all danger and to keep out of the way of it.

We have sufficiently explained the conditions to be fulfilled by this floating warehouse; it is useless to recapitulate. It will fulfil the same purpose towards our men-of-war as the railway trains fulfil for our armies during a campaign. Accompanied by it, the torpedo-boats and gun-boats will go fearlessly to sea and will act in groups. In long voyages the revictualling of small vessels both in coals and food will take place on the open sea. It remains to be seen whether this will always be possible. In the Mediterranean, on the Channel, and along the coast where shelter is always to be had; in seas where the trade winds blow, that is between the latitudes of 28° north and south, in the Atlantic and Pacific, revictualling would not only be possible but easy. In the northern parts of the Atlantic, on the route to New York, the gales are frequent; but the ports are not too far from each other, the sea is not entirely without shelter, and there, again, torpedo-boats or gun-boats should be allowed to cruise. The same in the Chinese seas, where shelter is easily obtained. In the Northern Pacific the crossing from Japan to San Francisco can be easily accomplished, seeing the general state of the sea. There is no revictualling necessary at sea—for it is very difficult and sometimes impossible to accomplish—except on the voyage from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Horn, and *vice versa*, that is, on the voyage round the world by the South Pacific and by the Atlantic below the 28° of latitude. But we should not seek for merchant vessels or for men-of-war in that region, nor would battles take place in it.

Round the Cape Guardafui to India, part of the route to China, during the south-west monsoons in the months of April and September, is very dangerous, and without a great deal of fuel gun-boats and torpedo-boats could not risk it. During these periods there are almost unceasing gales in that region. It is a line for mail steamers that we could intercept at Obock, a place we have taken possession of, and which might be very useful to us if we showed a little more foresight and cleverness than we have hitherto done in our colonial and naval enterprises.

Let there be no mistake as to our meaning! The short disquisition we have just indulged in concerns our torpedo-boats and gun-boats cruising about the sea, that is to say, in search of an

enemy making long halts on a beaten track, sometimes delayed, sometimes towed. We speak of a state of war. But going to sea in time of peace is subject to a different set of rules. Every kind of voyage from one place to another is possible if the present routes are modified so as to admit of the necessary revictualling. Thus it is easy to go to the Cape of Good Hope by coasting along Africa, to Cape Horn by keeping along the coasts of America; from Guardafui to India during the south-west monsoons, by looking out for intervals of calm, or by coasting along Asia, &c. &c. This kind of navigation, which would be as frequently as possible along the coasts, would be excellent for the officers; it would teach them to know the creeks and bays which in the hour of danger would offer them refuge, or in time of battle they would serve as posts of observation, whence they could observe the enemy and prepare their attacks; it would familiarise them with geographical facts of which they are almost ignorant at present. It would accustom them *not to avoid the shores*, an inclination more and more noticeable as they reach the higher ranks. This was the method in ancient times, and modern progress ought to bring us back to it. It is easy to understand what an admirable school of navigation and naval science these long voyages would be for our sailors. They could take soundings in every part of the world, and could scour the seas with those perfected instruments they make so little use of at present.

When they have gone round the world many times in eighty days several times repeated in these "nutshells," in these little vessels that would be able to go everywhere, to which nothing is inaccessible, what pluck, what valour, what strength to resist all perils they will have acquired! Instead of being condemned as they are at present to the stultifying duty of watch-keeping during a voyage, they would themselves be in command, they would learn to be responsible, and responsibility would not alarm them.

Always on the outlook, always kept on the alert by the magnitude of their duty, always active, they would early acquire the strong characteristics possessed by our sailors in former days, and which at present they so entirely lack. They would have the science that only experience can give, and they would give themselves heart and soul to their profession. Formerly the long and trying voyages in sailing vessels gave them valuable leisure to take refuge in solitude and study, they were obliged through long months to find resources within themselves; nothing came to distract them from the monotonous spectacle of the sea and sky, and this concentration went to form chosen spirits and indomitable

courage. The incessant struggle with the difficulties of navigation, always so trying and so replete with the unforeseen, would sharpen their wits and none the less strengthen their disposition.

A new generation will arise without any of the distaste, the lassitude, the ignorance, or the faint-heartedness of this generation so cruelly deteriorated by the life at a station or in a squadron. Our fleet being constituted in groups, as we have already explained, a certain amount of circulation must be established among these groups. They must each leave our ports in turns, and only return to them after having made some voyage fixed upon beforehand, either round the world or the coasts of a whole continent. As the fatigues would be very great, the voyages must not last longer than eighteen months or two years at the most. If any complication happened to arise in any particular country, and if it were judged necessary to make a naval demonstration there, the groups disseminated over the seas immediately would concentrate.

The ordinary navigating *personnel* would be composed of captains commanding the groups, on board transports—commanders on isolated cruisers, experienced lieutenants on the gun-boats; and the young ones, and when needful the sub-lieutenants, on the torpedo-boats. In weighty matters the admiral would be referred to; for instance, when several groups happened to concentrate at any particular spot and were able to go through important manœuvres with each other. These expeditions in groups must soon become a source of enjoyment to the officers; interesting voyages, plenty of leave, shortened absence from France, with months of rest at the end of it, all these must please the officers; the greater number of them would have a command, for both the staff and the crew of these small vessels must be frequently changed. Each would acquire an opportunity of showing what he is worth and finding his level in the opinion of others. The trial would be public. Injustice, favouritism, unfair promotion would thus become, if not impossible—that they never will be—at least more difficult.

The monotony of life in harbour at our stations will in this way be avoided. As it is necessary to make the round in two years, the vessels at a station are always obliged to employ their days going somewhere or other, generally returning several times to the same spot, and it wearies them almost as much as if they remained stationary at sea. The sailors would thus have the life of action suitable to them and necessary to their instruction. It would increase their private as well as their professional worth. At the stations they waste their life in idleness; their disposition becomes embittered. They count the months, hours, moments, till it is time

for them to go back to France; they feel how useless everything is that they do, as it is only done to simulate activity. If some favoured and well-organised stations may satisfy one officer, how many others are condemned to spend two years on the coasts, on the West African coast for instance, and are weary and disgusted with a profession that teaches them nothing, but, on the contrary, obliterates their thinking powers and their knowledge. Unhealthy stations of this kind, and a too prolonged residence at them, cause moral decrepitude to supervene, and those who may have been brilliant officers as subalterns, become more than indifferent admirals from remaining too long in a country where bodily and mental existence alike are an effort.

We cannot repeat sufficiently often that beyond everything sailors should have an interest in their profession, and that this profession should qualify them as pilots all over the world. Let them go all over it as often as possible, as near the continents as may be, so as to become acquainted with them, reserving times of peace for special studies and those purely technical and scientific. We should equally wish isolated cruisers to be always at sea, and thoroughly to get to know the commercial routes so as to scour them in time of war. Their routes must be settled for them, whilst leaving them the fullest possible liberty as to pace. On their return their commander ought to give a precise and detailed account of the voyage; an account which should be submitted to a committee whose business it is to test the results obtained with regard to the education of the officers and men, and with reference to the geographical information required.

3.

Does the evolutionary squadron fulfil its object any better than the fleets on naval stations? Is it really what it was formerly; what it is still supposed to be—we mean the safeguard of our naval frontiers in Europe, and the chief school for the higher applications of naval science? This still remains to be discussed before we complete this long, although incomplete study of our naval organisation.

The evolutionary squadron in the Mediterranean [writes Admiral Aube] was organised by one of the most vigorous and sensible minds that has ornamented our navy, and dates from 1840, whence we may reckon the revival of all the faculties of France, when the energy which had remained in abeyance during the years of the Restoration was revived in her by the breath of real liberty inaugurated during the revolution in 1880. Emerging victoriously from the first trials of liberty, French society had, at that time, faith in its destiny, and at one time thought it was sufficiently strong, if not to defy, at least to have no fear of all Europe. A faith which proved fatal to us. Amongst many other elements tending to confirm this confident

security, the navy was not backward. It owed this as much to what was its real importance throughout history, as to the progress it had just accomplished. The navy of that date consisted chiefly of the squadron of twenty-one vessels just bequeathed to us by Admiral Lalande, in which his strong will and martial ardour were reproduced; his admirable creation, in which discipline and reciprocal trust guaranteed not only victory but continuous progress in the future. In common with all true and just undertakings, the idea paramount in this organisation took irresistible, and it may be said universal, effect. Every nation envied us this great school which had become a permanent institution, and hastened to imitate it. Under this strong influence our sailing navy reached the apogee of its power and strength, but it was only for a brief space.*

This has long been a thing of the past. After all we have already said about future naval warfare; about the disappearance of naval battles; the uselessness of plans for battle prepared beforehand; of fighting orders; of previously arranged manœuvres; and, in fact, of all evolutionary tactics; it is easy to understand that a squadron can no longer be either the instrument or the chief school for the art of war. In this also, first steam, and then the torpedo, has effected a revolution which must utterly change all our institutions, if we do not desire that a bigoted worship of the past should condemn us to an impotence still more dangerous to the future of our nation.

The squadron then was, or was intended to be, the chief naval school for discipline—the school of tactics and evolution; and, at the same time, it was the arm at once ready to protect France on its maritime borders. This is no longer the case. To ensure discipline, order, method, regularity, continuity of tradition, there must be uniformity. This existed when a certain number of line-of-battle ships went to compose the squadron. But, now-a-days, it is composed of vessels of different patterns, with nothing in common, and unable to unite in obedience to the same laws. Each vessel is a separate unit, living its own life, without anything to connect it with the others. There is no common rule among their ranks. What may be possible on board the *Trident*, is not possible on board the *Admiral Duperré*, or on board the *Redoubtable*, and still less on board the *Tonnerre*. Henceforth, the squadron is a mere aggregate, in which ironclads, torpedo-boats, and coast-defence ships are brought aimlessly together. In no way is it a fighting unit. But this is not all. In olden days, a man-of-war was, in itself, a perfectly organised fighting unit, and its elements harmonised with irresistible force.

Officers, petty officers, and sailors, met to spend long years together, became identified with their ship and with their commander, who was the highest embodiment of it. They almost all knew each

* Admiral Aube, *Les réformes de notre marine militaire*.

other intimately, and fulfilled the same duties. Turn about, they were sailors in the rigging, gunners in the batteries, marines in the landing parties and in the boats manned for fighting.

In the squadron, the *personnel* now-a-days is changed every six months. The men are told off to their special duties. Machinery replaces mind and personal initiative in every direction. Thus it happens that a ship is quite as little to be described as a unit as a squadron is. It is again an aggregate of distinct personalities, incapable of fusion, incapable of identifying themselves with their temporary home. Emulation, which has already been destroyed between the vessels of the squadron, is also destroyed amidst the varied crew of these vessels. Torpedo-men, gunners, engineer artificers, and sailors alike ignore each other; the officers and captain no longer have them in hand.

To all this, incessant changes in organisation may be added, changes that are necessary, as they are induced by the continuous progress in the navy, but which, nevertheless, are fated to put an end to the squadrons of former days. These used to be excellent training schools for order and discipline. Do they even teach tactics at the present time? To do this, there must be tactics to teach; someone must be able to settle a definite plan for the battles of the future, and the steps to take in closing with and conquering the enemy. Now, no one can do this. The manœuvres are thus invariably and aimlessly the same. The most that can be said—and we are far from saying it—is that the squadron helps the captains to learn how to handle their ships in relation to each other. But the contrary is in reality the case.

When a captain has received a command, he feels he is not only under the eyes of his brother officers, but of his rivals; by the least mistake he may lose the rank of rear-admiral, to which he thinks he is certain to be promoted; he trembles before the responsibility that surrounds him; he has received the command of a ship that has cost vast sums, and which represents an essential element of national greatness: God forbid that he should risk its loss in one of those daring manœuvres which are the triumph of real seamen.

The squadron is only a school of cowardice for those in command. In the case of the officers, it is quite evident that it can in no way develop their experience and nautical knowledge; for what commander would leave the direction of the smallest evolution to one of his lieutenants, when the smallest evolution may bring about the gravest disasters for which he must be personally responsible?

Thus the evolutionary squadron is perfectly sterile and useless as a training school, it is even the most dangerous that can be

imagined. It keeps steadily to routine, and is incapable of the smallest progress. England and France alone persist in retaining an institution no longer answering to modern requirements.

As we have already said, nations more modern, less encumbered with traditions—Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary—have no permanent squadrons; they content themselves with mobilising all their fighting units during a few months of the summer—ironclads, torpedo-boats, &c.—for important manœuvres at sea, for coast attack and defence, &c.

This system is excellent as well as economical.

How many of the twelve months during which they are equipped, do our squadrons really employ in manœuvres? According to the tastes, temperament, and good pleasure of the admirals in command, they remain at anchor during the winter; sometimes at Toulon, or at the Salins d'Hyères; in the gulf of Jouan, or at Villafranca. Sometimes they go to sea for a day or two for manœuvres, and then return to rest and do nothing.

The admiral in command is so absorbed by the details of the complicated administration on board his great ships, and by that of his enormous *personnel*, that he has no time for anything else. How could he organise experiments with the new instruments of warfare; how can he study the effect of new movements to be executed; how should he try new systems of coast attack and defence, of bombarding and landing? He is worn out in giving the orders necessary to the working of the squadron. This heavy duty leaves him no leisure. As to the rear-admiral, second in command, he must remain absolutely passive.

If he is of a critical turn of mind, he may indulge in sad reflections as to how perfectly useless are his own, and the functions of all those surrounding him. If he appreciates routine, he can go to sleep on board, and scarcely be disturbed by the noise of the blocks grating on deck, or the pacing of the officers and sailors above his head. And yet, as we have observed, he alone of all the rear-admirals has the chance of seeing the new weapons and the new vessels; for his brother officers, growing rusty on distant stations or in the dockyards, have not the consolation of being able to observe the progress made in the navy, for themselves, or of forming an opinion as to what could be made of them under a different organisation, allowing them to study them and use them.

If all we have just said is true, we must add that the evolutionary squadron deceives the country, and inspires it with a false sense of security by letting it imagine that in the hour of peril she would save its maritime frontiers from the blows threatening it. This

illusion should at once be dispelled. Reform is both necessary and urgent, and to be efficacious it ought to be complete. We would view it in this light. A recent circular from the naval ministry, which, however, has remained a dead letter, has given orders that all our men-of-war shall be armed in the reserves. We may divide them into two categories: first, those in course of construction or those in process of repair; secondly, those completed and afloat. We should like to see the latter, in conformity to the ministerial decision, classed in the reserves according to their condition, so that those in the first category should be able to go to sea in three days at most, and those in the latter in a fortnight.

As soon as the sailors came into port they would be proportionately subdivided, according to their qualifications, and sent on board the classified vessels. The general drill for each particular line would be gone through on board, either in the reserve or at sea, when each vessel might effect a short cruise. But the sailors would always live on board even if they could not always be at sea. The vessels classed in the reserve according to their armament might be commanded by a rear-admiral in every naval port. Lastly, the stationary and movable defence force would acquire all the extension we have asked for them.

When the latter are strongly organised, when the depôts and the ports of refuge have been decided upon for our torpedo-boats all over our coasts, when it is decided how many of them shall belong to each district requiring defence, we should leave as many armed as we possibly can for the instruction of the men and the officers, and the others would equally be classed in the reserve at the chief naval centre in that part of the country, so as to be ready to go to sea in a few days. This system would have the merit of accustoming a certain number of rear-admirals to the study and constant handling of all the instruments of war. Every year during a settled period a vice-admiral should be sent to the Mediterranean, and another to the Atlantic and the Channel to take the command of manœuvres resembling those of our army, in which *fighting tactics* would be gone through by every class of ship. This would indeed be a good training in the tactics for war.

Those vice-admirals who generally live in Paris, being free for months from any other employment, will have had heaps of time to prepare themselves by study and reflection, by theoretical acquaintance with naval progress, and by the example of other nations, for the experiments and movements they have to execute. They will be able to reduce to practice the problems they have thought out in the silence of their study.

As in the army, there will be divers matters to develop in these great naval manœuvres. Sometimes the torpedo-boats will attempt an assault on the squadron, or else an attempt may be made to bombard unfortified towns. At other times the coasts will be reconnoitred, or attacks by day or by night will be attempted; in a word, everything will be done to imitate warfare in these thorough trials, which will at length give us men fit to command our navy, and officers worthy to second them.

Here we will pause, for space forbids our entering into the details of the new system we advocate. We have not aspired to be exhaustive; this would have been impossible, but we have at least run through all the heads of a subject which is of first-rate importance, and worthy of the attention of our statesmen no less than of that of our sailors. In such a vast area, we have doubtless made various mistakes, but we think that the doctrines we advocate will on the whole rise superior to the objections advanced against them, and likely to be advanced against them in the future. Our navy is certainly passing through a very critical phase! We must be forgiven for saying it is in a state of decadence. The old-fashioned *matériel* is now worthless; the wearied and worn-out *personnel* deteriorates more and more.

One of those great efforts, so usual in our country, and causing a transition from the lowest degree of weakness to the apogee of strength and progress, is necessary towards the restoration of our maritime superiority and towards our national security. We have frequently been reproached for desiring changes, and we have often been told that nothing is more dangerous than sudden changes, that we should beware of them, and not imagine that the future can be arranged all in a moment, without taking the weight of the past into consideration. We certainly do not deny the theoretical justice of these reflections; but there are moments in the history of organisations, as in those of nations, when, as the result of a series of blunders, a shock is necessary if we are to pass from entire stagnation to a regular and progressive advance. The navy has reached this stage. The traditions of a sailing navy were excellent when the wind was the only motive power, but they should not be retained where steam has come into general use and where they are now quite unsuitable.

There is as much difference between sailing and steam navigation as there is between coaching and railway travelling. What would have been thought of any wiseacre suggesting, out of respect for tradition and from fear of innovations, that the railways should be made on the same plan as the coaching roads? This is, however,

the sort of wisdom that is being preached for the navy. What is more, the construction of large ironclads, the absolutely false idea that division of labour should not be applied to the organisation of the means of naval science, and that all the weapons of war should be accumulated on the same ship at the risk of hindering each other and condemning each other to powerlessness, has had most disastrous consequences. We have come to a standstill. We have a *matériel*, enormous in the amount of energy it wastes and the resources it absorbs, which a torpedo can destroy in a few seconds; we have added to this *matériel* a *personnel* possessing no confidence in the engines it has to make use of, and incapable of employing others which it is unacquainted with.

How are we to free ourselves from this situation? We persist in thinking that it can only be done by a manly determination, helping us to cut all the cables that bind us to the past and to turn our attention resolutely to the future.

Socotra: Our Latest Annexation.

By CHARLES RATHBONE LOW (late) I.N., F.R.G.S.

So rapid and numerous are our acquisitions in every part of the globe, that for the British taxpayer, that most long-suffering of mortals, to have a fair acquaintance with the places towards which his attention is directed, is in itself almost a liberal education. It has been said that the average Englishman has but a limited knowledge of the geography of the world in which he plays so distinguished a part, and we are inclined to think that there is much truth in the observation. No sooner is a vast expanse of country annexed in South Africa, or a group of islands occupied in the Pacific, than the attention of their readers is directed by the press to a study of "large maps," which Lord Salisbury recommended an ignorant British public to scrutinise before forming an opinion on the bearings of the Central Asian question, a judicious piece of advice which it would be well if the said public would take to heart on the next occasion of their flying into a panic.

The island of Socotra appears to have been known at an early period to the ancient geographers. Ptolemy notices it under the appellation of Dioscoridis Insula, and Arrian says that the inhabitants of it were subject to the kings of the "incense country," meaning Arabia; but it appears to have attracted little attention, and, during the dark ages, may almost be considered as lost to geography, until the visit of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century, who does not, however, make any particular mention of its inhabitants and resources. Vasco de Gama, in his memorable voyage from Lisbon to Calicut, in 1497, passed Socotra without seeing it; but seven years afterwards, it was made known to European navigators by Fernandez Pereira. The island was visited in 1614 by Captain Nicholas Downton, of the East India Company's Service, who arrived off the island with four ships, when on his way to Surat, where the Company had their chief factory. He says: "Its chief produce is aloes, though the annual amount does not exceed a ton; cattle may be bought, but are exceedingly small; and, according to the dry, rocky barrenness of the island, wood is at twelvepence a man's burthen, and every other particular is very dear."

Socotra was visited by a famous Englishman, Sir Thomas Roe, the Ambassador of James I. to Shah Abbas, King of Persia, who

the Indian Government resolved to establish coaling stations at Macullah, on the main land, and the island of Socotra. Commander Haines, I.N., with a staff of accomplished young surveying officers*—the name of each one of whom may be found in the Marine Survey Charts, published by the East India Company—left Bombay in the brig *Palinurus*, in October 1833, and, having first surveyed about 100 miles of the south coast of Arabia, proceeded to Kisseen, on the mainland, in order to obtain permission to survey Socotra, from the principal chiefs of the Moharah tribe, to whom the island owed nominal allegiance. Commander Haines anchored at Kisseen on the 28th December, and, on the 31st, had a conference with two young chiefs—Ahmed Ibn Said, and Abdullah Ibn Affick—who gave him full powers to do all he thought necessary, and also a firman, directed to the chiefs, to show him every civility. The *Palinurus* sailed from Kisseen on the 4th January 1834, and, on the 9th, arrived at Tamarida, the chief town of the island.

When the survey was commenced, so accurate was it, that on the whole measurement of the circumference of the island, $197\frac{1}{2}$ miles, there was an inaccuracy of only 186 yards. It was a laborious task, on account of the weather and baffling winds, and the short period occupied in its execution, Commander Haines being anxious to fulfil the wishes of the Directors, who requested that the chart of the island might be sent home by the first steamer. He and his officers worked incessantly, Sundays not excepted; and Commander Haines did justice, in his report, to their self-denying zeal.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant J. R. Wellsted, F.R.S., the assistant surveyor, accompanied by Mr. Midshipman Cruttenden,† who was familiar with Arabic, travelled through the interior, for the purpose of acquiring information concerning the island and its inhabitants; and these notes Wellsted published in the Journals of the Asiatic Society of Bengal (vol. iv.), and Royal Geographical Society (vol. v.), with a map, for which he received the thanks of those learned Societies.

When Commander Haines had completed the survey of half the island of Socotra, he received a letter from one of the "Sultans," as these petty chiefs call themselves, requesting him to discontinue his work, and join him at Kisseen, to hold another conference; but the British officer, who was familiar with the Arab character for intrigue, paid no attention to the request. He continued the survey

* These officers were Lieutenants T. G. Carless, J. R. Wellsted, and J. P. Sanders; Midshipmen F. Jones, J. S. Grieve, C. J. Cruttenden, J. Rennie, and A. Ford. The only survivor is Captain James Rennie, I.N., C.B.

† The late Captain Cruttenden, Deputy Director of Transports at the Admiralty.

to its completion, and a chart of the island and coasts was published by order of the Government.

Commander Haines now returned to Bombay, and, in October, was again despatched to Kisseen in the *Palinurus*, with instructions "to negotiate with the chiefs who held the sovereignty of Socotra, for the purchase of that island. You will also," continue the instructions, "receive for the above purpose 10,000 German crowns; but the Governor-General of India, in Council, trusts that you will be enabled to buy this island for a much smaller sum, and the less money you pay, the more credit you will derive. Your personal knowledge of these chiefs, and their character, will enable you to negotiate with advantage to them."

Commander Haines was also given a draft of the treaty he was to negotiate, and was directed to proceed, on its completion, to Socotra, for the purpose of taking "formal possession in the name of the Honourable East India Company." He was further informed that, in all probability, on his arrival at Socotra, he would find British troops in possession, when he was to make over charge to the officer in command. But an unexpected difficulty arose, and Commander Haines found that the eldest of the chiefs would not part with his inheritance, though he owned it was almost worthless as a source of revenue. "The English," he said, "might come and take the island, but he would never sell it."

Meantime, the Bombay Government, expecting no difficulties of this kind, had despatched an expedition, consisting of the Hon. Co.'s ships *Tigris*, *Shannon*, and an armed pattamar, having on board a detachment of native infantry, and a party of native artillery and sappers, under the command of Captain (now General) R. A. Bayly, who gave me some details of the occupation. The troops were landed at Tamarida, notwithstanding the threats and remonstrances of the chief; and here they remained for several months. In April 1835, the Hon. Co.'s ship *Coote*, eighteen guns, Captain Rose, relieved the *Tigris* at Socotra, between which and Bombay the *Shannon* kept up a regular communication. In the same month the *Hugh Lindsay* touched at Tamarida with the Indian mail, which had been despatched from Alexandria in the steamer *African*, from Falmouth, on the 4th March, and arrived at Bombay on the 2nd May.

From the commencement of the enterprise, the occupation of Socotra was disastrous. Owing to the heavy surf running at the time of disembarkation, one of the boats of the *Tigris* was swamped, and some men were drowned.* Lieutenant Jenkins, and Midship-

* The following incident, related by an officer, affords an instance of the instinctive obedience of the soldier:—A Sepoy, unable to swim, and struggling in the

men Gordon and Mackenzie, of the *Tigris*, commanding the boats, did all in their power to save life; and the late Sir de Lacy Evans, in animadverting on the folly of the enterprise in the House of Commons, stated that, "had it not been for the gallant conduct of one very young officer (Mr. Mackenzie), who saved several lives, it would have ended more disastrously." Scarcely were the troops located on the low land selected for the cantonments, than fever decimated the small force. The surgeon, one officer, and several men died. Lieutenant Ormsby, first of the *Tigris*, became delirious; Mr. Mackenzie went home sick; and Mr. Midshipman Shum was insane for months, from fever, and had to resign the service. Mr. Mackenzie said, in a letter to me: "Ere the island was abandoned, scarce a man could be found with strength sufficient to dig a grave for his companion. At one time, every man, save the doctor, was prostrate with fever, and he eventually died. Several officers had their health permanently ruined, and few survived to tell the tale of the Socotra expedition." The detachment of troops was withdrawn in April 1835, and all idea of continuing Socotra as a coaling station was abandoned. Had the Government followed the advice of the naval officers who had surveyed the island, and occupied the highlands adjacent to Tamarida, this loss of life might have been avoided.

During the occupation of the island, Lieutenant Ormsby, F.R.S., an officer of rare attainments, and Assistant-Surgeon Hulton, both of the *Tigris*, traversed a great part of the mountain range.

Again the island of Socotra passed out of view of the Indian Government, until the year 1877, when they came to terms with the chiefs claiming authority, in order to obviate the chance of the island being purchased by a foreign Power, in the manner that, within recent years, has become familiar to us.

The last event in the history of Socotra, is the actual occupation of the island, in the name of his Government, by the Brigadier-General commanding the troops at Aden. It is to be hoped that the Bombay Government, should they locate troops in the island, will take to heart the lesson taught at the former occupation of Socotra, and occupy the healthy highlands. It was the neglect of this obvious precaution that caused the great loss of life when the island of Cyprus was first occupied by our troops at the time of the conclusion of the treaty of Berlin.

water, seized him round the waist; but upon his ordering him to let go his hold, he complied instantly, without a word, and upon the officer turning round to get a proper grip of the drowning man, he found he had disappeared.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORDERLY-ROOM.

“DID you see daybreak this morning, Tim?” asked one soldier of another.

“Yes, faith! and I did; and it broke with a moighty great noise!”

This also was the opinion of Ensign Burke, when at the very earliest streak of dawn he was awakened by the roar of the morning gun. He had had but a few hours' sleep, and, like the historical sluggard, would have “slumbered again” had not his pertinacious bearer monotonously murmured by his bedside the diurnal liturgy of “Sahib! Sahib! Sahib!” and commenced the accustomed ceremony of pulling on his master's stockings while he was in bed.

Burke knew that his hour had come, and submitted to the inevitable. Then, in a whirlwind of ministering attendants, all devoted to the sweet-tempered lad—the water-carrier, who had brought his cold bath in a skin; an old man with a cup of hot tea, which he assiduously cooled by blowing and stirring it; a boy with his sword, to which he was giving a final polish with a dirty rag; and another, who obsequiously held his forage-cap—the Ensign rushed from the house, threw his long legs over one of the most diminutive of ponies, and “by the skin of his teeth,” as he said, barely escaped committing the unpardonable crime of being late on parade. He was, of course, followed on foot by a thin, long groom, who tore after the galloping pony, and by some peculiar provision of nature was able to arrive at the parade-ground as soon as his master!

When Burke found himself on the flank of his company he began, as usual, to speculate upon his colonel's temper and his constitutional bad language.

There he was, mounted on his white charger, fiercely facing his men, a great number of whom were young soldiers but lately recruited, who still retained many of the, in his opinion, despicable

characteristics of the civilian, and whose ignorance and rawness vexed the soul of the stern old martinet.

Colonel George Rawley had worn a red coat in a variety of climates for forty years, without the vigour of his constitution being apparently much impaired thereby. "The army swore a great deal in Flanders," and the veteran carefully preserved the traditions of the time when Her Majesty's forces fought hard and used strong language.

"Open column right in front!" Rawley was shouting in a stentorian voice which might have been heard through the roar of cannon on the battle-field; "right-about face! Sergeant-major, mark down that flank man of number four! What do you mean, Sir, by not facing at the last sound of the word? I'll march you round the square till you *do* know your drill. Right wheel, quick march! Steady there, number seven, halt! My Gad! I'll keep you doing it until you *can* do it correctly. As you were, front! left wheel into line, quick march! Steady officers! My Gad, Mr. Burke, don't you know how to dress your men yet? Steady! look to your front! that man in the rear rank of number two; let me see if you *can* do it this time. Open column right in front! Right-about face, right wheel, quick march! Steady, now! Look to your men, Captain Maunders! Don't give the word of command in *that* way, Mr. Burke, 'Haltfrontdress'; say, Halt! front! dress! My Gad! I'll keep you to your drill"; and so on, and so on. After an hour or two of this sort of thing, old Rawley dismissed them, and, returning the salute of his officers by a slight touch of his old-fashioned forage-cap, dismounted from his horse, and went off in the direction of his orderly-room.

"Rawley's not in the sweetest of tempers to-day," said our rosy-cheeked Ensign as the officers sheathed their swords and strolled towards their mess, with the view of recruiting their bodies and minds after the fatigue and worry they had just undergone.

"Confound him," muttered Captain Maunders, an officer of two-and-forty, in whose moustache appeared a few streaks of grey, "the army's not fit for a gentleman any longer."

"Orderly-room, Sir," said a smart young corporal with a vellum-covered book under his arm, coming up to Captain Maunders and saluting; "the Colonel's there, and the prisoners have just gone up."

"Very well, Corporal, take the book there. Confound it," growled the Captain again, "I never knew such a place as this; nothing but bother from morning till night. By the bye, I forgot! Here. Burke," he continued, addressing the Ensign who was junior sub-

altern of his company, "*you* must go to the orderly-room, I'm on a Board! I've signed the crimes and all that; let old Rawley do what he likes with them. Stay, though. There's one man I want to get off; a decent sort of fellow who joined not long ago; let me see, what was his name? Bless me! I forget it, but Sergeant Walker will know."

With a grunt of satisfaction at having got rid of a disagreeable duty, the Captain hurried up the steps of the officers' mess-house, leaving the Ensign to wend his way towards the orderly-room, the office wherein the business of the regiment was transacted.

At the door stood a group of non-commissioned officers with portfolio-like books under their arms, and in an adjoining yard was a line of soldiers, with dirty and dismal countenances, guarded by two privates with drawn bayonets. These were the prisoners who were to be brought up before the commanding officer to receive military justice for the various faults which they had committed.

As the Ensign approached, the non-commissioned officers all stood to "attention." A stout, jovial-looking sergeant, of about six feet three inches in height, advanced from the rest, and, handing to him the book which he carried, said: "There are four men up, Sir. There's one man, Brown, that Captain Maunders wished to get off if possible, as he wants to employ him in the orderly-room; he's received a good education, Sir, and it's his first offence."

"What has he done?"

"He was absent yesterday from afternoon and evening roll-calls, and did not return till twelve at night."

"Was he drunk?"

"No, Sir, he was sober, came in by himself."

"All right," said the Ensign, "I will attend to it"; and taking the book from the sergeant, he walked into the orderly-room, where two or three officers were waiting the arrival of the Colonel from his private office.

"'Morning' Burke," said one; "the old business again! eh? there never was such a place as this for work."

"Awful place," added another; "one has to be perpetually hanging about the barracks, or orderly-room, or some cursed hole or other! There's never a chance of getting into mufti before twelve o'clock."

A loud "T'chun" (which to the initiated meant "Attention") was heard outside, and Colonel Rawley entered, followed by his Adjutant, and seated himself at a deal table, which constituted the principal furniture of the apartment.

"Bring in the prisoners, Sergeant-major," he said, looking down

a long list of names placed before him. Meanwhile the officers got the books they carried in readiness, which contained records of the misdeeds of the men of their companies, and are called "Defaulters' Books." Their duty was to inform the Colonel of the general character and previous convictions of such of their men as were now to be brought before him.

After a number of cases had been disposed of, it was the turn of the four men of Burke's company.

"Halt! front!" said the Sergeant-major, marching in the first, and placing him in a convenient position beneath the dread eye of the commanding officer. The Ensign then handed the Colonel a slip of paper, called the "Crime," in which was written, by the orderly corporal of the day, in a round school-boy hand, the name of the offender, and the offence of which he had been accused.

"No. 2,405, Private William Biggs," read out the Colonel, "absent from tattoo roll-call on the night of the 21st, and not returning till the night of the 23rd. How long has this man joined?"

"Only three months, Sir," replied the Ensign, referring to his book. "He's a recruit."

"Is his kit all right?"

"Yes, Sir," said the sergeant of his company, who was in attendance.

"How dare you keep away all that time, Sir?" said the Colonel, addressing the culprit, a wretched-looking youth, with a pallid countenance and tangled hair, whose coarse red jacket hung loosely on his gaunt frame. "One, two, three days—my Gad! I will stop your pay for three days, Sir—it will cost you one rupee—and if you do it again, I'll put you in the cells. Have this man's hair cut, Sergeant-major. I never saw such a dirty, disreputable soldier. Examine his kit, Mr. Burke, and see that he has not sold his boots. My Gad! Three days' pay stopped. March him away, Sergeant-major, and keep him till his hair's cut."

"Right-about face, quick march!" said the Sergeant-major.

The next man tried to assume an appearance of profound penitence, which was much spoiled by a very visible black eye.

"Miles O'Connor," roared out the Colonel again, "found drunk and fighting by the picket. My Gad! You dirty ruffian, what do you mean by fighting and blackguarding about the streets?"

"Oh! if you please, Colonel, if ye'll luk it over this toime, I'll niver do it agin."

"It's his first time drunk this year, Sir," interposed Burke, from his book.

"Lucky for you, Sir—my Gad!" continued the Colonel, looking savagely from under his shaggy eye-brows at the intemperate Milesian; "but I'll march you about that square! Six days' drill, and confined to barracks till his eye gets well!"

John Coyen was the next. "Absent from tattoo roll-call, and brought in by the picket at a quarter past ten, drunk."

"Please, Colonel! I'm an old soldier," urged the man in extenuation.

"My Gad! I know you. Old soldiers, old blackguards! Young soldiers, young blackguards! When was this man last up for drunkenness?"

"He was up in April," answered Burke from his book. "It's his third time this year."

"I'll bring you before a court-martial for habitual drunkenness, the *next* time you come here!" said the Colonel. "Six days' drill, and confined to barracks."

Henry Brown was the last on that list, and this was the man about whom the sergeant had spoken to Burke. He was a tall, well-built, soldierly-looking young fellow, about five-and-twenty years of age, with a fresh colour, notwithstanding his confinement during the preceding night in the guard-room.

"This man has not been up before, Sir," said Burke; "he's a very good fellow, and has been useful in the orderly-room." He spoke with the greater enthusiasm and candour, because he remembered that this was the man in whom Florence was interested.

"Don't you come before me again, Sir," said the Colonel sternly to the culprit, whose features appeared to express a struggle between recklessness and shame. "I'll look over it this time, as it's the first offence! Examine his kit, Mr. Burke, and have his hair cut," he concluded, dismissing the case.

The Ensign now resigned his place at the side of the commanding officer, to a handsome captain, with a curly moustache, whose face exhibited intense weariness, combined with dutiful resignation. In those days, captains of infantry usually paid some £2,000 for their commission, receiving pay which barely gave them interest for the capital. Burke then returned the "Defaulters' Book" into the hands of the sergeant, and requested him to look at the offenders' kits, according to the Colonel's order. He then proceeded to the ante-room in the officers' mess-house, to read the newspapers.

Captain Maunders, who had not yet gone to his "Board," was perusing a journal, with an expression of disgust on his face. He was reading the "Gazette." "Ugh!" he muttered, half addressing Burke, "Blakiston not gazetted out yet! I don't believe he's ever

going—or, if he does, the Horse Guards will bring in somebody from half-pay, and it won't be a step in the regiment. Ugh! I must be off to my Board, confound it! Here's the *Times*, Burke. Settled the orderly-room business, I suppose?"

"Yes. Rawley did not give that man anything, who——"

"Ah! I know. He seems to be a respectable young fellow, well educated, and so forth, but got into debt, and was fool enough to enlist! Much better have swept a crossing! I suppose old Rawley was as pleasant as usual in the orderly-room?" So saying, the Captain, with a slight struggle, buckled his sword-belt round his waist, and departed. The Ensign, whom he had left, looked over the papers, and, after a while, proceeded to his quarters, where he exchanged uniform for mufti, having no more military duties that day.

As the prisoners were being marched back to barracks, Captain Whitby, of the 88th Regiment, N.I., happened to be taking his usual morning ride. He glanced keenly at the group of military criminals and their guard. He noticed the wretched-looking Biggs, with his pale face, and the disfigured optic of Miles O'Connor, the hardened look of that old offender, John Coven, and, lastly, the tall and manly-looking Henry Brown.

Brown was furious at the humiliating position he was now occupying, and his fierce countenance expressed both anger and disgust. Whitby instantly recognised him, and saw that the recognition was mutual. "That was the wretch who had shot the fakir, but the man should not escape again!" He determined to inform Sims at once of the whereabouts of the criminal, and going to the hotel where he lodged, found him at home. Then he started off to the house of the Cantonment Magistrate, but failed to find him.

As to the handsome defaulter, Henry Brown, directly he was dismissed he went to his quarters, and spent part of the day on his barrack bed, in the semi-darkened room. His temper did not improve. He had been let off, it was true; there was some small comfort in that; yet, although an utterly reckless dare-devil, he could not but feel a little anxious as to his future. Captain Whitby had that morning evidently recognised him when they met, although he had failed to do so before; and, besides, Sims had not given up the search for those papers! "I was a fool to enlist," he said to himself. "This life is a hell upon earth! I did it for *her* sake, and now she despises me! I must either buy my discharge, or—desert! Ah! I have it! I know what I shall do!"

CHAPTER V.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

IN the dusk of approaching night Henry Brown climbed the low mud wall which enclosed the grounds belonging to Major Page's bungalow. Like a thief, he stole stealthily, first through the kitchen garden, and then through the park-like ground close to the house, keeping well in the dense shadow of the trees. Having thus entered by a back way, he proceeded to a French window opening on the garden, the venetian blinds of which were shut. He gave a sharp authoritative knock at the closed casement. At first no notice was taken of his imperative summons, but he continued to rap in no very gentle manner, until after a time the window was opened by Louisa Page, who was becomingly dressed in an elaborate toilette of flowing muslin and lace.

She said angrily, while her countenance denoted extreme displeasure: "I have told you not to come here. You will get me talked about in this gossiping station."

Brown walked into the room, and stood leaning against the frame of the open window. "Have you thought over what I said to you in the orange-grove at Sirdhana, last night?" he asked.

"I thought you were either mad or drunk," she retorted fiercely.

"You don't care a brass farthing for me now," he said bitterly.

"No! I don't, and it's your fault that I don't. You get into every sort of disgrace and low villany. God knows I *was* fool enough to care for you once. Now I hate you."

"None of your tantrums, Loo. There never was such a vixen as you are. Stop your row for one minute, and listen to me."

"If you think I am going to help you again out of your scrapes, you are very much mistaken," she retorted.

"Now, don't play the fool, Loo, there is not time for it now. Can't you keep that fellow Whitby quiet?"

"No. You sent me there on a fool's errand. He won't listen to me."

"Well! your fascinations failed for once," he sneered.

"Save me from my friends," she said crossly. "I have known him ever since I can remember, and this is the first time I have asked a favour of the wretch, and he was as rude and nasty as possible, the brute."

"Bad language won't help us," said Brown.

"Have you got those papers that Sims wants? Speak the truth for once," she snapped.

"Yes!" he said calmly, "I have those papers, and I mean to keep them."

"What good are they to you?"

"Only, that through them I intend to become one of the richest men in the world."

"Some more of your wild ideas," she said. "You must be mad."

"No, I am not. As usual, you jump to a conclusion, and are quite wrong."

"Well, then, you can come back to me when you *are* a rich man. I loathe paupers, and beggars."

"So I will, Louisa. I know you are a mercenary young person. You bully a fellow when he is down upon his luck, but you would fawn upon him if his pockets were full."

"And why not? I am not like you, who perform vile actions from high-falutin virtuous motives. I do not think much of heroes who first kill their neighbours out of pure chivalry, and then rob them."

"Now, don't drive a fellow mad!" exclaimed Brown, whose patience was nearly exhausted. "I am not such a fool as to think you *could* understand a disinterested action."

"No," she answered. "I certainly would not try to get myself hanged through helping strangers. It was no business of yours to interfere. 'Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?'"

Brown laughed. "You've hit the right nail on the head this time." He had at heart an unbounded respect for Louisa's shrewd, worldly common-sense, which, in its own line, amounted to genius; and, like most men, he could not resist the glamour of her marvellous physical attractions. "I suppose I *was* a fool," he continued, "to redress the wrongs of the weak, but, as in moral tales, the good boy has received a cake. As a reward for my absurd good-nature I am on the high road to fortune."

"Oh! another of your hallucinations," she sneered. "I wish to Heaven your good fortune would give you another garb to wear. I hate to see you in the dress of a common soldier."

"Well, nobody could wish for a change more than I do. "If you only knew how I loathe this place! The barracks and the parade ground; the broad roads, with the houses of my superiors standing in gardens; that braying band; the men; the officers; even the English ladies are hateful to me, so that I cannot conceive the lowest hell more hot, or more unlovable than this heaven-forsaken spot. After all, my experience of a sponging-house," he said with great bitterness, "is, that it was a cheerful place; ompared to the barracks of Meerut."

"Do you dislike it so much?" she asked.

"Yes. And so would you, if you had to rise at four, gun-fire as they call it, to live with dirty brutes of soldiers in a room no better than a prison, to be drilling, doing fatigue duty the livelong day, and to be mixed up with the set of which our regiments are composed. Whatever my sins are, I expiate them in this wretched life! However, some alleviation comes even to the most luckless, and I see an end to my misfortunes at last."

"I am out of patience with your insufferable buoyancy," she answered. "All the scrapes and follies that you have hitherto pulled through, are nothing compared to the horrible mess you are in now. And as to getting out of it, you never will."

He said earnestly: "Louisa, I swear to you, if you can get me £50, and buy my discharge as well, that I can, and will, make a provision for your future far exceeding even your most soaring ambition."

"I am sick of your folly," she answered; "and I can't stand here listening all night to your rubbish. Dinner is waiting, and I am hungry. You had better go back to barracks, and, instead of dreaming of untold wealth, try to wriggle out of this idiotic affair. Swear hard. There's only Whitby's word against yours. He is a moony fool always poking after birds and beasts; no one thinks much of him. Your officers, too, especially that wild Irishman Burke, will stick by you; they don't want to have their regiment disgraced. Such a fuss, after all, about a disgusting native and a bundle of papers!"

"Will you get me that money or not, Louisa? You have plenty."

"I have not enough even for myself," she retorted. "I am not going to support you. Now go, for Heaven's sake, before anyone sees you." She stepped towards the window with a commanding gesture. He made no answer, but, with a sigh of disappointment, stepped out into the darkness; and she, with a motion of ill-humour, carefully closed the shutters behind him.

Brown, feeling deeply hurt, strode on, along the level roads, with a step which seemed to have lost its elasticity. Her heart is like a nether millstone," he thought, "but it is wonderful the hold those capricious women have over us. To-night she was as cutting as a north-east wind; to-morrow, like a weather-cock, she will veer round due south, and be as sweet as honey, especially if I become a millionaire, as I expect. But I must have ready-money. I hate sponging on Eleanor. *She* would give me everything she possesses, though that is not much, poor girl! I

hope I shall have time to see her for a few minutes, before those beastly trumpets call me back to that God-forgotten hole."

Through the darkness, he at length arrived at a summer-house or kiosk, which stood far away in the grounds attached to Colonel Rawley's house, and which was hidden from prying eyes by the dense vegetation of the tropical plants which grew round it. He could see a glimmer of light, which cheered him, as he then saw that the assignation he had previously arranged with Eleanor would be kept. As soon as he approached the door of the kiosk, a woman rushed forward, and, throwing her arms round his neck, said:

"I am so glad you wrote that you would come to see me to-day. Such good news! Such glorious news! Come in, Harry, Florence is here!" And Eleanor Wake led Brown into the small building.

Miss Rawley rose and shook hands warmly with Brown.

Eleanor continued: "The English mail is in, and they have sent the money for your discharge; and, what is too delightful, old Uncle Tom, also, has stumped up £400 to buy your commission! He went to the Horse Guards himself about it, and, making use of your father's and grandfather's military services, managed the whole thing. Florence heard her father say, this afternoon, that some of the papers have arrived, but you will have to wait until everything is settled at Head-Quarters. That will take some weeks probably, and then, dear old boy, you will be able to resume your proper position in society. You have sown all your wild oats now, Harry, and will be very careful, won't you? for my sake. You will never know what I have suffered on your account!"

A kind of spasm passed over Brown's handsome face; for the unexpected good news almost took away his breath.

"Good God!" he said at last; "Nellie, it can't be true!"

"It is true, darling," she said cheerfully; "read the letters for yourself," and she put some papers in his hand.

"You little brick!" he exclaimed delightedly, "it is all *your* doing."

"Did you think I should leave a stone unturned, when you were in such trouble? I did not tell you before what I was doing, because if I failed—which seemed more than likely—it would have been such a bitter disappointment for you."

"Oh, Nell!" he said, "how good and kind you are!"

He walked up and down the little summer-house, deeply agitated.

"If that fakir business turns up again, I am ruined! Nellie," he said, "I fear that Whitby has recognised me at last, and I cannot escape trial! They would never give a commission to a

man who had been accused of a criminal offence. If I had money I would desert—but then—that would make things worse. What am I to do ? ”

“Harry,” said Eleanor, with great tenderness in her sweet voice, “do not distress yourself about that. I will go to Captain Whitby and tell him the whole story. He will, I am sure, exonerate you, as he is a high-minded, chivalrous man.”

“Yes, but people say ‘there is no smoke without fire.’ This affair will always be against me, if once brought into open court. I would give worlds to get away now for a time, if only to throw some people off the scent. Besides, I have a scheme which would be most advantageous for me, if I could carry it out. Eleanor, dear, can you get me £50 ? I feel like a brute, asking you for money, after all your goodness, but I am sure I can soon repay you. I cannot go on leave without money. Both the officers of my company are kindly disposed towards me, and would help me to get furlough. If I only had £50, I would apply for it at once. I feel as if my mind will give way, unless I can leave this cursed place for a time ! ”

The two girls talked together in low tones for a time, and then asked Brown to remain there while they went into the house.

They speedily returned, and Eleanor put a small parcel into Brown’s hands, saying :

“Florence and I have managed it for you, dear. We had not quite enough money—girls never have much, you know—but there’s my watch and chain, and Florence’s gold bracelet, which you must sell.”

“Oh ! Miss Rawley,” he said, “I really could not accept such a sacrifice from you.”

“Yes, yes, you must,” Florence answered. “I would go through fire and water to help Eleanor; and besides, I do not care for bracelets—I never wear them—so it is not much of a gift.”

“No, Miss Rawley,” he said firmly, “I cannot, will not take it as a gift, but a loan, which I will soon repay. Ah ! There goes the recall. I must get back.”

Eleanor kissed him passionately. “Good-bye, my poor darling ! Get your leave to-morrow. Florence will see that the Colonel puts no difficulty in the way. Keep up your heart, Harry ; there’s a good time coming yet ! ”

“You were always an angel of goodness, Nell,” he murmured in a broken voice, “and I have been worse than a brute to have caused you so much sorrow.”

officers, and, taking off his hat, said politely, "I believe I am addressing Captain Maunders of the 200th Regiment?"

"You are, Sir," blurted out the old Captain angrily. "I have the honour of serving Her Majesty in that regiment; but what the devil is it to you?"

"I hope you will excuse my troubling you; but I have come to make some inquiries respecting a man in your company."

"There never was such a place as this for bother," grumbled the officer; "I am only just off parade, and I haven't had my breakfast. Don't talk to me about my company, Sir; go to the Sergeant-Major."

"I have been to him," answered the stranger, "and he referred me to you."

"It's too bad, too bad really. I say, Burke," he shouted after the now retreating Ensign. "Come here, will you, and see what all this is about"; and as he ascended the steps of the mess-house he muttered under his grizzly moustache, "The service is not fit for a gentleman, now."

The devil-may-care Irishman came forward, preparing himself for something disagreeable. His intuitive mother-wit at once suspected the man of being a member of the legal profession, and, having only that morning received a threatening solicitor's letter, he felt out of humour with all the limbs of the law.

The gentleman bowed courteously. "I have come to make some inquiries about a young man in your regiment. I have been informed that he is in Captain Maunders' company. I have further ascertained that he is one of four men of that company who were up in the orderly-room yesterday. Will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Mr. James Sims, of the firm of Sims and Robertson, of Calcutta," and he handed him his card.

Burke turned slightly pale. He guessed at once it was Brown who was required, and he remembered he had promised Florence Rawley to assist that man by every means in his power. What was he to do? He reflected that the best means of gaining time to get Brown out of the way would be to invite this oily-tongued gentleman to take some refreshment, which he accordingly did, and, after a little pressing, Mr. Sims consented.

As they entered the mess-house Burke saw his soldier-servant who was an Irishman like himself) near the door, and said privately to him: "Go to the barracks, and tell Henry Brown, of my company, to make tracks. This old fellow is a bailiff who has come to arrest him. See that he leaves at once. I have a great deal of my own for wishing to keep him out of quod. Now

mind, get him out of barracks sharp." The servant saluted and left, and Burke, who had often before trusted him with delicate negotiations, knew that his instructions would be faithfully carried out.

A substantial breakfast was soon placed before the Ensign and Mr. Sims. Burke choked down a morsel or two, but drank several glasses of claret; while Mr. Sims was sparing of the wine, but did ample justice to the good fare on the table.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Burke," inquired Mr. Sims, deferentially, "if there is a tall, handsome, dark man, of about twenty-five years of age, in your company?"

"Yes," answered the Ensign, "we have plenty of good-looking young soldiers in the regiment. We have not long had a batch of recruits. But come to the barracks, and see if you can find the one you want, although I must say your description is rather a vague one."

"It is a case requiring very delicate management," the lawyer answered in his sleek way. "We believe this young man possesses information most valuable to our firm."

Breakfast ended, they set out for the barracks, and on the way Burke endeavoured to talk to the lawyer in an unconcerned manner.

When they arrived, Mr. Sims shook hands with the Ensign, and thanked him for his hospitality. "Pray afford me the opportunity of returning your kindness should you come to Calcutta," he said, and with a bland smile upon his countenance, with just a suspicion of triumph about it, Mr. Sims entered the soldiers' quarters.

As the lawyer disappeared, Burke stumbled across his servant, who was returning after having fulfilled his commission. Some jocular remarks passed between them, and the Milesian's countenance gleamed with intelligence and sly humour, as he turned back into the barracks, speedily overtaking Mr. Sims, to whom he at once addressed himself.

"And who wud your honer wish to see?" he asked, with the greatest deference, of the unsuspecting attorney. "Will I help you, Sorr?"

"I want to see a man called Brown."

"Be jabbers! and is it Brown you mane? Shure, and it's meself that knows the same entoirely. Thady! Thady!" he shouted, and a tall gaunt-looking old soldier, with marked features and a repulsive air, came up to them. "Thaddeus Brown, yer honer, at yer service," said Mike, introducing the new comer.

"This gintleman is come spicially for you, Thady."

Thaddeus Brown looked at the lawyer with anything but an amiable glance :

"And what wud yes be afther wanting wid me, Sorr?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the lawyer politely, seeing that there was some mistake, "you are not the man I am looking for. I am sorry to have disturbed you"; and he whispered into the ear of his treacherous guide :

"A tall, good-looking young fellow, the one who was up before the Colonel in the orderly-room yesterday, you know."

"Arrah!" answered Mike. "It's meself knows now who ye mane. Wait till I bring him in frunt of yer honer."

They walked down the long barrack-room, and stopped opposite a tall youth who was seated on his bed.

"Shure now," said Mike, "arnt yes the very bhoy who was up before the Kurnel yesterday, for being absint from tattoo roll-call on the noight of the 21st, and not returning till the noight of the 23rd?" he asked of the wretched-looking rustic, whose hair was perceptibly shorter, but who looked more than ever miserable and depressed.

"No. 2,465, Private William Biggs," appeared the picture of alarm and terror. He glanced in evident fright at the attorney.

"Well! and if oi be?" he stammered at last.

"This gintleman wud be afther spaking to ye," said Miles.

If Mr. Sims had been asked, he could not have described Biggs as "handsome." Certainly he was young, tall, and dark. This must be the man, he thought, and he is putting on that bucolic manner for a purpose. Then, turning to the still trembling yokel, he said :

"You have some written papers in your possession, have you not?"

"Whoy, yes, Zur, oi have," answered the youth, "but——"

"They are of no value to you, are they?" interrupted the lawyer, in an insinuating manner.

"That depends," answered the lad.

"Well! I will ask no questions, but simply say I am authorised to give a good price for those documents. Will you let me have them?"

"Well, Zur," drawled the private, "it's like this—oi doant know as oi wants to zell 'em—but if oi bes obliged to, whoy in coorse."

The lawyer was delighted at the facility with which he had attained his purpose.

"We will make short work of it," he said. "What do you want for them?"

"Oi leave it to you, Zur," said the other.

"No, my man," said the lawyer. "Name your price. I will pay anything in reason."

The lad, unbuttoning the breast of his close-fitting tunic, produced from thence three or four crumpled, dirty-looking letters, tied up with a piece of twine.

"Here they be, Zur," he said. "Poor mother; her little thought oi'd have to sell her letters"; and he held out the packet to the bewildered lawyer.

"Come, Brown," he said sternly, dropping his suave manner; "you have played this comedy long enough. You know what I want, and what I intend to have. I have tried fair means—if you still refuse, I will call in the police."

The lad dropped the letters.

"Be the gentleman mad or drunk?" he said. "Oi aint Brown, and oi aint afeerd of no perlice."

"You say you are not Brown?" said Mr. Sims. "Pray, may I ask what is your name?"

"Whoy, moi name be Will Biggs, and oi be Zumerzet. Moi comrades here knaw who oi be; ef you don't believe me, ask 'em."

"It's the wrong man again," said the baffled attorney, and turning angrily to the grinning Mike, he continued, "Why did you tell me his name was Brown?"

"Ochone! hear to that now! Shure I never tould yer honer his name was Brown."

"Then," said the lawyer, in despair, "is there a Henry Brown, belonging to Captain Maunders' company, here?"

"Shure, Sorr," answered Mike, "it's meself would scorn to desave ye. There's no private of that name here; but if yer honer wud jist go to that barrack yonder," pointing to a distant building, "I belave the very man ye want is in Captain Talbot's company. Shure, and yer honer must have got the wrong name entoirely; it wasn't Captain Maunders' company at all, at all. Good-day to yer honer."

The misguided Sims fell into the trap. He found several Browns in the building to which he went. Browns old and young, Browns short and tall—Samuels, Jeremiahs, Johns—and others. But in consequence of asking an irascible Brown if he had been up before the Colonel the previous day, for committing the military crime of absence from tattoo roll-call, he was ejected from the barrack-room, with considerably more force than politeness, followed by a shower of caps and boots, and a volley of opprobrious epithets, and further

threatened with vague horrors if he dared to show his ugly face there again.

"You'll see what you'll get the next time," shouted an outraged Welshman—Taffy Brown.

The lawyer sneaked away crest-fallen, but thankful that he had escaped with a whole skin.

The scandal of the *frâcas*, of course, reached the officers' mess. But the younger men especially had little professional sympathy for the attorney—and the verdict, after dinner, was "Serve him right."

That night, as Burke reached his quarters after mess, he saw a soldier with a book, standing at the door of the house. "Hang it," he thought, "old Rawley again. Orders for to-morrow's parade—horrid bore. I wish Maunders would do his own work, especially now Pevensy is away on leave. What a lazy beggar he is!"

He entered the house, followed by the man, and, after procuring a light, perceived that the bearer of the book was Henry Brown.

"Well! Brown," he said, "you had better get away on leave at once. There is a sneaking attorney prying about after you. If you get off to-morrow, I will make it all square with Captain Maunders and the Colonel. What the devil have you been doing, though? You have always borne a good character in the regiment."

"I have done nothing that I am ashamed of, Sir," answered Brown. "Let me thank you for your kind interference, the second time in my life—an unfortunate and miserable one hitherto."

"Well! for heaven's sake get your leave and go, or you will find yourself in a serious scrape, and, what is more, disgrace the regiment."

"I will leave to-morrow, on a fortnight's furlough, Sir," he answered respectfully. "And again accept my grateful thanks for the services you have rendered me."

"I hope you will soon be gazetted," said Burke, with his usual good-nature and courtesy, "for I hear you are expecting to get a commission."

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Our Neglected Coast Defences.

THE complacent observer of our national armaments and defences who derives his information from looking through the rosy atmosphere of a glittering review or show parade, very possibly thinks England impregnable, and quite proof against the wiles or attacks of the invader. The magnificent turn-out of horse and field batteries at Woolwich or Aldershot, the steady drill of the Militia brigades, and the laudatory reports on the Volunteer detachments at Shoeburyness, all combine to inspire a sense of security. No doubt our artillery, Regular, Militia, and Volunteer, is capital, and of their kinds unequalled, but, as will be shown in this article, they lack both in numbers and organisation two important essentials to the successful defence of our island.

But there cannot be defence without implying the possibility or the fact of attack, and what is the attack to be guarded against? The first, and most likely form, would be the bombardment of our ports and harbours, with a view to crippling or destroying our naval superiority; and secondly, invasion. Now, many people quite deride the possibility of both these forms of attack against our shores, and especially ridicule the idea of actual invasion; but both are possible, and very feasible. It is not, however, intended here to pursue the argument, but it may at once be stated that military calculations respecting the enemy should admit of no impossibilities. Too often has England had cause to lament disasters and losses occasioned entirely through under-estimating the foe, or holding him in contempt. No fancied impossibility should be admitted, but every contingency should be as carefully and completely guarded against as if it was not only probable but imminent. In this spirit should the defence of our shores against bombardment or invasion be considered, and, while we have every confidence in the gallantry and efficiency of our fleet and naval defences, care should be taken that the land defences are in a condition, both with regard to armaments and the men to work them, to meet a possible attack in the event of the Fleet failing, from any cause, to stop the enemy.

Let us now consider briefly what might happen on a declaration of war, and how far we are prepared to receive a hostile descent on our shores. It may be well at once to disclaim all intention of dealing in this paper with the question of invasion. That is a matter entirely apart from the subject of Coast Defences, which are only intended to protect vital points, such as harbours, rivers, arsenals, and dockyards. If an enemy seriously intended invasion, he would not be so foolish as to attempt a landing at a place where his fleet of transports would invite destruction; rather would he choose an unprotected place like Brighton, where, even at the risk of loss from the elements in an open roadstead, he would be secure from guns and submarine mines. It is a popular error to suppose that what are known as coast defences render us secure from invasion. No doubt they lessen the chance in that they defend our principal ports, but there are still miles of coast-line left quite open, with nothing but the rocks and cliffs, and the chances of adverse winds to baffle or deter the invader.

We will, therefore, confine our attention entirely to the needs of the gun defences which exist for the protection of vital points; and, perhaps, it may not be out of place to digress a little in order to consider generally of what our defences consist. And, of course, the power of offence exercises a large influence in calculating the chances of successful defence, so the provision made for the latter includes the former. The means employed are two-fold—guns and sub-marine mines; both necessary, and each in itself very offensive and defensive, but each dependent on the other for a full measure of success. This fact is, perhaps, not so well-known as it should be. The sub-marine mines form serious obstacles which an enemy's ship dare not disregard. On arrival at a port or harbour the hostile craft knows pretty well where the "mine-field" is to be expected, and, therefore, proceeds with great caution. Small craft have to be despatched to "creep" for the mines, or efforts must be made to countermine; *i.e.* to blow the mines up with torpedoes. Now is the time for the guns to pound away, not only to protect the mines but to destroy the enemy. If no guns were there the enemy could quietly and leisurely make a passage through the dangerous mine-field, let go her anchor in a favourable position, and annihilate everything within range. Then, on the other hand, suppose there were no mines, what would happen? A dashing enemy would go full-speed ahead and rush the batteries, seeking a spot where the guns are masked. Thus we see how essential are the two methods in combination; but now let us inquire how far each is ready to fulfil its part in the warlike drama. There is very little doubt but

that the mines and the miners are ready. The Royal Engineers with their valuable auxiliaries, the Militia and Volunteer Submarine Miners, are now localised and organised at every spot where such defences will be used ; and the course of instruction and drill laid down, if strictly carried out, secures both efficiency and preparedness. Can we say the same about the guns and the gunners ? The forts to contain and protect the guns are there, and the guns are mounted, both good enough of their kind, if not altogether the best conceivable ; but where are the men to work the guns ? For this branch of the defence the number of men required is considerable, and it is also requisite that they should be skilled in this special duty ; but where are these large numbers of skilled men to come from at a moment's notice ? The Royal Engineers, as has been mentioned, have got over this difficulty in their case by organising local companies of Militia and Volunteer Submarine Miners, although the number of men required for this duty is comparatively small ; but they must be skilled men and well-acquainted with the localities they defend. The Royal Engineers were wise enough to acknowledge at once their numerical inferiority, and have thus gained an accession of strength which will prove most valuable and indispensable in the hour of need. Thus an important principle has been admitted, and a portion of the Engineer auxiliary forces has found its right place in the scheme of national defence ; let this principle be applied to the artillery arm, and that most pressing problem, the manning of the gun defences, will be solved.

This want of men for the coast defences, is the weakest point in our defensive armour. Should an enemy land, we are ready to meet him with cavalry, artillery, and infantry ; but are we as ready successfully to resist the bombardment of the vital points—our dockyards and seaports, even old Father Thames, and the approach to our only arsenal, and London itself ? To protect such places, we must keep an enemy's navy far enough away to make bombardment impracticable ; and, above all, we must be ready, the moment war is declared, with every gun manned, quietly waiting for the first ship that ventures within range. It will not do to delay till the emergency arises ; then there will be hurry and confusion, if we are not prepared ; and, if unprepared, disaster and disgrace will be the certain and deserved consequences.

Just imagine what might happen. War declared one day, say by France, and a French fleet the next day reported off Portsmouth or Plymouth. It must be remembered that a war-ship has her men, guns, and ammunition all on board ; an hour or two will

suffice to get up steam, and in a few hours more she will arrive at the point to be attacked. This might apply to our case, and the enemy's movement prove too rapid for our culpable tardiness.

Recent wars emphasise most strongly the rapidity of movement which modern science gives to armies and navies. Preparedness in every detail, not only complete but practised, should be insisted on; and the national voice should take up the cry, and re-echo it till the demand is complied with. It may be that the Intelligence Department has a beautiful scheme prepared on paper; but that will not suffice. It may be wise to keep the knowledge from our enemies, but it is rank folly to withhold it from our own men. Every corps, and every officer, non-commissioned officer, and gunner, should know his fort and his gun; and when the storm breaks, and the trumpet sounds the alarm, every man should fall quietly into his place, with the calmness and courage of conscious preparedness.

But who are the gunners who will obey the summons? for that is the question which concerns us most. The Royal Artillery are very much too few to man more than a small proportion of the most important guns, even were they all left at home. The bulk of defence would necessarily be entrusted to Militia and Volunteers; and how many of either force are competent to march into a fort and work its guns? A general officer recently wrote on this subject, and quoted a case where a very smart volunteer corps was marched into a sea battery, for gun drill and practice. They were unacquainted with the place, and the volunteer officer in command at once asked for a plan of the passages, &c., so that he might know how to find his way about. There was no plan; so, for a while, there was great confusion, delay, and, of course, waste of valuable time. The same thing might easily happen with an enemy in sight; and loud would be the outcry, most probably directed against the innocent Volunteers, for not being ready. It is not unlikely that night-attacks would be a frequent form of assault, and, if so, the attempt of raw hands to man a fort at night-time would be confusion worse confounded.

It is simply absurd to expect gunners, without regular and constant practice, to learn the ways or the duties of any fort, in such a manner as to render them of much use in working the guns. The forts are not built or armed alike. The men who to-day occupy a fort, and know it well, may be gone to-morrow and never again enter another like it. This should not be, but gunners once detailed to a fort should be localised there. A gunner, to make the best use of his gun, should know thoroughly well how to work it and its mounting, and its ammunition of all kinds; and, moreover, he

should know well the fort itself, its cartridge and shell stores, its passages, and its lifts, almost all underground, and not brilliantly lighted; otherwise, with a mixed armament, mistakes in the supply of ammunition will be *almost* certain, and delay *quite* certain, when time is all important. He should be ready at any moment to keep the guns supplied with ammunition as fast as they can fire it away, and, with this object in view, it would be absolutely necessary to have his plans prepared beforehand. He should understand the use of range and position-finding instruments where they exist, and, lastly, he should have a thorough knowledge of the water within the range of his guns.

Now, the bulk of all this knowledge can only be possessed by the gunner who not only frequently has drilled in the fort, or practised with its guns, but who has taken more interest in it than is implied in the mere word "drill," and who has felt that he would be one of those on whom would depend the effectiveness or the failure of the defence. Under our present system, do we produce such men? Certainly not; and until we do, we are wasting men, time, and material, and positively risking our national supremacy, if not existence.

Take the smartest volunteer corps that ever sent a detachment to Shoeburyness, and let them man the fort they know best, if, indeed, they know any fort; and would they or anyone else assert that they could at once bring out its full powers? Yet we must rely on them for the most important part of our national defence, after the fleet; for, as before remarked, the Regular artillery would be a mere drop in the ocean.

The present drill and training of the Volunteer artillery is little better than a farce. It is nothing short of ridiculous to see an artillery corps at an Easter review formed as an infantry battalion; the time spent on the elaboration of infantry movements is simply wasted. Even their legitimate artillery training comes very far short of what it should be. Smartness in upsetting a 64-pounder gun, and then mounting it again on an almost obsolete carriage, seems but a poor training for the defence of an ironclad fort; and even skill in shooting with a 10-inch gun is but a small portion of what the men should be familiar with, for it might indeed well be that in the action the guns would necessarily be laid by a process of which they were ignorant.

In suggesting a remedy we must go to the root of the evil, and declare at once that the present organisation of the Volunteer artillery is unsuited to this special work. The working of the guns of the coast defences must inevitably fall to the lot of those corps

in their vicinity, but the present system actually invites failure, being tactically wrong. Moreover, there is an absence of localisation of corps, allotment of duties, and appropriation of forts necessary to enable the men to acquire a knowledge of the forts and guns they would have to fight.

Now, if instead of the present system, a special branch of auxiliary artillery was organised for coast defence on a system of making the fort instead of the corps the unit; if for each fort a local corps of Coast-defence Volunteers were formed, on whom should devolve the responsibility of fighting that fort in case of war, who should at all times belong to the fort, and the fort to them, and who should be designated the corps of that fort, we should certainly have a system under which both the men and the guns would be infinitely more likely to be of real service than now seems probable. The officers would understand the problem of the defence, and would know what to do, and how to do it; and the men, working in places and with stores made familiar to them by practice, would be able, when required, to keep up the most rapid fire possible without mistakes or confusion. Let anyone who knows the difficulties think of the probable effect of entrusting a modern fort to a volunteer corps as at present organised, and, seeing the magnitude of the stake involved, the thought must surely lead him to wonder why nothing is done. The reason probably is, that the country does not know how pressing the want is, and does not recognise the fact that such men would be far more likely to be wanted than the riflemen who have their yearly pastime at Wimbledon. An enemy's fleet might at any time elude ours, even supposing that it could not beat it, and be suddenly signalled, say off Plymouth, when the big guns should be at once ready; but how far more improbable is the landing of an enemy's army? Surely gunners for coast defence are of greater importance; for, even if no actual invasion is intended or takes place, an enterprising enemy, if not kept at a distance, might inflict enormous damage on our harbours and mercantile marine by a spirited bombardment.

But a plea must be entered for the economical advantages of such a scheme as this. War material has, of late years, increased out of all proportion to our *personnel*. Even with the Reserves called up, the Royal Artillery cannot possibly man one in twenty of the guns provided. It is, therefore, clearly impossible for the Regulars to undertake this all-important duty without an unheard-of increase to the establishment, which the British tax-payer would naturally object to. A special corps of Coast-defence Volunteers would provide a cheap and efficient substitute, for, with proper training,

and the utilisation of all holidays, the Volunteer gunners would soon rival many a Regular detachment of to-day.

Such a corps should be affiliated to the Royal Artillery, just as their volunteer engineer comrades are associated with the Royal Engineers. It is perfectly clear that the Royal Artillery cannot possibly undertake the task unaided; this fact should be at once recognised, and the only course which our military organisation admits of, taken. The Volunteers are there, ready, willing, aye, eager for the work, and only want asking and organising, to prove their efficiency; and the plan is eminently practicable. Such corps would feel that they were really important persons; they would take a pride in their own forts; and, under such circumstances, recruits would not be wanting, and various local difficulties that might arise would soon be smoothed away. The State, seeing their great importance, and that they would effectively take the places of far more expensive men, might fairly be expected to give them more assistance than it does at present; requiring from them, in return, strict compliance with such regulations as will ensure their being "Ready, aye, ready!"

Terrible Odds.

By HORACE VACHELL.

PART I.

ON a certain afternoon in March 1865 a man might have been seen leaving a small wood not far from the trenches of the Confederate Army, then occupying Petersburg, Virginia. He was dressed as a farm-labourer; but the loose canvas overalls and flannel shirt sat too well upon the tall, upright figure, and served as a thin disguise to the man's true path in life, for he was a soldier, and, judging from his length of limb, assuredly no carpet knight. In the course of a few minutes he struck a country road, which he followed for nearly half an hour; when he left it and took a path leading towards a plantation, whose trees stood out darkly against the winter sky. He was hardly out of sight amidst the dense undergrowth of the wood when another man, in the blue uniform of the Federal troops suddenly appeared upon the scene. The new comer shook himself and stamped upon the ground; for his limbs were cramped and benumbed with the cold of a spring that was more severe than usual, and he had been lying for over an hour at the bottom of a damp ditch, watching and waiting for the man who had just passed him by.

"Damn him!" he muttered, as his teeth chattered with the cold. "Damn him! it's that devil Gaston."

He drew a flask from his pocket and applied it to his trembling lips. Then slowly and cautiously he, in his turn, disappeared among the bushes.

In the meantime, the man called Gaston had reached a small open glade, in the centre of which stood a disused wood-cutter's hut. As he approached the door, a girl advanced to meet him. She was slightly under the middle height, and possessed, amongst many other charms, that "excellent thing in woman," a perfectly graceful walk. Both face and figure were rather charming than beautiful; for there was nothing statuesque about the girl,

"Oi leave it to you, Zur," said the other.

"No, my man," said the lawyer. "Name your price. I will pay anything in reason."

The lad, unbuttoning the breast of his close-fitting tunic, produced from thence three or four crumpled, dirty-looking letters, tied up with a piece of twine.

"Here they be, Zur," he said. "Poor mother; her little thought oi'd have to sell her letters"; and he held out the packet to the bewildered lawyer.

"Come, Brown," he said sternly, dropping his suave manner; "you have played this comedy long enough. You know what I want, and what I intend to have. I have tried fair means—if you still refuse, I will call in the police."

The lad dropped the letters.

"Be the gentleman mad or drunk?" he said. "Oi aint Brown, and oi aint afeerd of no perlice."

"You say you are not Brown?" said Mr. Sims. "Pray, may I ask what is your name?"

"Whoy, moi name be Will Biggs, and oi be Zumerzet. Moi comrades here knaw who oi be; ef you don't believe me, ask 'em."

"It's the wrong man again," said the baffled attorney, and turning angrily to the grinning Mike, he continued, "Why did you tell me his name was Brown?"

"Ochone! hear to that now! Shure I never tould yer honer his name was Brown."

"Then," said the lawyer, in despair, "is there a Henry Brown, belonging to Captain Maunders' company, here?"

"Shure, Sorr," answered Mike, "it's meself would scorn to desave ye. There's no private of that name here; but if yer honer wud jist go to that barrack yonder," pointing to a distant building, "I belave the very man ye want is in Captain Talbot's company. Shure, and yer honer must have got the wrong name entoirely; it wasn't Captain Maunders' company at all, at all. Good-day to yer honer."

The misguided Sims fell into the trap. He found several Browns in the building to which he went. Browns old and young, Browns short and tall—Samuels, Jeremiahs, Johns—and others. But in consequence of asking an irascible Brown if he had been up before the Colonel the previous day, for committing the military crime of absence from tattoo roll-call, he was ejected from the barrack-room, with considerably more force than politeness, followed by a shower of caps and boots, and a volley of opprobrious epithets, and further

threatened with vague horrors if he dared to show his ugly face there again.

"You'll see what you'll get the next time," shouted an outraged Welshman—Taffy Brown.

The lawyer sneaked away crest-fallen, but thankful that he had escaped with a whole skin.

The scandal of the *frâcas*, of course, reached the officers' mess. But the younger men especially had little professional sympathy for the attorney—and the verdict, after dinner, was "Serve him right."

That night, as Burke reached his quarters after mess, he saw a soldier with a book, standing at the door of the house. "Hang it," he thought, "old Rawley again. Orders for to-morrow's parade—horrid bore. I wish Maunders would do his own work, especially now Pevensy is away on leave. What a lazy beggar he is!"

He entered the house, followed by the man, and, after procuring a light, perceived that the bearer of the book was Henry Brown.

"Well! Brown," he said, "you had better get away on leave at once. There is a sneaking attorney prying about after you. If you get off to-morrow, I will make it all square with Captain Maunders and the Colonel. What the devil have you been doing, though? You have always borne a good character in the regiment."

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shavings. As he did so, he heard a voice outside calling upon him by name, and bidding him to surrender.

He walked to the door. Directly facing him was the Federal Captain, with two troopers on each side of him, their carbines covering him.

Gaston held out his hands to show there was no pistol in them.

"I have been advised to give myself up," he said coolly.

He sauntered carelessly towards the Federal officer, who, seeing him apparently unarmed, and naturally concluding that Evelyn had persuaded him to make no resistance, thoughtlessly uncovered him with his pistol, and signed to the men to put up their carbines and secure their prisoner. Gaston, however, had no real intention of giving himself up. Evelyn had intended to tell him that his life was to be spared, but the terrible excitement had been too much for her, and unconsciousness had sealed her lips just as she was about to speak. Gaston, who knew nothing of the bargain with the "Fed," was well aware that in all human probability he would be shot as a spy, and had determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and, in any case, make one desperate attempt to escape.

With the practised rapidity of one of the finest shots in Lee's army, his hands went down to the belt which he wore beneath his rough canvas coat; in a second he had drawn and cocked his two revolvers, levelling them at the Federal Major and the trooper nearest to him. So close was he to the latter that he literally burnt the man's uniform when he discharged his pistol, and the startled horse galloped wildly off with its rider dead in the saddle. Gaston's second bullet went equally true to its mark, and Dennis, mortally wounded, fell groaning to the ground, while Jack, without an instant's delay, vaulted on the riderless horse. Two bullets whizzed past him as he did so, one of which passed through the fleshy part of his arm, and the other, grazing his neck, inflicted a slight cut. He turned in his saddle, and once more the Confederate pistol rang out, and another trooper bit the dust. Gaston's sole thought now was flight; he pressed his heels to the horse's side and urged the animal to its topmost speed, while the two remaining troopers, who had dismounted, discharged their carbines at the retreating figure, and then, remounting, gave chase. The Major's horse, however, was a good one, well-bred, and fit to run for a man's life; and although the troopers pursued until within range of the Confederate guns, they were unable to get near enough to open fire; and finally, hot, bleeding, and well-nigh exhausted, Gaston found himself within the trenches. Some of the soldiers,

who recognised him, carried him at once to the hospital, where his wounds were attended to, whilst the story of his wonderful escape ran like wildfire through the camp. His popularity now served him in good stead; for his commanding officer let him off with a severe reprimand, and a hint to keep for the future within the lines. This good advice was practically wasted, for Petersburg, with all its garrison, was evacuated on the 2nd of April, and Gaston was still too weak to leave his bed when the Federal troops entered the town.

We must now return to the hut. Evelyn came to herself shortly after Gaston had made good his escape. As she opened her eyes that horrible oppression came over her which usually characterises the return to consciousness; sick and ill, she closed her eyes, determined to lie still a little longer. Suddenly she heard a noise, as if someone was dragging himself across the floor; a horrible sensation came over her, a feeling that she was threatened by some unknown danger. With an effort she raised her heavy eye-lids, and, to her horror, beheld Dennis creeping slowly towards her upon his hands and knees, a pistol in his hand, and the blood slowly dripping from a wound in his chest. Palsied with terror, she closed her eyes; a huge weight seemed to oppress her; and although she heard the crawling sound come nearer and nearer, she was unable to stir or cry out. This man was about to murder her, and she could do nothing; he was within a yard of her, and she was powerless to move! Then, at the supreme moment, the terrible tension was slackened—she was free. She raised herself into a sitting posture, and found Dennis beside her, watching her with wild, glittering eyes.

“Spare me!” she cried. “Spare me!”

He raised his pistol.

“You have broken your oath,” he gasped, “your solemn oath.”

“As I am about to die, I swear I did not.”

Dennis lowered the pistol.

“Water!” he muttered. “Water, for the love of God!”

Evelyn looked at him. Should she run away while there was an opportunity, or should she succour the wounded man? Her better feelings prevailed. She took some water in her hands from a tub that stood near, and held it to the dying Federal’s lips. The cold draught seemed to revive him, and his eyes lost their wild look; the distorted muscles of his face relaxed.

“Thanks,” he murmured hoarsely. “I am not ungrateful; Your lover has escaped.”

He held the pistol towards her.

"Take it," he said; "you need have no fear.

Evelyn took it gently from him.

"Hold up my head," said Dennis.

The girl sat down, and laid his head in her lap.

"I have only a few minutes to live; I shall die where I should have wished—in your arms."

An unutterable pity filled the heart of Evelyn. This man had spared her life; Love, as he himself had said, was stronger than Hate.

"Can I do nothing for you?" she asked.

"Say you forgive me," he muttered, "and I shall die happy."

Evelyn put her hand into his.

"I forgive you freely," she said.

He pressed the small hand convulsively, and for a moment there was silence, save for the heavy, stertorous breathing; then a dreadful convulsion came upon him. His limbs trembled with anguish, and great drops of sweat broke out upon his face. He held her hand through it all, and Evelyn knew, with the subtle sympathy of a woman, that he was enduring the most terrible pain, and making no sign for her sake. He was suffering tortures without a groan, so as to spare the woman he loved the sight of his agony. Involuntarily her tears fell upon the patient, upturned face.

Dennis opened his eyes and essayed to speak:

"God bless you!" he murmured; and just as the words left his lips there came a change, a gasp for breath, a prolonged shudder, and James Dennis was dead.

The girl laid his head gently upon the floor, and got up to leave the hut. The face of the dead seemed strangely calm, as she took one last look. Poor fellow! he had played a cowardly game and lost, but at the end he had died like a true soldier; and, after all—he loved her.

* * * * *

One year later a newly-married couple stood by a grave, at the head of which was a plain marble cross with the name "James Dennis."

The bride pressed her husband's arm.

"You have forgiven him, Jack?"

Gaston looked at her fondly.

"I have nothing to forgive," he said. "In his place, tempted as he was, I might, perhaps, have done the same."

“On Leave.”

THE approach of Christmas, and the advent of the New Year bring with them agreeable thoughts about amusements and parties, rather than the consideration of unpleasant subjects of controversy. Soldiers, at this festive season, know well how to make themselves jolly, and their officers lose no opportunity of letting Tommy Atkins feel that he is well looked after. What with amateur theatricals, balls, smoking concerts, and here and there a circus, doubtlessly a very pleasant time will be passed by all; and the accounts published of the doings at Aldershot, and elsewhere in this “tight little island,” will be read with keen interest and pleasure by the “non-coms.” and privates who are quartered abroad, and *vice versa*.

Jack makes himself jolly anywhere, and, especially in the Royal Navy, it is the custom at this season of the year, not only to get up theatricals, but variety entertainments, which always include an excellent company of Christy Minstrels. The writer hopes both services may have a merry time, and that their entertainments may surpass all their previous efforts.

In London, the great master of the Christmas revels is Augustus Harris; and all are wondering what the renowned *entrepreneur* will produce this year. But of this we may all be assured, that the pantomime will equal any of its predecessors; and when it is remembered that “stage management” with Mr. Harris is an hereditary gift, we may feel confident that the Drury Lane Pantomime will be the talk and delight of all London. May it bring him as much good luck, as Good Luck has already brought him!

An appeal is made on behalf of the Royal Naval Female School, which has for its primary object the education of daughters of necessitous naval and marine officers; many of whom have spent or lost their lives in the service of their country. This is the only institution where they can receive an almost gratuitous education. Donations will be received by Messrs. Cocks & Biddulph, and by Mr. Samuel Rayson, Secretary, 32, Sackville Street, London. I strongly recommend this charity to my readers.

A new sub-marine torpedo-boat, the invention of Mr. Andrew Campbell, was exhibited at the West India Docks a few days ago,

when Lord C. Beresford, Lieutenant Gladstone (of the *Vernon* torpedo-ship), and other gentlemen interested in the subject of torpedo warfare, witnessed some experiments with this new sub-marine boat. The original principle in this invention is a power of sinking or rising at the pleasure of the crew; and the object is attained by means of "projectors," which are pushed out or drawn in from within the boat; thus increasing or lessening the displacement. The boat is cigar-shaped, and its length from point to point is sixty feet. The craft can rise from her submerged position, and, after a rapid look has been taken over the surface, sink again immediately. Lord Charles Beresford was among the company who made the practical experiment of descending, and he expressed his entire satisfaction with the principle of the boat. The boat is intended chiefly for harbour defence; but a supply of air is carried sufficient to serve her normal crew of three persons for three days. Without drawing on this reserve, the air-space has been found to be enough for six persons for three-quarters of an hour.

The *Times* says "that the idea of utilising this principle originated with Mr. Campbell, and was worked out practically by him." Mr. Campbell has been attacked by a military paper, who says the "idea" happens to date back to William Bourne, in whose *Devises and Inventions*, published in 1578, it will be found; and then goes on to say that the invention is as old as the hills, as the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the records of our own and foreign patent offices show. Then comes the carping: "The aggregate displacement of the eight projectors of the *Nautilus* is about half a ton, enough to send her up under ordinary circumstances; but the question is, whether it will be enough under other than ordinary circumstances, and from a depth greater than that of a dock basin, even with the aid of such stale contrivances as emptying reservoirs, detaching external weights, and deflecting plane rudders." Mr. Andrew Campbell, I feel sure, will be happy to see any officers who are interested in the matter, and he is always to be found at his post at the Bodega in Bishopsgate Street.

Lord Harris having made his mark in cricket, both at home and in the colonies, has now entered the arena of politics, and does not display the slightest disposition to be bowled out, judging from his admirable speech on the progress of the League. A meeting of the members of the Condovery Habitation of the Primrose League, with their friends, was held in the Music Hall, Shrewsbury, November 28, 1886. Lord Harris described the rise and progress of the League, its financial prospects, its political successes, and finally repudiated the statement of Mr. Herbert Gladstone,

"that in the stores of the League was a large number of blankets and a large quantity of coals." He regretted that that gentleman did not take the trouble to ascertain for himself how inaccurate the information was upon which he was speaking. Had he done so, he would have found out that there were no such stores, and that no attempts to bribe with blankets and coals, or in any way whatever, was attempted by the League.

The arrangements for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee by the Military forces of the Crown are not yet settled, but it is understood that a review on a very large scale is to be held at Aldershot early in June. All sections of the Imperial forces are expected to be represented.

A lecture was given a short time since at the Soldiers' Institute at Aldershot, by Mr. F. Verney, on the life of General Gordon. Prince Albert Victor, who presided, in opening the proceedings, remarked:—"It gives me great pleasure to be present here this evening, and to preside at this lecture, which Mr. Verney has been kind enough to come down and give us. The subject is the life of General Gordon, a man whom, I am sure, we all know something about, and who may well be termed the greatest hero of modern times."

A letter appeared a short time since, from the well-known pen of Mr. Rathbone Low, advocating that steps should be taken to erect a monument of Lord Strathnairn and Jhansie either in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. My own impression is that it would be far better to have an equestrian statue of this distinguished officer placed in the open space between the "Senior" and the Athenæum, where soldiers of all ranks might see it. It is to be hoped, however, it will be entrusted to a sculptor who understands equestrianism better than Mr. Boehm, who has succeeded in giving "the Duke" a position, so far as regards the foot—heel up, toe down—which, I am assured, was never perpetrated by him.

It is satisfactory to learn that Rear-Admiral Tryon, Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station, has made an official inspection of the vessels in the Victorian Navy. The crews were put through the various drills, and, at the conclusion, the Admiral complimented the officers upon the efficiency of their men. I suppose we may anticipate, from this, that at Melbourne further conferences regarding the scheme for the defence of the Colonies will be held.

The appointment of Constable of the Tower of London has fallen vacant by the death of Field-Marshal Sir Richard Dacres. Nothing at present has been decided as to the filling of the vacancy, although it is more than probable it will be conferred upon either

Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, or General the Earl of Lucan. The appointment is worth £200 a year. The "Gunnery" believe that as there is now no artillery officer holding a bâton, it will probably be conferred on either Sir Collingwood Dickson, V.C., G.C.B., or Sir David Wood, G.C.B.; at the Clubs the Earl of Lucan, or Viscount Templeton, are spoken of as likely to be selected.

There is no manager in London who understands better the art of providing a "Variety Entertainment" than Mr. C. Morton, the founder, I think I may say, of that form of amusement which combines comfort and æstheticism. Mr. Morton has "been at the game" since 1850—there or thereabouts—when he started the Canterbury Hall, and since then he has made the "art of amusement" for the public a speciality. His management of the Alhambra is on a par with that of Mr. Strange, and, from what I hear, with equally successful results from a shareholder's point of view.

The new ballet, *Dresdina*, produced a short time since, is likely to have a long career of success. Seldom has anything more beautiful been put upon the stage. M. Hanson, the author of the ballet, has managed to introduce a delightful series of artistic pictures arranged in perfect order, representing every variety of German ware, and the idea has been most charmingly carried out by M. Alias. Lovelier costumes have never been produced. You have the blue and gold of the Dresden Meissen of 1750; the white and gold of the Ludwigsburg and Dresden Saxony of the same date, the Höchst of half a century later (when the factory was in its prime); the blue, brown, and cream-colour of Grenzhausen in Nassau; and the chocolate hue with bright enamels of the Kreuseen ware of the early and middle part of the seventeenth century; with figures bearing rock crystal drops so as to represent chandeliers, and other figures carrying vases and baskets of flowers, designed in imitation of Caryatides—the whole forming an *ensemble* which has rarely, if ever, been attempted before on the stage. The scenery is very charming and in perfect harmony with the general idea, and reflects much credit on the painter, Mr. T. E. Ryan. M. Jacobi has written charming music for the ballet—which is characteristic and in perfect harmony with so artistic and idyllic a production. Mr. C. Morton has never scored a greater success, and *Dresdina* will continue to run for many weeks, and afford pleasure and amusement to holiday folks generally.

Mr. Toole and his butler have returned to town, and the proceedings of the latter will be duly reported.

"FURLOUGH."

Reviews.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST. By P. LANFREY.
London: Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

This is a new and popular edition, in four volumes, of Lanfrey's admirable *History of the First Napoleon*. Those of our readers who have perused the work in its more expensive form, will, no doubt, hasten to avail themselves of the opportunity of adding to their library a very portable edition of the best work on the great conqueror to be had in this country. For the most part, the judgment passed on Napoleon has been either that of profound hatred, or of profound attachment. Many have abused him, many held him up as an idol, in spite of all his faults and crimes. It is the merit of Lanfrey that he has written an impartial as well as a picturesque history of the hero; and his work has, in consequence, become a standard and permanent one. In its new and cheaper form we readily wish it a fresh lease of popularity.

THE NAVAL ANNUAL. By Lord BRASSEY, K.C.B. Portsmouth:
Messrs. J. Griffin & Co.

During the past month Lord Brassey's splendid innovation, *The Naval Annual*, has been so widely reviewed, and with such a general chorus of commendation, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than to congratulate the author and his publishers on the success the book has scored, and to wish it many years of prosperous re-appearance.

THE WARS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage. London: Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.

In anticipation of the Jubilee Year of the Queen's Reign, the Hon. Mrs. Armytage has prepared a popular account of the last fifty years, commencing with the War in Canada, and ending with the recent fighting in India. The work makes no pretence to being exhaustive or elaborate, and thus serious criticism is not invited; but we are bound to express the opinion that the idea has been worked out in a very charming manner. At the end is an excellent index.

THE HUNTER'S ARCADIA. By PARKER GILLMORE. London: Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

A capital book on sport, by the ever-entertaining Parker Gillmore. The arcadia is South Africa, about the hunting charms of which he writes in such a vigorous manner, that many a reader will doubtless be stimulated into taking a trip to Bechuanaland in quest of the game he describes. The book is handsomely got up, and copiously illustrated. In the preface are some excellent remarks on equipment; and a smart stab at a bureaucrat, apparently of the Colonial Office, who expostulated with the author for dressing field sports in the Colonies in a too attractive garb. It may seem rather rough to tell an English official that he knows "as much of our Empire as an Irish pig does of social etiquette"; but hunters do not usually wear kid gloves, or disguise their thoughts in the language of foolscap.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck, who stand pre-eminent among the leading manufacturers of Christmas Cards, have this season again excelled them by the novelty and variety of their designs, and the skill displayed in reproducing them. From the very fine reproduction of the Raphael picture, purchased for £74,000 by the nation, to the superb little series of etchings from Constable's masterpieces, there is a range of selection calculated to satisfy every variety of cultured and uncultured taste and fancy.

Among military men, however, Harding, of 45, Piccadilly, is confessedly the favourite, as his sporting and humorous cards are always fresh every season; and this year some of the best artists have not only contributed, but contributed in their very best style. The yachting cards are unusually good, and there are several capital series devoted to dogs, fishing, and cricketing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be directed to the Editors, Army and Navy Magazine, 13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W., and must contain name and address of the writer. Name and address on *letters* is insufficient.

It is requested that ruled paper be used, the pages numbered, fastened together, and a small margin left.

Every care will be taken; but neither the Editors nor the Publishers can be responsible for the loss of MSS. through the post or otherwise. When MSS. are desired to be returned, stamps must be enclosed.

Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1887.

The Nation in Arms.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LIEUT.-COL. BARON VON DER GOLTZ

(Continued from page 250.)

11.—*Pursuit; Utilisation of the Victory; Retreat.*

THAT both attacker and defender are during the battle often obliged to separate themselves with the mass of their army from their natural lines of retreat, is of less significance than a false theory of war would often have us believe. Especially in these modern times does the great mobility of armies permit of the ways of safety being regained without much difficulty. To be cut off from the lines of retreat is only serious, when the reverse is followed by an immediate pursuit on the part of the victor.

This *immediate pursuit* has not only in the late wars been almost always abandoned from motives of experience, but it lies in the nature of the modern battle that it will as a rule be so abandoned.

The vast dimensions of the fields of battle, the breaking up of the whole struggle into a number of actions and engagements, the distance which separates friend and foe, owing to modern weapons of precision, impede a survey of the whole to such an extent, that on the evening of the decisive day, the field-marshal will only but rarely be able to perceive what has been the general issue of the struggle. The fear, by beginning the pursuit too soon, of bringing about a reaction, and in the endeavour to increase the victory of letting it slip from our hands, will make itself on each occasion felt. Much is gained, if the field of battle is abandoned with the secure feeling that a victory has been gained. The retreat of the defeated side first clears up the situation.

And so under ordinary circumstances the day after the battle will dawn before everything can be perceived clearly enough as to enable the supreme authorities to issue fresh orders. And then it is too late for a hot pursuit. And, again, the supreme command is alone qualified to order a pursuit from the battle-field.

Every battle entails extreme excitement, and an extreme exercise of all the intellectual and physical forces. *A state of exhaustion accordingly follows of natural necessity.* After a victory, moreover, there is a feeling that further sacrifices are purposeless, or that they would not be sufficiently recompensed by the successes they would attain.

Of the bodies of troops standing side by side in a line of battle, each separate body will, as a rule, await the initiative for pursuit from another, even though it perceives full well the necessity for it. Each one is, as has already been shown, readily inclined to believe that it has hitherto sustained the greatest part of the common toil and borne the brunt of the day. Each considers its own danger to have been the greatest.

The form of the outflanking attack, moreover, in case it succeeds, brings it about that the troops converging upon one point become more and more confused together. The most various regiments become mixed up like the coloured glass in a kaleidoscope. And this is all the more so in proportion as the troops show themselves braver and more successful in their onslaught, and advance further. At the close of a battle, to see compact bodies of troops drawn up in the first rank, all expectant of the word of command, is a rarity. Fresh troops, who have not yet been engaged, will only in exceptional cases come up at the right moment. Those lying farther back, on the other hand, see too little to be able to pursue.

On that account, after most of the great battles of the last wars, we find no immediate pursuit from the battle-field.

The last instances of brilliant pursuits undertaken straight away from the battle-field all date from the Napoleonic times. The times of Frederick are poor in them. After Mollwitz, Hohenfriedberg and Czaslau, the pursuit was abandoned; after Rossbach and Leuthen it took place, but not, according to our ideas, to a sufficient extent. The opponents of the Great King let him escape from Kolin, from Hochkirch, and Kunersdorf. This was partly due to the clumsiness of the order of battle, which only saw in a compact army a body that should be employed as a whole, and the whole of the forces could only with difficulty be set in motion in pursuit. The fault was partly due to the whole conception of the science of war.

The consequences of rapid action in war were not considered as they are to-day; the warriors of those days were not convinced of the great importance of a rapid and logical sequence of each and all of the operations; they gave themselves up to chivalrous nonchalance and treated the whole matter, in spite of the very bloody battles that occurred at long intervals, not with the same bitter business-like seriousness which characterises our day.

Clausewitz says: "In the former wars, which were undertaken upon a smaller scale, and which were circumscribed by narrow limits, there arose in many points, and more especially in this of pursuit, an unnecessary conventional narrowness. The idea and the honour of victory appeared to the commanders to be so far the chief thing, that they thought less of the actual annihilation of the enemy's forces, seeing that this annihilation appeared to them to be only one of the many measures in the hand of war, and even then not its chief, let alone its sole, measure. All the readier were they to sheath their sword as soon as their adversary had lowered his. Nothing appeared to them to be more natural than to stop the battle as soon as it was decided, all further bloodshed appearing to them superfluous cruelty. If this false philosophy did not constitute the whole decision, it still established the point of view under which the idea of the exhaustion of all the forces and the physical impossibility of continuing the battle was readily entertained and they exercised great influence."

The case was different under Napoleon, when the war made use of its natural powers, when the independence of the several divisions of the army and their commanders increased, and the Emperor aimed at annihilating his adversaries. Restless pursuit completed his victories. His *chef d'œuvre* in this respect was in the year 1806; for the advance to Lübeck, and, on the other side, as far as the Vistula, was nothing but a chase after flying wrecks of armies. No one learnt so much of him in this respect as his bitter adversary, Blücher, whom he had chased without mercy as far as Lübeck. He paid him back richly for the injustice meted out to him. The pursuit after the battle on the Katzbach is worthy to compare with the best performances of Napoleon; and a peculiar freak of chance it is, that the Emperor's last battle, Waterloo, became an annihilating defeat for him because Blücher understood how to follow up the victory immediately by an incessant pursuit.

But we must not forget that in that period war had shaken off its former fetters, whilst the equipment of the troops remained the same. The battles were fought at short distances. When, in our days, the victorious infantry, after having heavily suffered, breaks

in storm into the enemy's position, it seldom finds more left of him other than his dead and wounded, whom he has left behind him. Only the fire poured upon it from afar, from a range of hills, a wood, or a village, and the activity displayed by the enemy's artillery in covering the retreat, shows in what direction he has disappeared. In villages the troops come to close quarters, but the scenes of slaughter enacted there only affect a small portion of the troops.

Even in these modern days, the pursuit can only be carried on by men and horses. But the effect of the enemy's artillery that hinders the pursuit, reaches three times as far as formerly. The space that has to be covered before the defeated enemy can be caught up is three times as great as formerly. So long as from our original positions we are able to reach the enemy with our fire, we do not move, so as first to utilise its effect to the fullest extent. This circumstance, the looser order of all infantry, and the confusion of the outflanking attacks, explain how it came about that at Königgrätz the defeated army could partly escape over the bridge of Pardubitz by making a flank march three miles long, as also the fact that after the great battles of 1870-71 hot pursuit was abandoned.

But we cannot fail to perceive that another cause has exercised its influence to prevent the success of a battle from being immediately realised. In the late wars, we carried out with assiduity the great operations, which the supreme commanders ordered in order to attain their objects. Their strategical ideas were realised at Metz, at Sedan and Paris, to their fullest extent, and led to the most unusual successes. Yet our mode of waging war was distinguished by a trait of dignified self-conscious serenity, and there was a lack of all passionateness, such as characterises Napoleon's conduct after his victories. There was hatred there, and this brought it about that his victories were so inexorably realised. The destructive impulse, which worked like a demon in the heart of the greatest generals, and impelled them to engage personally in the fray, carried pursuit to an extreme pitch. They will return when our mode of warfare gains in passion, and when, at the same time, the old circumspection remains more in the background. In the late wars, at decisive moments when more might have been done, humanity awoke in us the feeling, "Enough has been attained." If we place hatred and love of destruction in the place of those emotions, though in the future brilliant and immediate pursuits may be rare, it will not be the rule that they are not indulged in.

Blücher's order after the battle on the Katzbach runs: "It is not enough to be victorious, we must also know how to turn the victory to account. If we do not press the enemy at close quarters, he will, of course, rally, and we shall have to attain by a fresh battle what we can gain in this one if we act with energy." The nature and value of the pursuit are here both aptly described. Never can laurels be more easily plucked than after a victorious battle, when the enemy, overcome by the feeling of weakness for the moment, gives up all resistance, in order to save what may still be saved.

But this feeling will certainly not fill the breasts of the retreating combatants after every episode which we call "victory." We Germans must have beaten a retreat homewards, perfectly broken and disheartened, if we should have had that emotion which is demanded by the rules of the art of war after every engagement, which in French descriptions of the war is called a "*victoire*." Between a victory and a victory there is often a great difference, although we are accustomed to associate the mere word always with the same idea. We want another Bülow to find for us names denoting the various steps which lie between the simple beating off the enemy and his annihilation. Frequently, we have only *persuaded* the enemy to leave the place of battle, not compelled him, and yet, according to old usage, it is rightly said we have been victorious. After such victories a pursuit would, as a rule, only mean a renewal of the deadly struggle.

The test is how deeply the feeling of having been defeated has spread in the retiring army. Only when it has got down to the private soldier does pursuit promise the enemy good results. Even Napoleon could not follow up the enemy after the battle of Gross-Goerschen, or even after that of Bautzen, in his accustomed way, although he had been victorious.

Pursuit is only possible after self-evident victories.

But even in this case special precautions must be taken. Written orders to pursue, such as was the practice during the last war, will, as a rule, be without effect. The general who has issued them returns to his head-quarters, whilst the orderlies ride off into the darkness of the night. They have to search for some time before they find the *General Kommandos*, which are, after the confusion of the battle, hard to discover. The general in command discharges his duty to his best by sending a fresh order to the foremost of his divisions. Another orderly must undertake a night ride. When morning dawns, the document has reached the advance guard. It with difficulty has got together some wood and provisions, and is

preparing to cook, and must now, without delay, go in pursuit. But the now somewhat old-dated order weakens its effect. The only immediate effect generally is that the outpost squadrons are aroused earlier than was originally intended, and are launched forward against the enemy. They ride to the nearest entrenchment, where they are checked by the enemy's stragglers, by ruined bridges, or other impediments.

The main body follows after ; its arrival beats down the resistance. The most favourable result is that a regular day's march forward has been made, and then a halt. The enemy's stragglers have certainly been caught, and a certain amount of booty taken, but a destructive pursuit has not taken place.

This is no fanciful description, but a picture such as was often repeated in the last war.

Only a passionate love of war animates the pursuit properly. Personal interference is necessary, and personal interference, too, on the part of the supreme commander immediately after the battle has ended. Only when he in person leads the fresh battalions kept in reserve, or the squadrons of horse, on to the pursuit, accompanies and controls them late into the night, can any considerable result be with certainty looked for.

We know the motives which lend to defeated troops a marching capacity which is often not expected of them. Like motives are wanting in the case of the victor ; in his case, the impelling energy must come from above, otherwise the fleeing enemy will never be caught.

Only when the forces have been properly husbanded, and when the victory was not too difficult to attain, are the means of pursuit at hand. They must all be held in readiness towards the end of the battle. The general who has been kept constantly occupied by the urgency of the cares of the moment, will easily overlook this. A proposal has lately been made to commission a high officer of the general staff to make these preparations during the battle, similar to a recommendation made as to arranging the intelligence duties. That will certainly be practical. But as that officer cannot, of course, be entrusted with the disposition of bodies of troops, it follows that his advice will only be of service after it has been accepted and sanctioned by the field-marshal. The latter is the lever of all concerning the pursuit. The cavalry especially must be brought into play. Its commanders are, in the pursuit, the right-hand men of the field-marshal. It can be more easily made their duty to intervene here independently, if no orders have been given from high quarters. If, during the battle, success on their

part be often in these days encountered by very serious impediments, these often disappear after the battle. The energy and discipline of the enemy's infantry has been broken, its ammunition exhausted. The necessity of following in the general retreat, soon compels them to relinquish, for the time, the safe cover they had found. Great cavalry attacks upon the retiring hosts can here produce very important results. But the enemy's artillery, which is covering the retreat, must also be crushed. Numerous batteries must follow the retreat. The horse-artillery of the cavalry divisions that are halting behind the line of battle will, generally, be brought into action. It is accordingly necessary to detach them, and supply them with ammunition, or to make a number of other batteries available. All these measures must be thought of beforehand, or their execution would be too late.

The infantry is already pressing the enemy close, but it is broken up, and is hard to control. If there are a few compact bodies close by, they will only but very rarely hold long together, and so form greater entireties, which always work with greater effect. However, here rapidity is worth more than great strength, and the moment has arrived in which we ought not to hesitate to employ those of the available troops that are nearest at hand, without any question as to where they belong; they must be taken wherever and however they can be got.

- If the enemy is being pursued upon a single road, he can always block it, if he has only a few troops capable of fighting. It is accordingly necessary to begin the pursuit at once, in proper breadth.

Realisation of the victory, and *utilisation* of it must work hand in hand.

If the late wars were poor in really first-rate pursuits immediately from the battle-field, yet the victories were, in each and every case, turned to advantage. This assumed another form. It consisted in great and new operations, undertaken immediately following on the battle just finished. Its result was entered at once in the strategical problem as a factor of the whole, and a new sum was begun. The consequences did not follow so rapidly as those of an immediate chase after the enemy, but they went further. They will always be of greater importance. Though the fruits which are to be gathered immediately following the battle-field escape the victor, yet he secures a richer booty, which arises for him from the altered proportion of energy in the strategical situation. Such are the successes which he can now assure himself by freer motion, enhanced self-confidence, a consciousness of superiority, and by definiteness of resolve. The

following morning may pass by without being made use of, provided that the following evening brings an energetic resumption of operations, directed towards new aims and ends.

The best instance of turning a victory to account in this manner, is shown by the 19th August 1870, the day after the decisive struggle of Gravelotte-St. Privat. There, too, the first hours passed by without a complete survey of what had happened being attained. A pursuit would for a long time have been impossible, even if the close proximity of the fortress had not excluded it. But about mid-day fresh orders were issued, which dealt no longer with the immediate consequences of the battle, but with the distant future. One portion of the army was told off to shut up the defeated enemy in Metz; another was, without delay, set in motion towards the West; a new army was formed, an independent military authority was appointed, and furnished with all the departments necessary for the administration and command. Not a single day was lost in furthering the grand object of the war. This certainly was the best way to derive results from the victory that had been gained.

The victor can, immediately after a battle, think of his great interests. He possesses at this moment the greatest independence of the will of the enemy, so as with unimpeded energy to be able to follow up the aims he has set before him. Such a happy situation, as soon as it has been realised, must not remain a single hour without being turned to account. The moment following a victorious battle, in which, so great the joy over the success gained, it is easily forgotten that in a war the future always possesses more rights than does the past, is the very moment in which the supreme military authority should display the most extreme energy. By firing salutes to Victoria, and grateful religious ceremonies on the day following a battle, many a general has lost the fruits of the victory that he has just celebrated.

The vanquished is in quite a different position. He sees himself compelled to drop for the while all consideration of his great interests, in order, before all else, to think of his safety. Therein lies, at the moment, his most sensitive weakness. Retreat for him means abandoning the object he has had in view in the war, means looking for safety.* Under the protection of his artillery, the vanquished opponent has abandoned the battle-field. A numerous and first-rate cavalry that he can now launch upon the enemy, may, as in the case of Gross-Goerschen, lighten his first heavy steps.

* Of course, we must not include here a voluntary retirement in order to wait for more favourable circumstances. We are here speaking principally of a forced retreat.

Everything depends upon putting distance between ourselves and the victor, in order that the latter may not constantly press us. We know that strong rear-guards with many batteries are the best means of gaining a start. But the enemy is our superior, and but seldom can anything be obtained from him by force. We must accordingly have recourse to deception wherever there is an opportunity for it. The "eccentric" retreat, that has often been censured as a radical fault, is the best means for this purpose. If the enemy does not clearly see in which direction he must make the most vigorous pursuit, it will soonest flag. He will be baffled; the fact that the intelligence comes simultaneously from different directions, makes it much harder to unravel than would be the case were the pursuer to have the retiring enemy before him on only a single road. It is a matter of history, that the great Army of the Loire, after the second battle of Orleans in December 1870, executed an "eccentric" retreat. After the victors had cut into this army, and had taken Orleans, they found the enemy before them to the south, in the direction of Vierzon; prisoners of the French 15th, 16th, and 18th Corps were brought in thither. But he was met with also down the Loire near Beaugency, and it was heard that the 15th, 16th, and 17th Corps of the enemy had retired thither, and, moreover, that they had been reinforced. Up the Loire close to Gien, the enemy was met with in still stronger numbers, and soldiers of the 15th, 16th, 18th, and 20th Army Corps of the Republic were come up with. So it appeared as though all the various divisions of the enemy's army had become mixed up together, and thus it was most certainly hard to answer the question in what direction the pursuit should be undertaken. In spite of their victory, the situation of the Germans was not without difficulty. The original intention to advance to Bourges and Nevers was abandoned as soon as the resistance, which General Chanzy offered at Beaugency, was more obstinate than was at first supposed would be the case. But thus General Bourbaki escaped being attacked, and was soon after able with his reinforced army to move off to the East of France.

The "eccentric" retreat brings the retiring troops upon a number of roads, and facilitates their escape. It certainly always suffers from one inconvenience. The battle has just before proved that the united masses were not a match for the enemy. And now they are separated. A successful resistance, then, is inconceivable. But it very frequently happens that one does not wish to fight during retreat, and that the retiring army desires to avoid all battle. *The united forces are then not required, and all advantages of*

separation can with full right be utilised. Their later re-union, as soon as the enemy desists from the pursuit, must certainly always be kept in view. General d'Aunelle de Paladines, who had ordered the "eccentric" retreat at Orleans, also planned to unite his whole army again on the Sauldre. He certainly would not have effected it there, but he could possibly have done it behind the Cher or the Indre. Only his recall prevented him. Frederick the Great also made oftentimes use of the "eccentric" retreat, once in the year 1757, although not successfully.

Only when we expect to fight on the retreat, is it necessary to keep our forces together.

But, also, by retiring in one direction it will be possible to deceive the pursuer. Positions to the side of the roads may direct him thither, and cause him to deploy in a wrong direction, and much time will be thus gained, which is the essence of every plan of retreat. Long-range weapons facilitate such-like attempts. A rain of projectiles pelting upon him from a great distance may induce the enemy to stop or to advance in force, whilst the force that has caused his dismay has time to move off. Flank positions of all kinds can be turned to account, and so enable the retiring combatant to gain time, if he is only adroit and enterprising.

The first direction taken by a line of retreat is, as a rule, a forced one. The defeated enemy chooses the roads upon which it can more easily escape from the enemy. The first necessity is collection and arranging. As soon as the general has gained the control over the backward surging masses, he will guide them from an enforced into a natural line of retreat. *This latter leads him back to the nearest reinforcements, or to the nearest protection afforded by a redoubt or a fortress.* The troops must be halted as soon as possible; *for it is before all things long retreats that are ruinous to defeated armies.* A short one is seldom accompanied by great losses; the lapse of time, the exhaustion and despondency, that are the inevitable concomitants of continued retreat, give into the victor's hand guns, prisoners, and baggage.

Therefore, in the case of the vanquished, everything depends upon allowing considerations of personal safety as soon as possible to drop, and upon the following up of general purposes. A successful engagement, be it only of subordinate importance, will soonest bring about the turning point. A success of arms alone wipes out the impression of defeat. The defeated combatant, as soon as he again feels himself strong enough, must seek to compass such a success. It depends here much less upon the battle being combined with the great objects of the war, than it does upon its

being a victory at any price. It is now justifiable to disregard, for once, the generally acknowledged principles, to turn away from the enemy's main army and to address ourselves to a subordinate division, merely because we hope to defeat him. Thus did Frederick the Great in August 1757, when he left the Austrian main army at Zittau to be watched by the faint-hearted Bevern, whilst he himself turned against the less important and active enemy, the imperial army and the French. He sought the tactical success where he could most easily obtain it, less for the fruits it might bear him, than for its moral impression.

Nothing must be left undone to reanimate the sunken moral energies of the retreating army. On the retreat, the influence of the general, and the influence of the whole corps of officers can prove itself best. It applies the severest test to this army, or to any army in the world. We easily over-estimate its value, as long as everything goes on well, and ascribe to its excellence what should be attributed to fortunate circumstances. Perseverance, energy, courage, and greatness on the part of the individual; discipline, bravery and serviceability on the part of the whole, can show themselves in their true light after a disaster. Then it is that natures which owe their importance to the general favour of circumstances, are distinguished from those which evolve from their own selves energy, counsel, and resolve.

12.—*Connection and Sequence in Evolutions and Battle.*
The Law of Necessity.

In the inexorable consecutiveness of strategical operations of evolutions and battles, lies, as can be perceived from what has been said about pursuit, the greatest strength. It was this that dismayed our enemies most in the last campaigns. The "apish rapidity of the Prussians in 1866" was a great and martial virtue. In war there must be no holidays. Napoleon I., in the campaigns of 1806 and 1814, and our generalship of the years 1866 and 1870, are patterns of connection and sequence as yet unequalled. The rapid repetition of blows considerably increases their weight; for each one is not merely of momentary effect, but its after-effects last a considerable time. Only whilst it is rolling, does the avalanche increase and gain in weight. That is also the fate of military success.

The unbroken continuance of the operations demands great intellectual energy on the part of the general. We must remember that, whilst the war lasts there is for him not an hour of rest, not

one in which the responsibility weighing upon his shoulders slumbers. The night is as the day, it forms no exception.

The critical spectator is readily inclined to pass judgment upon all hesitation. He follows the operations only in thought, without having himself actually to take part in the battles which they entail, and without feeling the many exciting and disquieting doubts. The proverb, "Strike whilst the iron's hot," is also a principle of war. But passionate energy on the part of the general is indispensable for keeping the military operations perpetually going; there is required that impulse of Alexander, neither to allow himself nor the enemy at any time any rest, always to strive after greatness, and never after enjoyment. Of modern captains, it was before all others Napoleon who was animated by a perpetually impelling impatience. A diplomatist rightly said of him, the world would have no peace unless he could be made to sleep fourteen hours a day. It is well known how much he personally could achieve. He passed half the day in the saddle or in his carriage, made all his dispositions for his great army, and then dictated to his adjutant ten, twelve, fourteen, or more long letters,* a labour which, as a rule, is alone sufficient to keep a rapid writer fully employed. "I am in most excellent health; I have become stouter since I left," he wrote to the Empress Josephine on the 13th October 1806, at two in the morning, from Gera, "and yet I manage to do ten or twelve miles† a day on horseback, and in my carriage. I lie down at eight, and get up again at midnight; I often think that you have not then as yet retired to rest." Such restlessness on the part of the general is the first condition for the connection and rapidity of the military operations.

It is most necessary at the beginning of a war. It then produces the stunning blows; and if the enemy be once robbed of his senses, it is only necessary to see that he does not come to himself again, in order to be master of him. "This moment is the most important of the whole campaign. The Prussians do not expect what we are about to do. They are undone if they delay and lose a single day," Napoleon wrote, on the 8th October 1806, to Murat, on commencing the operations. And he did not rest from that time until the Prussian armies were destroyed, and he had arrived on the banks of the Vistula. Only the natural extreme limit of the physical strength may cry hold. This limit is not reached as soon as is ordinarily supposed; both men and horses

* The correspondence of 30th September 1806 contains seventeen, and partly very long numbers.

† "Vingt à vingt-cinq lieues."

can endure much. No one ought to forget, that a blow dealt at the right time with the remaining energy may often spare the exertions of a whole campaign and years of bloodshed. Nothing that can be done to-day must be put off, in war, until to-morrow.

But troops also must labour on uninterruptedly, and they are not merely harassed by bodily fatigue, but, after a long epoch of martial exertions, by that internal weariness, also, that deprives them of all desire for action, and gradually pervades all grades and ranks down to the simple private soldier.

An army that has passed through a number of battle-fields has lost its bravest officers and soldiers. Death reaps its harvest always among the best men. They rush forward, and are the first to be carried away by the bullet. They also succumb to the diseases; for he who is voluntarily active and energetic, and always ready to undergo perils and toils, will sooner exhaust his strength, and sooner exceed the measures of his powers, than will he who lags behind and is inclined to spare himself. Then the internal quality of the troops in a severe war gradually sinks. It must not be compared with a magnet, whose energy increases by use. Only experience and external dexterity increase—exertion and privations of all kinds, fatiguing marches, and wet nights in bivouac are readily endured for a short time, but not for months together. They damp martial ardour considerably. A few specially constituted natures escape the effect of such circumstances, but not so the mass of men, from whom the theory of war must draw its conclusions.

He who does not know war, easily shuts his eyes to this circumstance. In imagination he makes the "veterans" advance from one battle-field to another, sees them entwine one laurel-wreath after another around their temples. Yet it is impossible to remain perpetually with the same resignation a hero, when battle is an everyday occurrence, when danger cloys owing to its familiarity, when we go on foot through miry roads and sleep on wet grass. Dirt is a dangerous enemy of all enthusiasm. Ideal and real are far removed from each other in war. The poetical fancies of the novice are not realised. What he sees accomplish itself in his soaring visions, takes in reality a very tiresome course, and is terribly sober to look upon.

The actions and engagements, of the thrilling scenes of which he dreams, take place in times of excessive exertion, which crushes the soul, and scarcely permits it to be conscious of the great moment. Exhaustion from fatigue so takes possession of all the senses, that they are insusceptible of any impression. Military

history tells us how that on the retreat from Jena to Prenzlau old grenadiers placed their muskets against each others breast and fired, so as not to be obliged to march further. If the sufferings of war overcome the fear of death, how is it possible that they will not subdue the enthusiasm of the inexperienced? From the mouth of those returned from their first campaign we have often heard the exclamation, "We are one illusion poorer than we were."

Even though the young man may perchance go into his first battle full of burning ardour, when military life, entwined by the garland of romance, lies as yet unknown before him, though he yearn for dangers and adventures, though he may suppress all sobering effects, yet time at last gains the day. All is changed, when two or three, or ten and twelve, battles and engagements lie behind him. Then his yearning after adventures is quieted down. He has reaped a store of glory and honour. He is then satisfied with having gained recollections for his whole life, and a feeling of self-congratulation that he has done his duty in the hour of peril. Involuntarily does the wish arise in the breast to bring all this with him happily back home. At the close of a war that one has been luckily passed through unscathed, no one would care more to die for the Fatherland. The generals, too, have a well-acquired amount of military credit to keep; it is natural if they are less daring and less rash than when they first stretched out their hands to grasp their first laurels.

In the year 1870-71, it was said that "an army can triumph itself to death." That sounds paradoxical and is yet true. *The great majority of men are at last tired of the war, be it ever so successful.* Civilised nations are soon sick of an exceptional state of things, like a war, that destroys their peaceful development. Hence it was that the ancients were afraid of the barbarians, because an interruption of their ordinary mode of life never made the same deep impression upon them.

If this is felt when the war takes a favourable course, how much quicker will the feeling of the entire exhaustion of martial ardour come over those that have to endure reverses and retreats.

And yet the connection of military operations must not be interrupted. If this is to be the case, the general must exercise an enormous influence upon his army.* All higher commanders must

* This, besides being based upon the natural influence of a certain person, is based to a considerable extent upon knowledge of the troops. This circumstance, so often overlooked, is concerned whenever officers exercise influence upon soldiers. It is a depressing feeling for the subordinate not to be known; every order is sure of being carried out better, when the executant knows that he is personally known to

display great tenacity, and a conscious hardness of heart, and a deeply-rooted sense of duty must animate the masses. For great achievements, the first condition is that a man of authority evinces the courage to demand them of his troops. *Military history teaches us, that those who dare to demand something extraordinary, are fewer than those who perform extraordinary achievements when they are demanded of them.* The connection of the military action is, like the pursuit, placed into the commander-in-chief's hand.

The *sequence* must spring from judgment. It may very well be brought into the operations by a counsellor of the general. As a rule, it will result from the *law of necessity*, which in these days controls the course of the war. It is not concealed from the unbiassed mind. The great armies of the present press, in their mobilised state, with such weight upon the life of nations, that the most rapid release from this pressure is a law of self-preservation. Each of the struggling sides has a certain aim in view, which, attained, will guarantee it peace. Upon this the whole gravity of the whole armed force must be directed, in order to reach it in the soonest possible time. Now it cannot, it is true, go straight for it in a direct line. The incidents of war cause digressions. Each new situation is, at the same time, a new embarrassment, which must be got over most advantageously and quickly. The overcoming of this obstacle leads, of course, to a change of measures on the part of the adversary, and thus arises the immediate necessity for spontaneous action. Whilst we are advancing, pressing the enemy, surrounding him, and attacking him, we are ever imposing upon ourselves fresh tasks. This restlessly advancing process must never be interrupted, save by the external compulsion of circumstances. A day idly and unprofitably spent, means at least a loss of millions of money. But it is also indispensable that generalship should always bear its great objects in mind, and should, of the numerous shifts to which it must daily betake itself, resort to none that do not further this end as much as possible.

It is advantageous when, in any, the most insignificant engagement, the attack or the repulse of an attack is made in the direction in which, bearing the general strategical situations in mind, we intend to drive our adversary. If it be merely a matter of a battalion or squadron, yet the way to the final aim is facilitated, though it be by only a little; whilst a bloody battle may be without this effect, if it lacks internal connection with the general scheme of the campaign.

those who give the order. Personal knowledge of each other is accordingly a good bond of union between commanders and troops.

V.—RESOLVE, FIRMNESS, INITIATIVE, INDEPENDENCE, AND ARBITRARINESS.

THE principles, that in war fighting is everything, and that after a victory a hot pursuit must be made in order to turn it to account, that in pressing forward no interruption should be allowed, and similar matters, can be presumed to be already known in the military world. Everyone knows these things.

If, all the same, they are not observed, this is, in the first place, due to a weakness of purpose, which does not carry out what it considers right. In camp life, a right appreciation is only the first step towards solving the problems, whilst, in the peace manoeuvres, nothing more is frequently demanded than this appreciation. The overcoming of purely personal difficulties, the resistance of subordinates, and the influence of illustrious counsellors, do not allow many a good resolve to be carried into effect, but only to be replaced by a worse. The frictions caused by the movement of the troops and the influence of the enemy, often cause even this to be discarded.

But other circumstances are also involved. There are men who set themselves with the greatest energy to work to carry out a plan they have formed, but who are, all the same, difficult of *resolve*. For the ordinary man it is not easy, especially when he hears other opinions, to be quite clear as to what *he himself intends*. Foreign matter, of course, is mixed up with it, because the mind is accustomed to dependence. The same quality is, for another reason, frequently peculiar to clever people. Their mind lacks a certain contentedness; they make too great demands upon conditions precedent. They want to take the offensive, but the preparations for it do not appear to them sufficient. They mean to fight, but they draw in their minds a definite picture of the grouping of the forces preceding the battle. But circumstances never are quite as favourable, when they arrive, as has been wished, and then the resolve to try their luck even under the *more unfavourable* conditions fails them. Critical circumstances make each individual case always appear an exceptional one, in which the well-known principles cannot be applied. We must make clear to ourselves, that the ideal in war will never be attained, that what we desire is never fulfilled as we would have it, that things always take another form to what we thought they would, and that we must accordingly always be ready to take the most momentous decisions, even under conditions only half favourable to us.

Resolve needs not only strength of character, but also a certain practical insight into the imperfection of all human achievements.

We must be content with attaining our object, even though it is not attained in the way we hoped. No one will, in his life, be happy in the way which his youthful fancy painted to him as being the sole way of bliss. Sufficient if it happens in any other way.

Contentment furthers the resolve.

This resolve will be best explained by a simple, candid, and practical putting of questions. Those men of Jena, when they had to go against the French, asked themselves "Which position suits best the demands of science?" And they hit upon ideal positions, the discovery of which might, perhaps, have been a good problem for a reconnoitring tour, but which was valueless, because their discovery did not tally with the military situation in question. What will the enemy do? What must, in any given case, hurt him most? What are we to do? This is the proper line of thought in every resolve. Whether that which is allowed to be the most harmful to the enemy is something scientific or not, is perfectly immaterial. We must not try to force the fulfilment of our favourite ideas. Tacticians and strategists, who wish to apply their ideals in every case, are very dangerous leaders. Most dangerous are they when they crystalise their scientific convictions to systems. There is in war no saving truth which alone is the door of bliss; everything may be right, and everything may be wrong, as soon as special circumstances make it so.

But in its zeal to inflict damage upon the enemy, resolve must not strive after the unattainable, but in its ventures go to the extreme limit of the permissible. *In war, nothing sensible must be considered impossible as long as it has not been attempted; and we may dare everything we believe we can carry out.*

Very frequently the time will be wanting for a regular putting of questions. Sometimes the excitement does not permit it. The resolve is then something instinctive. During the battles and engagements, actions are the product rather of an immediate inspiration of the moment than of a conscious labour of the brain. We marvel at the capacity of being able to hit just the right thing with such sudden ideas, and call it genius, or military intuition, or tact. It is the faculty of being able to penetrate at a glance a whole situation and all its details.

What is meritorious in all instinctive action is the moral courage to obey such impulses. And yet we have reason enough to place confidence in them. There is expressed in them the totality of insight, experience, knowledge, and strength of character, an unconscious result of all intellectual and moral forces. The soldier's spirit within us asserts its presence with sovereign freedom,

and finds its way more certainly than does deliberation, which, by exteriors, can be reduced to false conclusions. Such sudden decisions need no explanation, and frequently bear but ill the justification which history would fain give it for the sake of embellishment. The example of great captains instructs us on this point. Frederick the Great, after the event, would fain attribute his much admired resolve to attack the left wing of the Austrians at Leuthen to quite trivial reasons, so that, were we to believe him, all that we most admire would vanish. But the truth of the matter is, that, under the impression which the view of the enemy made upon him, and without any systematic process of thought, he penetrated the whole situation at a glance. Seldom does subsequent pondering better the original resolve. It is but a creation of the moment, in which the whole productive capacity of the man has come to full expression. Shakespeare speaks of the "native hue" of resolution. He knew that it was not an assumed hue.

The danger which threatens the original resolve from the side of subsequent fears, renders it necessary to take some precautions to maintain it. In the giving of orders everything must be carefully avoided that can subsequently make it waver. All half-measures are on that account ruinous, because they partly follow the resolve, and partly the scruples and doubts which militate against it.

Frequently, purely external moments are important. He who takes up a position, in order to fight a decisive battle from it, never dares to occupy a place lying in front of it with stronger forces; for, in case these latter are hard pressed by the enemy, the doubt will arise whether the original resolve shall be adhered to and the troops sacrificed, or the resolve abandoned and the troops rescued. A weak garrison would have enabled this to be avoided. The fate of a few companies will exercise no great effect upon the resolutions of the general. The fate of a regiment or a brigade may perhaps do so. The sole, ever comprehensible reason for keeping together the forces, is that the general can thus least of all come into conflict with himself. He who does not send out any division of his army to act independently, does not run the risk of being led astray in his intentions by arbitrary actions on its part. It must, then, be recommended to persons of weak character and little perspicuity, to keep everything close together.

The sharpest test of a resolve is afforded by an *unexpected* action occurring during the movements. Even an expected one can lead it astray owing to the force of impressions, and it is not at all necessary that it run counter to the interests which we have. An instructive instance of this may be seen in the action of Villers-

sexel of the 9th of January 1871. The resolution of General von Werder before Vesoul, taken with perfect definiteness and with correct estimate of the conditions with which he had to contend, was to bring the French, so soon as they attempted to march by him along the Oignon upon Belfort, to a standstill, by making an advance with a part of his troops upon Villersexel, whilst the mass hurried to the Lisaine to block their way there. Matters developed quite in accordance with this programme. The French came, Villersexel was found to be strongly occupied by German patrols in the night of the 9th of January. The 4th Reserve Division belonging to Werder's Army Corps advanced thither; their advance-guard drove the enemy the next morning out of the little town and took 500 prisoners. Everything went off as well as possible, and according to desire. General Von Werder perceived from the heights of Aillevans the increase of the enemy's forces, opposite to Villersexel; the object in view, namely, to check them and to force them to deploy out of the line of march towards the East, appeared to have been attained.* This, according to the original resolve, was the time for marching off behind the Lisaine. Instead of this, we see how that in the evening, and during the night, the whole army corps was assembled and drawn together towards the battle-field, and on the 10th of January, early in the morning, was drawn up even by Aillevans and Longeville, in the proximity of Villersexel. It was here shown what an attraction an action exercises even upon generalship with fixed and sure aims; and we have already hinted that, as a fact, the tactical decision, when it is once on foot, should, without question, advance into the foreground. Exceptional cases, like the one before us, which are doomed to be abandoned by considerations of the relation of the forces,† are very rare and difficult to perceive. The question whether we are justified in giving up, for the sake of greater interests, a battle which has been half carried through, is hard to answer. It will be all the more painful to do it, as we must confess to ourselves that the enemy, even when we voluntarily break off the battle and retire,

* As a matter of fact the French intended to march up at Villersexel with their front facing north, in order to attack General Von Werder at Vesoul by outflanking his left wing.

† The cogent reason which might have induced General Von Werder to break off the battle and to march away, did not lie in the fact that he had once proposed to fight on the Lisaine; for the chief thing was that the enemy should be beaten off, not where this should be done. But the motive might be deduced from the doubt whether, in the country about Villersexel, which did not oppose any great obstacle to the employment of their superior numbers by the French, the decision by arms of all forces against all could have been brought to a successful issue. On the Lisaine, on the other hand, the prospects were more favourable.

always claims, and with a certain show of right, the honour of a victory. Here, accordingly, the *firmness* of the general goes through a crisis.

If this can happen when events are propitious, how much more will it not be the case when they are unwished for. Involuntarily we are forced from our path. There is, however, then a way of escape for clear judgment. "Let one only refer the subject to a great and simple point of view." * Let us recall to our memory what we originally intended, what the object was for which we contended, and let us thus subject all disturbing incidents to a more powerful aim and tendency.

On receiving the news of the strong resistance, which parts of the 2nd Army experienced at Vionville, during their advance upon the Meuse on the 16th of August 1870, General Von Moltke wrote from Pont à Mousson to the Oberkommando:—

"According to our view, the decision of the campaign consists in the enemy's main forces, which are retreating from Metz, being driven back in a northerly direction. The more the 3rd Army Corps has before it to-day, the greater will the success be to-morrow, when the 10th, 3rd, 9th, 8th, 7th Corps, as well as the 12th, will be available against the same forces."

Here in the crisis was the great point of view adhered to, that it was the original plan for the conduct of the whole campaign, that the enemy should be pressed back in a northerly direction and cut off from his line of retreat upon Paris. From this point of view, in spite of the surprising turn matters took, the right resolve was regained. It would, perhaps, have been lost, had the authorities busied themselves with details, which abundantly showed the course of the battle, the number of the enemy, and the positions of the various troops.

"Great aims are the soul of war, and what would become of the whole theory of military science were its great views and measures buried under a hill of small difficulties, which are with difficulty collected from the whole range of possibility." †

We have seen that during the military movements the resolve must express itself in clear orders, in order to have the proper effect; in like manner it is a condition necessary to generalship upon battle-fields, that it gains proper support in the behaviour and the personal influence of the commander. In his conduct there must be expressed a belief in his own powers. He must

* Clausewitz.

† Clausewitz. Encamped quarters, Tennstedt, near Weimar, the 12th of October 1806.

display the confidence that what he has correctly devised he will also bring to a successful issue. Personal influence is difficult to acquire by him to whom it has not been given. First-rate men, who are in all respects perfectly clear-headed and conscious of their purpose, may lack it. Here, then, it is that the innate gift of ruling asserts itself. The contemplation of human nature provides us with a few suggestions. "In the face of the enemy the soldier is not so machine-like as on parade, and this is as true of the highest commanders as of the private soldier."* Even hypercritical certainty may be advantageous, whilst a careless word of doubt and of care may easily do the gravest harm. In an action, the optimists regain the value they have lost on the field of philosophy with their views of the world. Mephistopheles becomes to us, as to the student, a most excellent tutor—

An Kühnheit wird's euch auch nicht fehlen,
Und wenn ihr euch nur selbst vertraut,
Vertrauen euch die andern Seelen!—*Faust.*

This is applicable no less to the soldier than to the student of medicine. From this self-confidence there will proceed a successful manner of commanding. For a safe leader in battle a knowledge of the knack of moving troops is indispensable. We must not allow them to influence us too much, but yet must not treat them entirely with neglect, otherwise they avenge themselves. Furthermore, the habit of commanding is necessary.

As the feeling of responsibility is the bitterest foe of all resolutions in war, it follows that those persons are, as a rule, the richest in resolutions who have no responsibilities. When a young man rides with the staff of a field-marshal, he, in his unbiassed mind, often makes his decisions with great rapidity, and joyfully takes the most momentous decisions upon his shoulders. As such a man often finds from experience that what he had intended was the right thing, he readily believes that he only needs a field-marshal's bâton to be a great general. But prudence commands that he shall not suppose himself a Napoleon before he has proved himself in a practical way in a responsible position. The burden of responsibility changes all at a single blow. War is regarded at once with other eyes. It is as if a man holds a yellow-red glass before his eyes, and it then seems to him as though the sky, which just before smiled so serenely upon him, now hung pregnant with thunder o'er appalled nature.

The weight of responsibility is not everywhere of the same effect; it increases with every step a man mounts upon the military

* Scharnhorst, *Handbuch für Officiere*, III., pp. 282, 283.

ladder. Upon the lowest step he begins with but little pressure upon him. That will be especially seen where, as in our army, the whole corps of officers belongs to the same social standard and forms an intellectual and aristocratic body. Among them, the lieutenants are consequently the pertest and most forward lot of all; for they all feel themselves to be field-m Marshals in embryo, without at present having to bear the burden of the responsibility of such a post. They form an ascendant energy below, and that extends. In this way is an impetus given to the whole mass. In the independence of the lower commanders there lies an energy that cannot be replaced by aught else. How much more rapidly and effectually the machine of the army works, when each individual part works independently, than when the impetus is waited for from above, is self-evident.

If in an army the habit prevails of only doing what is ordered, its movement is by fits and starts, or somewhat sporadic. It experiences on each occasion an interruption, when unforeseen circumstances intervene, because all concerned first wait the dispositions of the higher commanders.

The disconnected nature of many of the operations executed by the French army in 1870, can be sufficiently explained by the lack of independence in the lower grades.

In order that the difficult task of leading well our great armies may succeed, it is indispensably necessary that the impulses coming from above should be constantly prepared for from below. In the late war, we have often had occasion to observe, on the German side, that when orders came to the armies and corps from the headquarters the execution of them had already been begun.

The spirit of the *initiative* urges to independent action. It makes armies strong. We rightly adhere to the principle that, in the case of an officer who has been guilty of neglect, an excuse to the effect that he had received no orders is of no avail. Passive obedience is not enough for us, not even the mere fulfilment of what is enjoined, when the occasion demanded that more should be done. Clausewitz declares it to be a sign of mediocrity to do always only exactly what one is officially required to do. We call it an insufficient conception of duty. Frederic the Great demanded that every officer should at least prepare himself for the next rank above him. Only in this way is independence and initiative trained.

A corps receives orders to continue on next morning the march it has already begun. Intelligence is suddenly brought that the wing of the army has unexpectedly come into collision with the

enemy. It is probable that the Oberkommando will abandon the old road and take a new one to the scene of action. But orders have not arrived. Thereupon, the commanding general decides to place his corps the next morning in a position of readiness, so as to be able, without making detours or without losing time, to march off in the altered direction. That is initiative.

The commander of artillery whom, in our description of an accidental battle, we made bring his batteries to the front before receiving orders, and who thus met the wish of his commanding general, showed initiative. Not less is it displayed by the commander of the advance-guard, who perceives that the enemy, whom he is observing, is moving off, and who now attacks him because he perceives how harmful it would be to allow him to escape.

Initiative must not be confused, as is often the case, with simple go-ahead. An attack, as a clever soldier of high position once cogently remarked, may be precisely a proof of a want of initiative. That is so in the case of an advance-guard, which is engaged in advancing, and which attacks the enemy, only because the commander cannot come to a clear decision as to what he ought properly to do.

Initiative is an arbitrariness born of understanding, which promotes the ends of generalship.

It cannot certainly be denied, that it may be sometimes inconvenient, by crossing and running counter to the higher views of the field-marshal, and, by *faits accomplis* which cannot be undone, robbing him of his liberty of action. Especially in the higher regions, careful consideration must precede, because here a part is staked whose fate influences the whole, which is not the case when the initiative is taken by commanders of subordinate rank. But nothing would be more erroneous than if, because inconveniences can occur, one were to attempt, generally, to counteract the initiative in the army, and to restrict, on principle, the independence of subordinates. In order to avoid a mistake being made, a hundred promoting impulses would be blotted out, and enormous amount of strength lost. Besides this, the initiative is opposed by powerful enemies. Such are intellectual laziness, the *laissez aller*, the every-day habitual action, the fear of responsibility, the habit of the great mass of men to allow themselves to be pushed on by events, of waiting until these visibly impose upon them the duty of acting, instead of doing so of their own discernment. These negative forces, easily lame, as it is, the force of action. If they are aided and abetted by restricting and confining independence, it will not be long until they have choked all life, and the troops have

become a soft mass, which can certainly be kneaded by its masters at will, but which lacks the mainspring necessary to do great deeds. The initiative can easily be driven out of an army; but it is extremely difficult, and, perhaps, utterly impossible, to restore it when it has once been driven out. There is only one means of preventing the ill consequences of the initiative, and that is a uniform training of the discernment. This means is quite sufficient, and will not prejudice the independence.

A philosopher of modern times informs us: "I have, alas! too late after the event, learnt to perceive that in very many cases doing nothing is the most effectual, the cheapest, and the least dangerous, in short, the best and cleverest thing that can be done." In civil life, this maxim may contain great wisdom, but we must banish it from military life. The soldier must perpetually do something. The inclination for it will, it is true, only remain to him when he is certain to experience thanks, or, at all events, no disapprobation on principle. The highest military authorities must have a conscious generosity when dealing with the independent actions of their subordinates.* The German authorities in 1870 did not, when confronted by *faits accomplis*, squabble long with their authors, but, as they were once and for all unchangeable, took them simply into their calculations as they were. By thus doing, they attained, in the case of all their subordinates, courage to act independently, and, at the same time, confidence in making their ventures; for each knew that he would not be left in the lurch, but might consider himself certain of support in higher circles. Thus the strength of the whole army was doubled.

There is no more foolish doctrine than that the general must leave a subordinate commander, who has, without his permission, involved himself in a ruinous battle, to his fate. Wherever such a thing happened, except at the bidding of iron necessity, it would be equivalent to fighting against his own army.

He who allows independence, does not by so doing open the door to *arbitrariness*. The boundary between them appears to be very indefinite, but can all the same be perceived, as soon as the motives of the action are regarded. The verdict must be determined by these, and not by the success; for success is often

* This is also very necessary in peace. Besides, as a rule, too much is here ordered with respect to the smoothness and prettiness of a battle. But an officer, who, by independent action, disturbs the nice grouping, is often severely reprimanded. He determines, in consequence of such experiences, for the future to prefer to wait for orders. And this becomes, by degrees, a habit. Where there is a lack of independence in the *lower* commands, the fault will, as a rule, lie in the *higher*.

dependent upon accident. Arbitrariness always springs from egotism, and not from the interest for the common cause. Independence derives its right from the fact that it promotes higher aims, or, at all events, intends to promote them. Where this reason is excluded, and egotism is indulged in only for its own sake, it turns into arbitrariness. General Von Manstein's attack at Kolin was an act of arbitrariness; for it could be perceived that it could never have served the ends of the war, but only his own glory. Independence and arbitrariness are in no way, as is often thought, nearly allied. The first risks the person for the sake of the thing; the second, the thing for the sake of the person. Each is foreign to the other, and it will, therefore, be quite possible to adopt the one and to discountenance the other.

Resolve is the author of action; Firmness its preserver; Initiative nourishes it; Independence protects it from interruptions; and where these qualities are found, Arbitrariness is unknown, for the former spring from a good, and the latter from an evil spirit.

VI.—SPECIAL INFLUENCES UPON EVOLUTIONS AND BATTLE.

It has never yet occurred to anyone to write the strategy and tactics of the different periods, and yet their influence is certainly quite as great as that of the *terrain*, which has often been treated so long-windedly.

That evolutions and battles, when rain or thaw has covered the ground a foot deep in mire, and when neither cavalry nor artillery can be employed, except on roads, will take a different form to that which they take in times when the troops can be freely used upon hard and firm soil, is self-evident. Battles under such circumstances are less decisive in their issue, and more dragging in their course, than at other times. Impetuous onslaughts are quite as impossible as rapid pursuit; defence gains in strength. The tactical efficiency and dexterity of good troops cannot make itself felt to the fullest extent. Bad troops may sooner venture to expect them on the spot, in order to measure themselves with them. The plans must, under the influence of such elementary considerations, become restricted, or the energy of the commanders and the exertions of the troops must double themselves.

In the same way, the difference in the length of days, which the various seasons in our latitudes bring, influences military operations. By far the greater part of the work of war can only be effected by day, in which we, as is well known, intend to include the dusk. Accordingly, in the height of summer the day means from 2 A.M. to 10 P.M.; in winter from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M.; that

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is, in the one case, twenty hours, and in the other only ten. But we must remember that, in battle effect does not advance simply with the time, but increases in a progressive ratio. A victory, which in six hours is only half fought out, can be changed into an annihilating defeat of the enemy if only two hours are gained for carrying on the battle.

In winter, the marches are always more fatiguing. Not merely do the snow and the bad roads occasion this, but also cold. It drains the strength and tires. A man needs more sleep; the start in the morning is delayed, although the troops reach their quarters earlier. Besides this, all must be brought under shelter, and the troops spread further afield, in order to find warm rooms. All collection of troops takes longer to effect, which makes itself doubly felt in the short days. Rapid concentration of troops from great distances is impossible, as are engagements after long marches to the front. More caution must be displayed in dividing up the troops, and they must be kept closer together, a precaution which is again counteracted by the necessity of better accommodation. Cold increases hunger; thus the troops demand better provisions. Warm food is indispensable.

From the increased difficulty of moving, and the shorter working time in winter, it follows that it is scarcely possible to fight out battles in a sheltered country, which last very long. Frequently, a thick morning mist, lying over the snow-clad fields, lengthens the night for the soldier. The days of Le Mans have shown us how difficult it is under such circumstances to drive an obstinate enemy out of a country that is advantageous for him. The engagements began late. The snow impeded the advance of the lines of rifles, the darkness which supervened put an end to the battle, just when the success began to be apparent and the enemy began to break up. The length of the winter's night rendered it possible for him to rally, to take up fresh positions, to bring up reinforcements, and to prepare for resistance on the morrow. The process of destruction which was being wrought in the French army, was too frequently interrupted to proceed very fast. In the height of summer, on the German side, in three to four days would have been completed what in winter took seven to accomplish, and the result would have been double as great.

Wellington, with his memorable saying at Waterloo, "Would that it were night or that the Prussians were here," very aptly expressed the influence of the length of a day upon a battle. Another hour at St. Privat would have much enhanced the success. On the other hand, if we suppose the battle to have

taken place on the 18th of December instead of on the 18th of August, it would be very questionable if it would have been begun by 12 o'clock noon. But if this be presupposed, the end of the battle would have taken place just at the moment when the attack of the Prussian Guards upon the village of St. Privat had come to a standstill. The battle would have had to be renewed the next morning, but in the meanwhile Marshal Bazaine would have gained time to bring up upon his threatened right wing his reserves, that had not as yet been in action. This would thus have been very considerably strengthened, and it is uncertain what the further course of the battle would have been.

General Von Stiehle, in his excellent treatise upon Kunersdorf,* urges among the causes which led to the loss of the battle, "the great heat and the long summer day." He adds: "How similar would, in all probability, have been, in their issues, the battles of Torgau and Kunersdorf, if the first had been fought in August and the latter in November. Had the night at Kunersdorf begun at 5 P.M., a retreat of the Russians during it is more than probable, or a concentration at all events upon the Judenberg. The operation of General Von Wunsch might then have had after-effects,† and, in an extreme case, the King would on the ensuing day have renewed the battle from the commanding Grundhaide with the moral impulse of the half-victory of the previous day."

As the King, had darkness set in at the right moment, could here not possibly have been able to think of continuing the battle after the first important successes, so would Zieten at Torgau not have been able to take, let alone assert, the heights of Siptitz at the Schafteich by day-light, which in the month of August would have prevailed at the time of his attack. The duration of daylight is accordingly an important factor in carrying out a pre-concerted battle.

A too late beginning brings only half a success. It is disastrous when a complete decision is aimed at, and can be advantageous if we satisfy ourselves with half a decision, or only feel the energy for such in us.

Upon the spirits of the army the season of the year also exercises a certain influence. On a bright spring morning the troops march with far fresher courage, and with quite different vigour, than in the summer or on gloomy rainy days.

* Supplement to *Militair-Wochenblatt* for the first quarter 1860.

† General Von Wunsch advanced, on the order of the King, during the battle, in the rear of the Russians from Lebus upon Frankfurt on the Oder, took this city, and blocked the bridges of boats there against the flying masses.

How much the health of troops is affected by the *weather* needs not be said. When want of supplies are added to bad weather an all-destructive force can result. Especially detrimental are these influences at a time of compulsory inactivity, in camp life, and under such-like conditions. Rightly did, in 1870, the Oberkommando of the army before Metz devote its attention chiefly to this point. Often was, in the orders issued, the necessity of keeping the soldiers occupied by duty and labour in the investing lines especially emphasised. In one of them, dated 9th September, it is further enjoined:—

“All exertions are to be made to see that the continuous bad weather does not turn out calamitous. Every roof must, therefore, be utilised for quarters, so that the outposts may be relieved from time to time, and may be able to dry their clothes by the fire under roof. A certain and sufficient supplying of the bodily wants, a resolute will, and the conviction that the enemy fares worse than we—as all the prisoners of war testify—will enable us also to overcome these hardships.”

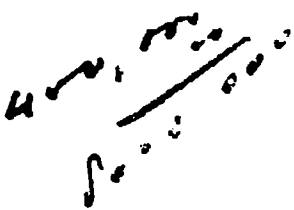
Motion lessens, as a rule, the influence of bad weather. It works gratefully upon the feelings by the changes it affords the eye and the senses. Every march after a long halt is somewhat refreshing. Considerations of health often render a change of air desirable. Infectious diseases spread less easily, and the regularity is favourable to the physical activity.

What a *rôle* weather can play in a battle around a fortress when the wet has turned all trenches into water dykes, or the frost has made the ground so hard that it resists the spade and the hoe, is shown by the history of the winter sieges, among which we need only remind our readers of Sebastopol and Belfort.

A winter campaign is a hard test for every army, and under very unfavourable conditions considerations of preserving the troops may so push those of employing them into the background, that they finally become the chief solicitude of the leaders.

Prompt precautions are quite as important as sufficient ones. He who only thinks of these, when the need for them makes itself felt, will be too late in applying the remedy.

In any case, with the increase in armies, *attention to health* in war gains in importance. It is something horrible to see day by day whole railway trains full of sick being transported to the rear, reserves only slowly coming in, and no remedy available for putting an end to this continuous process of destruction. Let us only think of Sennacherib's host before Jerusalem. The loss of strength owing to disease is scarcely credible, and one single instance



suffices to make one believe that it may at last stake all successes. The conditions of health obtaining in the German army in France were quite favourable; no dangerous pestilence broke out; and yet, during the course of the war, 400,000 sick* were obliged to have recourse to the hospitals. The average duration of the absence of the sick from their regiment has recently been given by a cautious observer at about twenty days. The total result in respect of martial achievements is accordingly equivalent to the absence of twelve army corps for about three weeks. No remedy must be left untried to counteract this natural dissolution. Climate and the civilisation of the land in which war is waged will make various and different measures necessary. In a war in the East quite different precautions must be adopted, and considerations of preserving the health of the troops would there play a far more important rôle than in a campaign on French and German soil.

Of considerable influence is the melting of the *numerical strength* in war. A battalion which, at the commencement of the campaign, numbers 1,000 rifles, sinks at its close to 300. The army corps, in respect of the number of their combatants, become weak divisions, the divisions weak brigades. And yet a definite plan and definite demands are inseparable from their names. The temptation is there for the supreme commanders simply to reckon with corps and divisions, and to assign to them at the end of the war the same tasks as at its beginning. This is favoured by the fact that certain factors never change. The head-quarters, the General-Kommandos, the number of guns,† and the baggage-train remain the same. The rapid melting down of the forces is shown principally in the infantry, far less in the cavalry and artillery. The weakened infantry must, however, all the same supply all the detachments and pickets, and discharge the duties of covering, &c., and thus again loses a greater fraction of its total strength than in the first period of the war. The main arm loses more and more its importance. The artillery comes more strikingly into the foreground. In strengthening this arm, Frederick perceived the only means of equalising the consumption of the strength of his infantry. "I have considerably increased our artillery, which may assist the deficiencies of our infantry, whose substance can only get worse in proportion as the war lasts longer," he wrote in the winter of 1758 to Fouquet. But if the artillery only retains its old strength, whilst the corps of infantry in the front sink from 25,000 men to 15,000, 12,000, 10,000, and

* Besides the 100,000 wounded.

† Accidental losses in action deducted.

even—as was once the case in 1870—to 7,000 combatants, it must, by degrees, be reduced to the *rôle* of a cover for the artillery.

Owing to this, and to the simultaneous loss of martial ardour and enthusiasm, the operations adopt a different character. Whilst the masses so reduced would certainly give a general like Bonaparte an opportunity for exercising surprising dashes, appearing suddenly here, and then disappearing, the conditions I have described, as a rule, make battles more feeble and less spirited. One pushes rather than destroys. The battles become cannonades, which create much noise and expend much powder, keep the field clear of corpses, and end without any real result. The change is, it is true, concealed from the country; for the feeling of less energetic action awakes in those participating the need of magnifying their deeds by coloured descriptions. The longer the war lasts the more vivid is this colouring, so that the country gets in the newspapers a sort of equivalent for achievements. On the Lisaine, the whole corps of Werder, all three days the battle lasted taken together, had only so much loss as each of the three brigades of infantry of the 3rd Army Corps at Vionville within eight hours, less than the 38th Brigade, 5,000 men strong, and just as many as the 16th Infantry Regiment in a single hour. In spite of this, the battle on the Lisaine was, in the daily papers, described as being not less bloody and exciting than that of Vionville. Months had elapsed, which had lowered the demands made upon the soldiers and increased their self-contentment.

(To be continued.)

The Chinese at Sea.

By Lieut. Hon. H. N. SHORE, R.N.

WHETHER China will ever occupy the prominent position as a maritime Power which her extensive seaboard and vast sea-faring population seems to have marked out for her, must depend very much on the policy of her rulers, and the extent to which her merchants and ship-owners see fit to adapt themselves to the times in which they live. The junk is usually regarded as the embodiment of all that is antiquated and cumbersome in marine architecture; and, indeed, with her ponderous upper works, and the eye painted conspicuously on each bow, the Chinese junk of the present day is undoubtedly the nearest modern representative we have of the old Roman corn-ships. Obviously, such craft are but ill-adapted to compete with the modern steamer, and the commotion caused by the appearance of this triumph of Western science on the Chinese coast may be gathered when it is stated that 100,000 junkmen were almost immediately thrown out of employment. For all that, the junk has by no means been driven off the seas, and although steamers, both foreign and native owned, have monopolised a considerable share of the river and coasting trade, and almost the entire foreign trade of China, the junks still continue to ply, and find employment for a larger number of men probably than any other fleet in the world.

By the restriction of foreign trade to a stipulated number of ports called the "Treaty ports," ample scope is still afforded to native craft in the distribution of foreign goods along the numerous channels of intercourse radiating from these commercial centres, and although, of course, each year witnesses the transference of a vast amount of local trade to the safer and quicker methods of steam navigation, it will be a long time yet before the picturesque old junk ceases to ply. Labour is so cheap and abundant in China,

that, apart from the natural reluctance of the people to abandon "old custom," there are not the same inducements to adopt labour-saving appliances as exist in European countries. Still, even in China the competition induced by the time-saving contrivances of scientific discovery is being felt with increasing severity, and the growing popularity of the steamship amongst natives of all classes, from coolie to mandarin, from the humblest literary graduate to the proud Hanlin scholar, has taught the Chinese ship-owner the necessity of fighting the foreigner with his own weapons, and competing with him on his own grounds for a share of that trade which he has been gradually monopolising. If the attempts which have been made in this direction have not been very successful so far, this need cause no surprise; especially if it be borne in mind that countries far more advanced in the mechanical arts than China, and with all the advantages of State patronage and scientifically-trained minds to control and direct, have failed lamentably in their efforts to create a mercantile marine. A shipping industry on modern principles is not a thing that can be built up in a day, or a year, and past failures need cause no despondency regarding the capabilities of the Chinese to establish a powerful mercantile fleet in the future. It would be absurd indeed to suppose that a vigorous, intelligent people, numbering a third of the human race, and whose existence may be traced through a period covering the entire authentic history of the world—the only empire of ancient times which stands with an unbroken record in the fore-front of Eastern nations at the present day—it would be absurd, I say, to suppose that this nation is going to submit meekly for all times to the aggressive competition of foreign traders, or to imagine that she will not strike out vigorously on her own account ere long, and send a flutter of alarm through every industrial centre on the globe.

With the advantages which we possess in the application of steam-machinery to navigation, we are apt to forget our indebtedness to the Chinese for the most important discovery in connection with the art of navigation that has ever been made, and without which the vast development of maritime commerce in modern times would have been impossible. According to the best authorities, there cannot be a doubt that the Chinese were the original inventors of the compass. The attractive power of the loadstone is said to have been known to them from remote antiquity; but its property of communicating polarity to iron is stated by Sir John Davis to have been first noticed in a Chinese dictionary, A.D. 121. Père Gaubil, in his history of the Tang dynasty, mentions that the use of the

compass is distinctly recorded in a work written a hundred years later than the above ; while in a dictionary published in the reign of Kâng-hi, it is stated that under the Tsin dynasty (previous to A.D. 419) ships were steered to the South by the magnet. Not only, then, were these ingenious people familiar with the use of the compass, but, according to M. Klaproth, they had observed long before us the deflection of the needle from the true pole. Sir John Davis quotes an interesting passage from an old Chinese work on medicine and natural history :—" When a steel point is rubbed with the magnet, it acquires the property of pointing to the South, yet it declines always to the East, and is not due South." As a proof of the accuracy of their observations on the subject of variations, one of the Jesuit missionaries, Père Amiot, states that his own observations, conducted during several years at Pekin, entirely agreed with these, and showed that the variation had not altered. Curiously enough, the Chinese suppose that the point of magnetic attraction is in the South, and in speaking of the deflection of the compass reverse the terms.

To what extent the Chinese profited by their knowledge of the compass in those early days, it is difficult to say, but, from what is known, it would seem as if the art of navigation had made very little advance of late years, if, indeed, it has not rather retrograded ; especially if any faith is to be placed in the narratives of Chinese annalists. Students of these curious records tell us that in the year A.D. 1406 the Emperor Tung-lo sent out an expedition to the Western Ocean, for which purpose no less than sixty-two ships were built, measuring 440 feet in length and 180 feet beam, and that they went to all the foreign countries and performed feats of navigation for which we have no parallel ! Whether Chinese historians have always been strictly veracious in their chronicling of events is, perhaps, open to question. It is a singular circumstance, however, that at the present time the claim of the Chinese to being the discoverers of America is being seriously discussed in New York. A Mr. Edward Vining has written a book called *The Discovery of America, or an Uncelebrated Columbus*, in which he repeats the story, from the original Chinese sources, of the landing of Hwin Shin and a party of Buddhist monks on the coast of Mexico, about the year A.D. 500. The fact is also on record of the Spaniards finding at Quivira the wrecks of large ships, which are now stated to be of Chinese origin. The Hurons, moreover, had a legend that years ago their ancestors were visited by beardless men, clad in silk, and wearing pigtails. So that, after all, the Chinese may have been more adventurous navigators in olden

times than we give them credit for, and possibly some day we may even find the ribs of the Yunnan warrior's fleet of Leviathans scattered on some strange shore. Certainly, the curious fact of Chinese bottles having been discovered in Egyptian tombs, and more recently, if report be true, of Roman coins in the Province of Shan-si, gives colouring to the belief that intercourse was carried on between the Provinces of the Roman Empire and far Cathay in early times*; while the appearance of a Chinese junk some years ago in the Thames, proves that these much ridiculed specimens of naval architecture are capable of accomplishing long voyages under favourable conditions.

In point of fact the junk is by no means the unseaworthy, slow-sailing tub that Europeans are fond of depicting her. One writer, whose *History of China* is regarded as authoritative, gravely assures us that "the mode in which all the ocean-going junks of China are rigged, precludes the possibility of their working to windward in the same manner as European or square-rigged vessels." This will be new to the Celestial mariner. As a matter of fact the peculiar construction of junk sails, which are spread on horizontal "stretchers" suspended at short intervals from the yard, enables them to be set flatter than is possible in square-rigged European vessels; and the junk can, therefore, sail much closer to the wind than European vessels of corresponding size and spread of canvas. The junk sail is, indeed, the *beau ideal* of what a sail ought to be, so far as "set" is concerned; though certainly the material of which it is made, matting, as well as the number of stretchers employed, detracts from its good qualities and makes it too cumbersome to be employed with advantage by Europeans. With regard to build, it must be remembered that the word "junk" is merely a generic term for a type of vessel which varies as much in regard to size, method of construction, design, position, and number of masts, and equipment, as do the craft to be met with on a tour of the Mediterranean sea; and while the larger ones, which trade to the "Straits Settlements," and as far even as Burmah, are of great size, and carry as many as eight hundred or a thousand passengers, few Europeans have availed themselves of the oppor-

* Since this was written, particulars relating to the discovery, of an authentic nature, have been received. According to Dr. Bushell, of the British Legation at Peking, sixteen of the coins belong to the reigns of Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines; two of them bear the effigies of the Empress Faustina, and of Commodus, and one of Aurelian. It is not a little singular that the discovery of these coins occurred in the neighbourhood of the old capital of the Province of Shansi, Li-n'gan-foo, where the now famous Nestorian tablet was found last century by the Jesuit missionaries.

tunities afforded by these long voyages to make observations regarding the speed, sea-worthiness, handiness, and other qualities of junks as compared with vessels of European build and equipment. This is scarcely to be wondered at, although, so far as concerns the rules and regulations drawn up by a paternal Government for the guidance of junk-owners and captains, and for the prevention of accidents from ignorance or neglect, these are of so minute and comprehensive a character as to put one's own Board of Trade Regulations to shame. This is, of course, in theory; for, like every other sort of Government enactment in China, the practical application of the regulations is another thing altogether. Whether afloat or on shore, official rules are more usually honoured in the breach than in the observance.

M. Gutzlaff, who once took passage in a junk from Siam to China, has recorded his experiences for the benefit of intending travellers, and these are certainly not of a nature to encourage Europeans to repeat the experiment. He tells us that the crews consist of two classes: the able seamen, who are called "heads and eyes," and the ordinary seamen, or "comrades"—though whether the latter are desirable "comrades" for a voyage may be judged from the fact that the crews are usually composed of the scum and off-scourings of the Chinese population, abandoned and desperate characters who have nothing to lose, and cannot subsist on shore. Although there is a captain or pilot, who has nominal command of the vessel, the sailors obey him, or not, as it suits their pleasure; and sometimes scold and defy him, like one of their own number. Every person on board is a share-holder, it seems, with the privilege of putting a certain quantity of goods on board, and the principal object of all is trade. The working of the ship is regarded as a subordinate matter; while the crew exercise full control over the vessel, and oppose every measure which they deem injurious to their own interests. The picture drawn by M. Gutzlaff of Chinese co-operative ship-owning is scarcely encouraging.

In view of these facts, and taking into consideration the disadvantages attending junk navigation, arising from the compulsory observance of a variety of religious ceremonies, before and after and during the voyage, as well as a rigid attention to lucky days for sailing and arriving, it is easy to understand the growing partiality of the Chinese for steam locomotion, with its freedom from gongs and tomtoms, fire-crackers and incense, pop-guns and priests. With all its drawbacks, the junk is, in many respects, a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever." There are few more picturesque sights in the wide world than a fleet of

Chinese junks with their bright parti-coloured hulls, rich brown and yellow sails, decked out in holiday attire, with streamers of every form and tint, and banners bearing strange devices flying from every mast. Distance may lend enchantment to the scene, but it is a scene to be remembered, nevertheless; and the great Turner himself would have revelled in the rainbow-hued vista of a "Chinese-New-Year" decoration on the Canton river, rivalling in variety and richness of colouring the very Queen of the Adriatic. Fortunately for lovers of the picturesque, the Chinese cling to their simple, unaffected love of colour, and have not yet exchanged it for the chill common-place of Western "fashions."

Averse as the Chinese have always shown themselves to be to violent and sudden changes, the partial supersession of the junk by the foreign steamer was the inevitable result of opening their ports to foreign trade; and however antagonistic the interests affected might have been, there was no means of preventing it. That much bitterness was excited amongst the sea-faring classes through the loss of occupation which this innovation entailed may well be believed, and attempts were made to boycott the steamers in some instances by native merchants agreeing to ship only in junks. But this sort of obstruction could not last. The advantages of steam locomotion to merchants and travellers were so apparent that, in time, the most bigoted and barbarian-hating officials tacitly acquiesced in the inevitable, and were glad to transport their goods, and even their persons, in the foreign steamship, in preference to risking themselves in the orthodox and time-honoured junk. But the most hopeful sign for the development of steam navigation in Chinese waters, was the fact that the proud literary class managed to conquer their prejudices so far as to avail themselves of the comfort and safety of the steamers, when attending the great competitive examinations which play such an important part in the social economy of the Empire. This at once stamped the steamship as "respectable," if not worthy of imitation.

The disturbance thus brought about in the social and commercial equilibrium of China was especially distasteful to the high and dry officials, whose minds had been impregnated from infancy with the notion that everything new must necessarily be evil, and who all along had been opposed to the throwing open of the ports to trade, and had made use of such petty powers of obstruction as they possessed; an innovation on established custom fraught, in their opinion, with nothing but disaster. And the view they took of the matter was not altogether unreasonable, for their experience of the

"barbarians" had not been of the pleasantest kind. Indeed, the lawlessness of our traders in the early days of intercourse was such as in some instances to call for Parliamentary inquiry, and we are still reaping the fruit of the injudicious conduct of these early pioneers of "civilisation" in days fortunately long gone by. During the inquiry into the conduct of the company of the *Lord Amherst* trading ship, in 1832, it was elicited that Chinese officials who objected to sanctioning trading intercourse were "fairly bullied by the people of the *Amherst*, their junks boarded, or their doors knocked down and their quarters invaded"; while so late as 1840, a witness declared with equal candour and truth that, "We never paid any attention to any law in China that I recollect." Chinese aversion to foreign intercourse is not, after all, therefore, the unaccountable prejudice which is often supposed.

Then, again, that the "foreign devils" should be in possession of a kind of knowledge denied to the followers of Confucius was beyond the comprehension of the proud scholars of China, who had yet to learn that there was a vast deal not included in the Confucian system of philosophy.

Thus it became evident that if foreigners were to be prevented from driving native traders off the coast, it was absolutely necessary to fight them with their own weapons. Some of the most influential officials, accordingly, concerted together for the adoption of such means as would be most likely to gain the ends they had in view. Ultimately they took the bold step of entering into direct competition, by the formation of an opposition steamship line. A company was established under the immediate patronage of the most powerful and enlightened officials of the Empire, and funds were readily forthcoming, both from private and official sources; able and experienced natives, who had acquired a practical knowledge of the working of concerns of this nature while in foreign employ, were placed in positions of trust; and the practical management of the concern was vested in the hands of, perhaps, the most enlightened native merchant in the Empire. And thus was inaugurated one of the most important progressive measures that has been witnessed in China of late years, and one that under wise management might have been the means of developing the maritime trade of the country to an unlimited extent. In the first place, the company secured the monopoly for carrying the tribute race to Peking, which gave them an immense lift, besides a variety of indulgences from the provincial authorities who were concerned in its success, which were withheld from the rival lines. Their fleet, too, which had been a very humble

one to start with, was soon after augmented by the purchase of an American line of steamers which had been engaged in the coasting trade.

The native company took over the whole concern—captains and officers included. But the object which, above all others, in connection with the undertaking was dearest to the heart of the patriotic Chinaman, was the exclusion of foreigners from the concern. In this, however, they only partially succeeded, for the simple reason that there were no natives at all qualified to command the ships or to work the engines. Foreign capital was kept out, and foreigners were rigidly excluded from the management; but the company was, perforce, dependent on the despised “barbarians” for the officering of the ships, as well as for advice in matters relating to repairs, and the various details connected with the successful working of a large steamship line.

From its first inception, however, the new company was never commercially successful. In spite of official patronage, financial support in high places, and the monopolies that it enjoyed, the concern was always on the verge of dissolution. Opinions were freely expressed amongst foreigners regarding the management, which was said to be conducted in a wasteful, thriftless style, while the directors were accused of speculation on a gigantic scale, and the downfall of the company was predicted from the outset. That there was laxity and a want of business-like habits, is evident from the fact that many natives, in spite of something more than gentle persuasion to avail themselves of the company's vessels, after a short experience, declined to ship in them any more, preferring to send their goods by foreign-owned vessels, where there was less of the red tape and vexatious formalities which they complained of in their transactions with the official line. Had not the reputation of the officials concerned in the floating of the business been at stake, the “China Merchants Company,” as it was called, would have “burst up” long ago. As it was, the vessels continued running till the eve of hostilities with France last spring, when, with a view doubtless both to avoiding the loss of the ships by capture, and as an easy way of winding up the concern, the entire fleet was transferred to a foreign company, and thus ended the first Chinese steamship venture on a large scale, after a ten years' lease of life. The operations of the company were mostly confined to their own coast, with an occasional trip to Japan and the “Straits.” In the year 1880, however, a more enterprising spirit seems to have been abroad amongst the Chinese, and a line of steamers was started for the purpose of running to England, with a native agency in London,

for the purpose of importing tea and native produce direct. The idea of entering into competition with the magnificent vessels already running between London and China was a bold one. But as very little has been heard of the achievements of the new line, it is to be presumed that the experiment has not proved so successful as was anticipated. The idea of John Chinaman bringing over his own tea has a flavour of novelty and enterprise about it, and it was suggested at the time that, as a means of ensuring patronage, the company ought to open retail shops in the principal thoroughfares. The temptation to buy the fragrant leaf from John, in his national dress, pigtail and all, dispensing it with his proverbial blandness of manner, would, it was thought, have proved irresistible to the British matron.

So much for native enterprise in the past. It remains to be seen whether, with the termination of hostilities, native shipping will take a new lease of life, or whether, on the other hand, the Chinese will have learnt by experience the unwisdom of attempting to compete with the splendidly-equipped, well-organised, and admirably-managed foreign vessels already running on the coast.* That these have been but little affected, financially, by native competition, is evident from the fact that the fleets are being largely augmented by a newer and improved type of vessel. Careful supervision, rigid economy in the management, skilful navigation, combined with the advantages derived from long experience, enable the foreign-owned vessels to compete with native ones on terms which place the latter at an enormous disadvantage. Apart from this, the Chinese have shown a striking inaptitude for managing large industrial undertakings. As traders they are unsurpassed; but they lack the energy, breadth of mind, *esprit de corps*, and, above all, the experience necessary to conduct a concern like a steamship company to a successful issue. Speculation, also, enters so largely into Chinese financial transactions, that the losses to the share-holders from this cause must always be taken into account, and, of course, militates against the success of the venture. The habits of a nation cannot be changed in a day; and the moral crime of feathering your nest at the expense of those whose funds are entrusted to your charge, by the system of "squeezing," is one which it is very difficult to bring home to the Chinese conscience. Until we find probity in high places, it would be absurd to expect

* In August last, the vessels of the China Merchants' Company, which, for a time, had passed into the ownership of an American firm, rehoisted the Dragon ensign of China.

any striking manifestation of it in such humble walks of life as the directors of companies.

So far, we have treated of "ship-owning"; the vessels having been constructed in foreign countries. Some account of the progress made by the Chinese in the art of ship-building may now be of interest; and it may be remarked at the outset, that in this direction a greater degree of success has been achieved than is generally known by foreigners. This branch of industry owed its origin to the conviction which had been forced home to the minds of the officials, during their encounters with the European Powers, of the inferiority of their own navy, and that if China was to maintain the unique position which they believed she had occupied hitherto in the civilised world, it would be necessary for her to stoop to learn from the nations she affected to despise, and whose very existence she had been accustomed to ignore.

With a view to remedying a state of things so humiliating to the national pride, it has been the aim, for several years past, of the more enlightened officials of the Empire, to bring their naval forces up to the modern standard of strength and efficiency, so as to enable them, in the event of future misunderstandings arising, to meet the "barbarian" ships on more equal terms than has been possible hitherto. To this end, arsenals have been established in different parts of the Empire; in which, under the direction of competent foreigners, ample provision has been made on a large scale for the construction and equipment of war-ships on modern principles. This, in itself, is an innovation of momentous import, striking completely at the root of the national conviction regarding the immeasurable superiority of Chinese methods over those of other countries, and, of course, affords a fine field for obstructiveness on the part of less far-seeing men than those who ventured to initiate the reform.

The most important of the arsenals, in a naval sense, are those at Shanghai and Foochow. The latter was founded in the year 1866, by a French naval officer; and in spite of the croakings of evil prophets, it has been attended with a very fair measure of success.* Failures and mistakes there have been, needless to say; though whether from attempting too much, or from official apathy, and the sheer inability of Chinese authorities to realise the amount

* These remarks apply to the Foochow Arsenal as it existed previous to the bombardment by the French fleet. It is not a little singular that our Gallic friends should have singled out for destruction the only great public work in China that had been created by the genius and industry of their own countrymen. The founder and organiser of this establishment, M. Prosper Giquel, died shortly after.

of watchful care necessary to maintain a large industrial establishment in a high state of efficiency, we need not stop to inquire. The fact remains that several large ships have been built here, ranging from gun-boats of 500 tons, to a screw transport of 1,450 tons including a powerful corvette of 1,393 tons, 250 horsepower, carrying 18 Whitworth guns. These vessels are built throughout of teak; the boilers and machinery having been obtained in Europe. Of late years the engines have been constructed in the arsenal. At first it was necessary to have a large staff of foreigners to instruct and supervise the native workmen; but the foreign *employés* have been gradually reduced in numbers, and their places taken by natives trained in the arsenal schools; and ships have been designed and built of late years without any foreign assistance whatever.

An important part of the original scheme was the establishment of schools; first, for the training of a competent staff of native engineers, draughtsmen, and naval architects; secondly, for the education of young officers for the navy, in connection with which there was a sea-going training ship commanded by an English post-captain, assisted by two English officers of subordinate rank. Whether the results which have been attained are in any way proportionate to the expenditure which has been incurred on these schools may be a matter of opinion. They have been subjected to a good many vicissitudes, and there has been a want of continuity, due to lack of funds and other causes which it is needless to discuss.

Theoretically, the arsenal has been under the control of a Commissioner, a native official of high rank, who, though doubtless well-read in the Confucian classics, has not always been quite up to the mark in modern scientific attainments; and amusing stories are current about the ignorance of the great men who have held this post, in regard to the things under their charge: how one, for instance, on being shown the engine-room of a steamship, protested that he was being made fun of; for, said he, all the engines that he had ever seen before had a big wheel, and there was none here. But, of course, so long as an accurate knowledge of the works of Confucius is the sole qualification for government appointments, one cannot look for a high standard of efficiency in dock-yard management; the qualification, be it observed, consisting in the knowledge, not the practice, of the virtues inculcated by this great philosopher.

It is highly probable that an inquiry into dock-yard management in China would reveal some startling facts; the expenditure alone

being sufficient to make every sound financier's hair stand on end. The Shanghai arsenal is organised somewhat similarly, and is well equipped with the requisite plant for the construction and repair of ships, as well as for the manufacture of heavy guns, small arms, and various sorts of ammunition. But this arsenal is mostly famous from the fact that not only the first, but the largest wooden frigate that has ever been constructed in China—leaving out of account the somewhat mythical leviathans of the Ming dynasty—was built here. This vessel is 363 feet long, and carries 28 rifled guns. But what the Chinese especially pride themselves on is the fact that, with the exception of the screw-shaft, every part of the ship and her engines was made by native artisans, with only five foreigners to direct.

That the Chinese are not destitute of patriotic pride is evident from a circumstance which occurred on the occasion of the launch of this frigate. A foreigner having ventured to suggest to a native official that it was probably the largest ship that had ever been built in China, was politely informed that, for an intelligent foreigner, he displayed a remarkable ignorance of Chinese history, and that, if he would go to the trouble of looking up the annals of the Ming dynasty, he would find that the Chinese had built ships large enough to carry the one just launched as part of their cargo!

Not content with this triumph of naval architecture, the Shanghai authorities determined on trying their hands at an iron-clad, and after much travail brought forth a remarkable turret-ship, which was facetiously dubbed by foreigners the "Terror of the Western Nations." Nothing further has been attempted in this direction, the Chinese having very wisely determined on providing themselves with such ironclads as might be considered necessary from the ship-building establishments of Europe, where the modern fighting machines can be produced at a much less cost, and of better workmanship, than anything likely to be turned out of their own yards.

In view of all that has been attempted of late years in the direction of ship-construction, and in the organisation of the fleet, the mind instinctively turns to the collapse of the naval forces of China under the strain of the recent war; and on the impulse of the moment there is an irresistible tendency to condemn the vast expenditure which has been directed into this channel as a useless waste of money, which is never likely to bear good fruit. This would be a natural and legitimate conclusion, looking only at the superficial aspect of things. China's arsenals and fleets have proved very costly luxuries; while, so far as affording any pro-

tection against the attacks of Europeans, the results have not been very apparent.

In the opinion of many thoughtful men, indeed, true friends of China, the fabulous sums which have been lavished year after year on war preparations might have been directed with vastly greater advantage to the internal development of the Empire, in improving the means of communication, and in educating the rising generation up to an intelligent appreciation of the causes which have contributed to the superiority of Western nations. On the other hand, the experience acquired will not have been in vain if it has been the means of showing the latent good qualities of the people as well as their great capabilities. It must be remembered that a number of young men have been passed through the arsenal school and training establishments imbued with a respect, if not an enthusiastic admiration, for the foreign sciences, and equipped with a knowledge of subjects hardly ever alluded to in their own systems of philosophy and literature. Time and opportunity only is now required for all this seed to spring up and bring forth fruit. Then, again, many of the more intelligent students have been sent abroad to gather what crumbs of knowledge they can find in the educational establishments of Europe and America; and on their return, this knowledge will be utilised in the service of their country. The association with foreigners, many of whom are men of high principles and of good education, must have helped to break down the narrow-minded, ignorant contempt with which the Chinese have been brought up to regard the "outside barbarians," and to prepare the way for intercourse between China and other nations on a more friendly footing than has been possible hitherto. While the knowledge they have acquired of European languages will have supplied them with a key to the vast storehouse of learning comprised in the literature of foreign countries, a few drops only of which have, as yet, filtered through the complexities of the Chinese tongue for the benefit of their fellow-countrymen. Much of this must have come as a revelation to minds trained up in the narrow ruts of Confucian learning, supplying them with a clue to the mysteries of the physical world which their own sages desired in vain. Already there is a change setting in, which will grow wider and deeper as time goes on, and must ere long, though possibly not within the life-time of the present generation, effect an entire revolution in the habits and thoughts of the race.

As artisans and workers the Chinese can hardly be surpassed; and the practical knowledge of the arts of ship and engine con-

struction that they have acquired under the supervision of foreigners will, in time, be turned to their own national advantage. Quick to seize on ideas, and willing to learn, an artisan class, skilled in the mechanical arts of the West, is being formed at the centres of foreign intercourse, which will, in time, prove an invaluable agent for stemming the tide of foreign competition, and for wielding the weapon which foreigners have placed in their hands, with telling effect against their old teachers. Large private establishments have sprung up at Hong-Kong and Shanghai, for the repair of the largest class of ships and engines, where the entire work is done by Chinese under foreign direction. Referring to that of Boyd & Co. at Shanghai, the consular report for 1880 observed: "These energetic ship-builders have built up an immense industry here, employing from 1,000 to 1,400 hands, all Chinese. The works are under the management of Scotchmen, but the Chinese are capable of doing all the requisite work when the plans and specifications are placed in their hands. A large dock 450 feet long is now being made by this firm, and in a month or two it will be possible to dock and repair at Shanghai the largest steamers. It is possible that we may some day see a large development of ship-building here, but not so long as it is necessary to import the iron used from Europe." As an instance of the capabilities of the Messrs. Boyd's yard it may be mentioned that in the year previous to the "report" quoted, this firm built and engined two iron steamers 204 feet long, 26 feet beam, of 763 tons, driven by compound engines of 52 horse-power. These vessels were built for the river Yangtze, and proved so successful that a third steamer was ordered from the same builders.

Here, then, we have a practical illustration of what can be achieved under skilful management, and he must be blind, indeed, who ventures to assert that China will always come to Europe for ships. The great bar to the development of ship-building at the present time is the lack of good material on the spot. But as China abounds in mineral wealth—coal and iron of the best quality lying side by side in almost every province of the Empire—it is safe to predict that ere long the authorities will discover the necessity of developing this latent wealth, so as to render their country independent of foreign supplies, in the same manner as they have been induced to work their coal-fields. But as Rome was not built in a day, so it will take many years to develop the iron industry, and to produce the requisite materials for iron ship construction in sufficient quantity, as well as of the requisite quality, to render China independent of foreign supplies. In any case, foreigners

will be required for many years yet to supervise, direct, and instruct the natives in the various processes of manufacture, as well as to educate a class of skilled workmen, to superintend after the foreign stay is withdrawn. "Protected" industries, under official patronage, are never likely to prove commercially successful; and yet it is on this basis only, in the first instance, that industrial undertakings are likely to become established in the country. When the element of self-interest is lacking in commercial ventures, a successful result, from a pecuniary point of view, is scarcely to be looked for: a semblance of success may be attained, but the prosperity is purely fictitious, and, as with a lame man when the crutch is withdrawn, directly the official prop is taken away the collapse is inevitable. Another element of failure is the impecuniosity of native officials, and their ingrained habit of regarding appointments as affording desirable opportunities for enriching themselves at the expense of their country. The "squeezing" propensities of mandarins are only limited by their dread of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs; and so long as these are forthcoming with undiminished abundance, a golden harvest to all who have the pickings is the result. Practices such as these, systematically conducted and on a gigantic scale, are sufficient to wreck any industrial undertaking, and, until a higher standard of commercial morality obtains amongst the better classes, it is useless to look for a disinterested sense of duty in those of lower social grade; and although, feelings of national pride, or patriotism, may lead intelligent natives here and there to enter into competition with foreigners, with a view to wresting from them the monopolies they now enjoy, these efforts can never permanently succeed, unless backed up by energy and industry intelligently applied by men who are actuated by higher motives than the mere enrichment of themselves at the expense of those who have entrusted them with their funds.

Another weak point of the Chinese mercantile marine is the *personnel* of their ships. In spite of every effort to shake themselves free from foreigners, the authorities have never yet succeeded in producing a class of men who can be safely entrusted with the navigation of their vessels and the control of the machinery; and, indeed, apart from the foreign ships plying on the coasts, there is no practical school where the requisite class of men can be trained. Junk sailors are of little use on a modern steamship, and somehow it has been found preferable to employ Malays rather than Chinese in all the foreign-owned steamers; and whatever may be the opinion in Chinese mercantile circles, there are few foreigners who would care to entrust themselves, or their goods, to steamers under native

management. The same dilatoriness and inattention to details which has proved fatal to the success of industrial undertakings on shore, must inevitably prove still more disastrous afloat, where the safe conduct of those complicated mechanisms of modern days—steamships—are concerned. And yet, so far as the raw material is concerned, there is scarcely a country in the world in the possession of a sea-faring community to be compared with that of China, whether in point of numbers or of physique; and, under proper training, a body of seamen might be produced which could scarcely be excelled.

The proportion of population in China which resides permanently afloat, and which is trained from infancy to the management of boats, is relatively larger than in any other country, and is numerically prodigious. Where would it be possible, then, to find a better recruiting ground for a navy, whether in a mercantile or military sense, than amongst the boat population of China?

The Chinese have yet to learn their own strength in a maritime sense. When they make this discovery, and when their rulers learn how to apply this source of greatness to the national advantage, there will be a commotion in foreign shipping circles, compared with which all previous economic disturbances will sink into insignificance.

West Point Academy.

By HENRY NAIDLEY.

IN the summer of 1881, I revisited the United States of America, or such parts of that country as the limited time at my disposal permitted me to see. After a short sojourn in New York, a city of which I always grow tired after the first twenty-four hours' residence, I decided to pay a visit to the Military Academy at West Point, situated some fifty miles from New York.

This now famous nursery for soldiers, is accessible by land and by water. The water highway is the Hudson River, which at most times of the year presents an animated appearance, but more particularly so in summer.

I took passage on board a large steamer, said to be the cheapest, quickest, and most commodious on the river. It was crowded to suffocation, and, during the first part of our journey, the number of passengers, vehicles, and cattle of every description, increased at every halting-place. I passed some remarks about this to an intelligent-looking fellow passenger and fellow sufferer. These remarks elicited the comforting—or otherwise—information that the vessel on which we travelled was the most ancient ferry-boat on the river, and had for years past been regularly condemned as unseaworthy by the Commissioners at the annual inspection of river boats, but that, *moyennement* of so many thousand dollars, the judgment of the said Commissioners was generally mitigated, or their hearts sufficiently softened into granting a renewal of the license for another year, and yet another year. “But, I guess,” continued my informant, “they will have to take her off soon, all the same; won't pay 'em to go on increasing the fee to the Commissioners every year, as they have had to do.” In confirmation of what he had said, my informant pointed to the unusually large number of life-belts placed everywhere on board the vessel. Although I had paid for a return fare, I travelled back by what I could not help regarding as a “safer mode of travelling,” namely, the railway.

The animated appearance of the river soon made me forgetful of the dangers I had so unconsciously courted. Here a barge, laden with fruit and vegetables, glided by silently; there a sailing yacht, managed in a manner not the most conducive to the preservation of life and property. “Go ahead, and let nothing pass you,” seemed

everybody's maxim. Behind us blew the shrill whistle of a small pleasure steamer, making convulsive efforts to pass us, but the heavy swell caused by our paddles effectually frustrated the efforts of the ambitious little craft.

In front of us was a barge heavily laden with bricks, whose skipper was, apparently, indifferent to, and unconscious of, dangers of any and every description. Whistling, shouting, and threats proved alike ineffectual to induce that worthy to move out of the way. Large passenger-boats passed to and fro in rapid succession; here comes one gaily decorated, carrying crowds of passengers and bands of minstrels, evidently all bent on pleasure-seeking. Someone commenced a song, and instantly hundreds of voices chimed in. They were Germans, making merry after the fashion of the Fatherland. By way of contrast, let us glance at this inward-bound vessel. All is quiet on board of her, grave and silent are her passengers, pacing up and down the deck with an impatient air, clearly betraying their anxiety to reach their place of destination, which we may be sure is "Wall Street," the Capel Court and Lombard Street of New York.

Gradually the crowd of passengers thinned, and the river became less crowded the farther we left New York behind us. This gave me leisure and better opportunities for contemplating the scenery on shore, which is of surpassing beauty.

West Point itself was reached in due time. It is a small island in the Hudson River, fringed by several estuaries. Its altitude, some 300 feet above the level of the river, is sufficient to afford a fine birdseye view of the surrounding country, without the objects below losing their distinguishing features to the naked eye. Rich, semi-tropical vegetation and flora, neat and flourishing villages, country residences with park-like gardens and grounds, numerous yachts, boats and steamers met the eye at every turn, and brought home to the mind the fact, that in the midst of this comparative solitude, one was surrounded by a busy, if not the busiest and most enterprising race on earth.

However alluring the picture before me, and however much I felt tempted to give way to reverie in this fairy land, I called to mind betimes that I had come hither for an object, and to that object I directed my attention forthwith.

I wound my steps towards the academic buildings, and sent my card to the Adjutant. Although not provided with letters of introduction, I was nevertheless received and treated with great courtesy, every information asked for was readily given, and many statements respecting the working of the Academy were volunteered.

The Academic buildings are of an unpretentious character, without architectural beauty. I could not help asking myself the question: Was it Republican frugality which grudged the funds necessary for the erection of buildings corresponding in some measure to the public edifices I had seen in New York and elsewhere, and more in harmony with the wealth of the nation; or had some free and enlightened citizen, or citizens, discovered more congenial and convenient employment for a portion of the funds placed at their disposal? But nature's bounty had amply compensated for man's neglect in this favoured spot. Although neither handsome nor imposing, the interior arrangements of the buildings appeared to me very comfortable.

Judging by what I had heard, read, and seen elsewhere of America, its people and institutions, I expected to find here what our German cousins call "*Gemüthliche Zustände*," an easy-going and mutually accommodating state of affairs, conformable to Republican notions of *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, and therefore very different from what one finds in effete, monarchical, modern Europe. How far my expectations were realised, I must leave the reader to decide for himself. I confine myself here to the statement that I did find things different to what they are at home, but the difference was not in the expected direction.

In detailing the information elicited by my inquiries, I intend making comments upon these as I proceed.

1. Admission to the Academy is by nomination. Every member of Congress (*i.e.* M.P.) has the right of nominating two candidates for admission, who have to pass a qualifying entrance examination.

This mode of selecting future officers is, in my opinion—and in the opinion of nearly all competent judges—preferable to ours. (a) It dispenses with the harassing uncertainty of a competitive examination. (b) It constitutes, at least it does so theoretically, a surer guarantee for the social status and respectability of the candidates; the whole legislature becomes morally responsible, as well as legally and in an official sense, for the well-being and efficiency of those to whose hands the honour and defence of the country is entrusted. But there is a shady side to this picture; the system may, and perhaps has already, developed serious vices. A body of men, indebted for their official status and maintenance to a political body, cannot fail to become permeated with, and in time greatly influenced by, politics.

It is needless to dwell upon the dangers that may, in times of trouble, result from this; they are too obvious to need special mention here. Whether the dangers alluded to are apprehended,

or have been actually experienced, by the American people, and what safe-guards have been provided against them, are questions I cannot answer. If the social status of American legislators does at all correspond with that of some of their English and Irish compeers, the value of their guarantee—in whatever shape or form it be given—cannot be great, I confess.

2. The course of instruction lasts four years, and the age for admission is sixteen; the average number of cadets undergoing instruction, I was told, is 300.

The age for admission is a sensible one. At sixteen a lad's mental powers are sure to have sufficiently revealed themselves to admit of his ultimate chances of passing successfully through the Academic course being fairly estimated. This course, as we shall see presently, is qualifying, and not competitive; the lowest standard to be obtained is well known beforehand. This dispenses with the harassing and demoralising uncertainty of the competitive system, by which, alas! too frequently four or five years of the best part of a boy's life are sacrificed in the endeavour to accomplish a—to him—impossible task. We may also fairly expect a youth of sixteen to possess a good knowledge of preliminary subjects, and to have his mind sufficiently prepared for the reception of more advanced instruction.

3. The curriculum is partly literary, and partly technical; from six to seven hours per diem being devoted to the former, and from two to three to the latter, which, of course, comprises drill, equitation, &c. There are quarterly examinations, at which cadets must attain a certain Standard; and it depends upon the report of their professors, and others in authority, whether those who fail to obtain the prescribed Standard shall be permitted another trial, or be forthwith requested to resign. As a rule another trial is granted. But the candidate must nevertheless pass all the examinations within the given period of four years, and a pupil who, from some cause, misses one or more examinations, is severely handicapped in the race, and generally finds himself obliged to resign. Exception is made in favour of those medically disqualified.

The curriculum is the same at certain stages for all branches of the service. Mathematics and sciences occupy the most prominent place in it. Of modern languages, Spanish is compulsory. For the study of sciences extensive facilities are afforded. Laboratories, rare collections of geological specimens, minerals, ores, and precious stones are to be found in the various departments. In the natural history department the same thoroughness of organisation prevails. The Engineering Department contains models of

every implement of modern warfare, and of all contrivances indirectly contributing to the efficiency of an army.

I will first deal with a radically vicious defect in the system in vogue at West Point Academy—radically vicious from an English point of view—namely, the abnormally long working hours. “Of course,” I said, “your vacations are long and frequent, to compensate for so great a strain as eight to ten hours’ work a day must be upon both pupils and professors.” I had some difficulty in making them understand what is meant in England by “Vacations.” Harken, then, ye English schoolmasters and schoolboys of Republican proclivities, how things are managed across the Atlantic in the free and enlightened Republic! Every cadet is entitled to two months’ leave of absence at the expiration of the first two years, provided he has passed all his examinations in the meantime. After that a day or two at Christmas, or a run up to New York for the day, constitutes the maximum amount of holidays to which a cadet at the West Point Academy can aspire. Yet they take what is offered, and are thankful for it.

Such a system, if tried in England, would, I think, convert the staunchest Republican schoolmaster or schoolboy. But there is little use in speculating what it would do, because I am sure it will never be tried—at least, let us hope it will not.

Whilst condemning the American system as injurious to the physique, and productive, in many instances, of mental deformity, I cannot help thinking the extravagant length of the holidays at our own universities and public schools are not means for the recruiting of men’s health, but for the spread of idleness. To be on the move a week before the commencement of the vacation, and to return to his work, if he can, a week after the commencement of a term; to eschew reading of every description during the vacation; to keep his mind a perfect blank and a marvel of ignorance in all that does not directly affect his special department: such is the lamentable tendency of many an English schoolmaster and schoolboy.

Defective as the system of West Point Academy may be in this respect, it is in others incomparably superior to ours. In the first place it avoids the competitive examinations, degenerating generally into an unhealthy race. But it may be said, and it is constantly said, “Competition is the only safe and fair way of bringing the best men for the public services to the front, and does away with all favour or friendship.”

Let us bear in mind, and acknowledge frankly, the fact that in an officer something more than the mere capacity of assimilating a certain quantity of book knowledge is required. Foremost amongst

these requirements are the capacity to obey, command, and to organize. Neither of these can be learned from books. Some men are born commanders and organisers, others become so through gradual training; but, in either case, early surroundings have great influence upon the development of these special qualities. For instance, to the son of a country gentleman, living in affluent circumstances, and employing a large staff of servants and labourers, or to the son of an officer, coming into frequent contact with barrack life, it comes natural to give orders to subordinates, or even to equals, and be obeyed, and to receive in his turn orders and obey them. He knows neither the fear of being disobeyed, or of compromising his dignity by an honourable obedience. But such rare gifts, as already said, are either the gifts of nature, or the result of a long, though perhaps unconscious, training under favourable circumstances. Men born and bred under worldly circumstances less favourable, although intellectually the equals, and even the superiors of their more fortunate competitors, are, as a rule, lacking in the qualities above alluded to as amongst the most valuable to an officer; they may, besides, possess all the social graces and gentlemanly instincts of the former, but, in many instances, the deficiencies so unconsciously, and so unavoidably, contracted, through early associations, are never remedied. This is constantly illustrated by officers risen from the ranks. (It is well here to distinguish between officers risen *from* the ranks, and those who obtain a commission *through* the ranks.) Although they may know their profession thoroughly, and be able and conscientious soldiers, some never succeed in shaking off the influence of their early training and surroundings. They feel ill at ease, are morbidly jealous of their authority and dignity, fussy and interfering in matters of detail, and never command that cheerful obedience so readily accorded to really superior officers, as much on account of their personal moral influence and weight, as because of the official power which they wield. (To this general rule there are, of course, many brilliant exceptions.)

For these, and other reasons, it will ever remain desirable to draw the officers of a standing army—where such exists—from the most influential classes in the State, and this can only be done effectually by selection. That there are many and serious objections to this method must at once be admitted. But then no system, or laws, ever created by human intellect were perfect. It behoves men to aim at the framing of laws that shall be open to the least objection, and secure the greatest benefits to the largest numbers.

The question may be summarised in this form: Is it wiser to violate the principle of open competition, and inflict some apparent injustice upon a small number by excluding them from an important branch of the public service, in order to secure for that service, by selection, the most suitable servants, or to uphold the principle of open competition, and let the service, and through it the public, suffer whatever be the consequences?

Although the competitive system is avoided at West Point Academy, the qualifying examination is such as to guarantee the production of a highly-cultivated body of men.

The system does not rely upon the verdict of a single examination, which, by a fluke of bad or good luck, may mar or make a man; no, the candidates are tested by a series of examinations during the four years' course.

It is well ascertained whether they be capable of taking the first step by themselves, before they are permitted to venture upon the second, and so forth. This ensures a thoroughness and uniformity of education unattainable under our desultory system. The examinations are in a great measure made *subservient* to the *teaching*, and the teaching staff forms part of the examining body. With us, the teaching is made entirely *subservient* to the *examinations*, and the teaching staff is completely excluded from all participation and influence in the examinations. The first system ensures harmony, and a rational test of education; the second results in antagonism, in which teachers and pupils are on one side, and the examiners on the other. The examinations gradually cease to be an impartial test of education; they become a trial of strength, in which the parties seek to out-wit one another, and in this deplorable struggle the real aims of education are lost to view.

4. Discipline. I was presented with a small book containing the rules and regulations for the guidance of cadets and others. This book is now before me; it consists of seventy pages of closely printed matter. Every crime of commission or omission is herein foreseen. I have selected the following passages at random, for quotation:—

Baths.

Cadets are required to take at least one bath a week.

Cadets will make a careful and legible record of their bath at the bath-rooms, and in no case will any Cadet authorise another to make the record of his bath.

Cadets will go to and return from the bath-rooms and barber shop by the doors leading from the area of barracks.

Commissary Store.

In submitting orders for articles on account-book, Cadets will state opposite each

article desired the date, or approximate date, of last order or authority for receiving the same article from the Commissary.

Debt.

Cadets found deficient, dismissed, discharged, or suspended, will not sell, or otherwise dispose of, any article furnished by the Commissary, but will turn in their overcoats, blankets, mattresses, pillows, comforters, chairs, French and Spanish dictionaries, or such portion of the above, or other articles, as may be necessary to liquidate their indebtedness.

No person, within the limits of the public lands, will be permitted to extend credit to Cadets, except upon the written approval of the Superintendent, to be obtained in every case.

Mail.

No Cadet will be permitted to receive, through the mail, any packages other than letters, newspapers, and periodicals, without first obtaining permission, as in case of express packages; all packages, other than letters, newspapers, and periodicals, arriving in the mail, will be turned over by the Cadet authorised to open the mail to the officer in charge.

Mess Hall.

Cheering, clapping hands, stamping with feet, hissing, or in any other manner expressing approbation or disapprobation of any individual or party in the mess hall is prohibited.

Cadets entering the mess hall will go directly to their seats, and will not, in any way, interfere with or touch any article on any table other than their own.

When it is muddy, Cadets are required to clean their feet while entering the hall and passing to their seats, on the matting placed on the steps and floor for that purpose.

Loud laughing or scuffling, or unnecessary stamping of the feet in mess hall is prohibited.

The secreting of provisions, or furniture, underneath tables in mess hall, or other places, is forbidden.

Cadets will not take and pile about their plates, provisions, or other articles, from the dishes in excess of what they may require for immediate use.

Reports of food unsuitable for use will be made through the commandants of tables to the superintendent of the hall, who will communicate the same to the officer in charge.

Overcoats.

When the overcoat is on, and not buttoned throughout, the dress-coat must appear buttoned throughout. The overcoat will be worn properly, and not thrown over the shoulders.

Crape.

Crape, when worn, will be neatly sewed on the left sleeve, the band to be between three and four inches in width, and to be placed midway between the elbow and shoulder. It will be worn by permission of the Commandant or Superintendent only.

Absentees.

In case any Cadet is reported absent, or is known to be absent at any time; or in case of the absence of any Cadet from his quarters at an Inspection by the Officer of the Day—the hours of recitation not accounting for such absence—the Officer of the Day shall at once ascertain whether such absence is authorised, and, if not, shall in all cases continue inspections every fifteen minutes thereafter, until the absentee is accounted for, when he shall report to the officer in charge.

Arrests.

Cadets in arrest are authorised to place their official communications in the boxes near the Commandant's office, to submit their account-books at the proper time, and to inspect the bulletin board, no unnecessary time to be occupied for these

purposes. The latter privileges to apply during release from quarters only. They will not enter the guard-house for any other purpose, without permission.

Permits.

Permits to send for or receive articles by mail express, or otherwise, must distinctly specify the articles.

Permits to take books from the library, having special reference to the course of instruction, will not be granted unless recommended in each case by the Professor of the Department concerned.

All permits, or other authority, authorising Cadets to incur expenses of whatever nature, will be deposited by them with the Treasurer of the Academy before the expense is incurred.

Permits to receive express packages and hampers must state the contents, and must be procured and notification thereof sent to the parties before the packages are shipped.

Explanations.

1. When a report is a mistake, the Cadet will commence his explanation with "I would respectfully state the report is a mistake," and will support his statement by such facts as may throw light on the subject.

2. Argumentative explanations are prohibited.

Explanations will include all statements of facts, and of the conduct and intentions of the Cadet, that may be necessary for a full and correct understanding of the case.

Church.

Cadet officers and non-commissioned officers are responsible for the preservation of order and decorum in church. Sleeping, reading, talking, or any irreverence, will not be permitted.

Salute.

Cadets will salute officers at any distance within which they would recognise a personal acquaintance, this distance not to be considered less than fifty paces.

Shoes.

Dancing-shoes will not be worn while in the performance of any military or academic duty.

Tradesmen.

Under no circumstances will tradesmen be permitted to enter barracks; nor will any Cadet be permitted to receive in his room, or elsewhere in barracks, any articles ordered from the persons in question.

Uniform.

All articles of Cadet dress not procured from the Commissary of Cadets, or by permission from proper authority, are prohibited and regarded as uniform.

Windows.

Cadets are forbidden to sit at windows with feet against woodwork or walls.

Watches.

Watch-guards, chains, and seals must not be exposed on the dress at any time. To secure the watch, the hook of the chain may be pushed through the button-hole of the coat from the inside.

Glasses.

Cadets permitted to wear glasses will do so only in studying and at recitations.

Guard.

Hereafter the corporal of the relief, whose duty it is to station himself at the door of the mess hall at breakfast, will remain in the hall on duty after the battalion leaves, and until all Cadets returning from sick-call have left the mess hall.

He will preserve strict order in the hall, and report all violations of the mess regulations.

Laundry.

Cadets will provide themselves with ticking clothes' bags, so that each Cadet will have at least two in his possession.

Soiled clothes will be sent to the laundry in one of these bags.

Cadets losing clothing at the laundry will at once report the fact in writing, giving lists of articles lost, with proper date.

Officer of Day.

The Officer of the Day will make several inspections of the bath-rooms during his tour, and report any Cadets who may have left their clothing in the bath-room or its vicinity.

He will see that the hours of recitation, as posted, are plainly written in ink.

Smoking.

All orders and parts of orders relating to smoking and permitting the same are hereby revoked; smoking being now prohibited by the Regulations of the United States Military Academy.

Instructions for the Protection and Government of New Cadets.

Candidates will be allowed release from quarters from 9 to 11.30 A.M., and from 2 to 3.30 P.M. During this time their limits will be extended to the walk separating the plain from the park in front of the barracks and library, and to the portion of the Cadet limits south of that walk.

Drill-masters will, under no circumstances, use harsh, improper, or even unnecessary words in reproving or correcting the errors of those under their instruction.

One of the most conspicuous elements of military education relates to the manner and language which should be held by superiors towards inferiors, and it is of the utmost importance that correct instruction in this respect be commenced at the very beginning of Cadet life.

The Superintendent feels confident that the young men who have been some time here, have not only sufficient self-respect to prevent them from condescending to petty annoyances, which only embitter the life of the stranger, and leave in his heart unhappy memories, but they have doubtless a praiseworthy pride in the good name of the Academy. He calls upon them confidently to show to all who may distrust them the falsity of their suspicions, by a generous, manly, high-toned, officer-like conduct in all relations which the new comers involve.

"Do you find it possible," I asked, "to enforce these rules at all times, and does not their very minuteness and multiplicity tend to increase offences?"

"We never permit, knowingly, a rule to be infringed with impunity; to do so, we should consider fatal to all authority, and an unsuitable training for a soldier. If through force of circumstances a rule becomes obsolete, we remove it, but whilst it exists it has to be obeyed implicitly. We punish mostly by marks, and a cadet who has run up a certain score of bad marks is forced to resign, or simply expelled."

"Do you trust more to the honour of the cadets or to supervision, for the maintenance of discipline?"

"We rely alternately upon both. To rely too implicitly upon boys' honour, is placing them at certain times under too great a temptation, to which they—like adults—might succumb. To trust them too little is equally open to objection. They must by

their own conduct fix the measure of confidence to be reposed in them, and thus become the custodians of their liberties and privileges. They themselves must be made to recognise the baseness and to resent, the violation (by certain of their colleagues) of an honourable compact between authorities and pupils."

5. Interior economy.—My request for permission to inspect the buildings was readily granted, and the senior cadet, who was no less a personage than the eldest son of His Excellency the late Brigham Young, was told off as my guide. Throughout the buildings the most scrupulous order and cleanliness prevailed; the most exacting of housewives would have found difficulties in exercising her critical faculties here. Not an article of wearing apparel or toilet but what had its place assigned to it, and was found in that place. The walls of the cubicles were perfectly white, not a spot to be seen anywhere. Pictures and ornaments of every description were, so I was informed, not allowed; the regulation furniture, and nothing more, was permitted. I could not help thinking that a few pictures and ornaments, judiciously distributed, would have improved the somewhat cheerless and monotonous aspect of the rooms; but the authorities of West Point Academy were evidently of a different opinion. Here are some of the rules relating to the discipline in dormitories:—

Barracks (special regulations).

Cadets.—The hours of recitation of each cadet will be posted on the back of the door of his room. When a room is being washed out by the policeman, on reporting to the officer of the day, and stating to him the number of some room in his own division he wishes to visit, a cadet will be permitted to visit that particular room until his own can be occupied. The uniform coat will be worn at police inspection, 6.20 A.M. and from 8 till 10 A.M. At Sunday morning inspection the coat will be buttoned throughout, and gloves and side-arms will also be worn. After 10 A.M. any garment or dressing-gown may be worn in their own rooms, but at no time will cadets be in their shirt-sleeves unnecessarily. During call to quarters, between inspection call in the morning and tattoo, the following arrangement of furniture, &c., will be required:—

White Helmets.—When in quarters to be on clothes peg.

Dress Hats.—On gun-rack shelf.

Cartridge Boxes, Waistbelts, Sabres, Forage Caps.—Hung on pegs near gun-rack shelf.

Muskets.—In gun-rack, bayonets in the scabbards.

Spurs.—Hung on peg with sabres.

Bedsteads.—In alcove, against the side wall of the room, the head against the back wall.

Bedding.—Mattress to be folded once, blankets and comforters, each one to be neatly and separately folded, so that the folds shall be of the width of an ordinary pillow, and piled at the head of the bedstead in the following order, viz.: Mattress, sheets, pillows, blankets, and comforters, the front edge of sheets, pillows, &c. to be vertical. On Sunday afternoons the beds may be made down and used.

Clothes Press.—Books on the top of the press against the wall, and with the backs to the front. Brushes (tooth and hair), combs, shaving implements and materials,

such small boxes as may be allowed, vials, &c., to be arranged on the upper shelf. Belts, collars, gloves, handkerchiefs, socks, &c., to be neatly arranged on the second shelf from the top. Sheets, pillow-cases, shirts, drawers, white pantaloons, &c. to be neatly arranged on the other shelves, the heaviest articles on the lower shelves.

Arrangement.—All articles of the same kind are to be carefully and neatly placed in one pile. The folded edges of these articles to be to the front, and even with the front edge of the shelf. Nothing will be allowed between these piles of clothing and the back of the press unless the want of room on the front edge renders it necessary.

Soiled Clothes.—To be kept in clothes-bag.

Shoes and Overshoes.—To be kept cleaned, dusted, and arranged in a line where they can be seen by the inspector, either at the foot of the bedstead, or at the side near the foot.

Woollen Clothing, Dressing-gown, and Clothes Bag.—To be hung on the pegs in the following order, from the front of the alcove to the back :

Overcoat, Dressing-gown, Uniform coats, Jackets, Pantaloons, Clothes-bag.

Broom.—To be kept behind the door ; box for cleaning materials to be kept clean and in the fire-place. Chairs and tables on no occasion to be in alcoves. Tables to be kept against the wall under the gas jet, or near the window, when the room is dark. Chairs, when not in use, to be against the owner's tables. Looking-glass at the centre of the mantel-piece. Washstand to be kept clean, in front of and against alcove partition. Wash-basins, one for each cadet, to be kept clean ; one inverted on the top of the wash-stand, the others inverted on the lower shelf. Water-bucket to be kept near to and on the side of the wash-stand, opposite the door. Slop-bucket on the side nearest door. Baskets, pictures, clocks, statues, trunks, and large boxes are not allowed in quarters.

Curtains.—All curtains to be of uniform pattern. Window curtains to be kept drawn back during the day. Alcove curtains to be kept drawn, except between tattoo and reveille, and when dressing. Curtains of clothes-press to be kept drawn, except when policing room. Half curtains are required at all windows on north and west side of barracks, to be of Turkey red, and to cover the lower sash of the window.

The curtain will be kept closed at all times when the occupants of the room are not in prescribed dress, or are changing their dress ; and cadets are forbidden to appear at the windows, except in uniform coats or fatigue jackets buttoned throughout.

Floor.—To be kept clean and free from grease spots and stains.

Walls and Woodwork.—To be kept free from cobwebs and not to be injured by nails or otherwise.

Heating Apparatus, Screen and Top.—To be kept clean and not to be scratched or defaced.

Names uniformly printed will be posted over pegs, alcoves, clothes-press, and orderly board.

Each cadet is required to keep in order his own wash-basin.

“ Do the Professors find much difficulty in maintaining order at lectures ? ”

“ Scarcely any, because the quiet and well-disposed will not tolerate anything likely to interfere with their work, and endanger their chances of passing the examinations.”

In passing through various lecture-rooms with my guide, I had ocular demonstration of the truth of his assertion. Nothing could have exceeded the extreme order, neatness, and good behaviour of

the cadets assembled here; the same cheerful cleanliness as in other parts of the Academy prevailed here; not a spot, and not a scratch, was to be found on the desks. What a contrast to most of our English schools!

5. Recreation. What are your favourite sports? Do you play football, tennis, cricket, or row?"

"No! we don't go in for those sort of things; occasionally we go on the river, but as often as not we have a man to row us. You see, we are generally much too tired to care for such exercises; we prefer to rest on the lawn and smoke!"

I could understand their being tired after eight or ten hours' work. But it would probably require double that number of hours of work to make an English schoolboy forego a game of cricket or football.

In passing through the grounds we came close upon an hotel, and I invited my guide to a glass of wine, which was declined with thanks. But the refusal was accompanied by this explanation: "It is against the rules to frequent the hotel, and we are on our honour not to do it."

"Not even in company of visitors and strangers like myself?"

"I am afraid even that would not absolve us from our pledge. I should like it above all things; but must nevertheless ask you to excuse me."

"Not for the world would I induce you to break your pledged word or violate the regulations of the Academy. I hope I may some day have an opportunity of repaying your present courtesy."

Truth and Honour are not the possessions of privileged nations or individuals. They are common property, conspicuous alike by absence and presence in palaces and huts.

I expressed my surprise that in a country so rich, offering so many promising fields of enterprise to an intelligent and energetic youth, candidates were to be found willing to undergo so severe a training for an army in which promotion must at best be but slow, and the prospects of distinction remote. I was informed that there was always a plethora of candidates for vacancies, a considerable number of the latter being constantly created through various causes. Some pass out, some have to resign in consequence of failure at the examinations, or the maximum number of black marks having been reached. A considerable number become medically disqualified, their physique being unable to bear the incessant mental strain; *and some commit suicide!* It is Darwin's theory of the "survival of the fittest" at work.

Colonel Netherby; or City Perils.

By VIEUX LOUP.

COLONEL NETHERBY was a tall, good-looking man, about fifty years of age. He had seen many men and cities; and his military title was not really derived from the authority of the War Office. He had met with more buffets than smiles from Fortune; but in late years he had stumbled on a little luck at the Cape, and with much care had put together a small capital, which seemed sufficient to keep him comfortably in London, according to his moderate estimate of his wants. To London accordingly he came; and having taken rooms handy to his Club, he was at last a fairly-contented man.

One afternoon in May 188—, as the Colonel was walking along Pall Mall, he was accosted by a rather stout and well-dressed man, who had some difficulty in persuading him that he was his old friend and school-fellow Jones. The prosperous and confident manner of Jones soon had its influence on the Colonel; and, after a brief talk of old times, they adjourned to Jones' Club, where a friendly cigar opened the way for more confidential communication.

"It is very lucky I met you," said Jones; "if you are inclined to take a little venture with me, and run the chance of, perhaps, doubling your fortune. I daresay you are not very familiar with City business; but the fact is, that I am the Secretary of the Great Pipe Clay Company, Limited. You may have seen our Prospectus which came out last year. One of our directors has just died; and I am now on my way to our Chairman, Lord Augustus Bellingham, to settle who the new director is to be. There are several eager candidates for the vacancy. But, my dear old fellow, the sight of you, after so many years, induces me to forget newer friends, and to offer you the chance of getting the appointment. The matter stands thus. If you can take fifty of our ten-pound shares, and pay down ten shillings a share, I can give you the chance of a directorship, which will be almost sure to give you about £300 a year. If you are inclined to join us, the best plan will be for you

to allow me to mention your name to the Chairman, and that will keep the matter open, whilst it need not commit you to anything, if you wish to withdraw."

Poor Colonel Netherby, whose modest fortune scarcely amounted to £400 a year, had his breath almost taken away by the sudden and unexpected offer of an appointment that would nearly double his income, at the small outlay of what he understood to be only £25. He felt strongly inclined to embrace his benevolent friend and adviser. And thus it came to pass that, amidst the Colonel's protestations of his great gratitude, and his thorough confidence in the Company, Jones called a cab, and went on his way to submit to the Chairman the name of Colonel Netherby as a candidate for the vacant directorship. The Colonel returned to his house radiant with happiness, and full of the highest aspirations.

The Great Pipe Clay Company had been formally introduced to the British public with the usual flourish of trumpets. The Prospectus had been published in every London and county paper. The objects of the Company were set forth with the usual apparent candour. The proprietors of a going concern, producing handsome profits, desired to increase their capital by forming a limited liability company, in which they would continue to take an active interest. The machinery hitherto in use had turned out annually so many millions of tobacco pipes; and if the machinery were doubled or trebled, the number of tobacco pipes, and the profits of the concern, would increase in proportion. The proprietors of the works, as vendors, would guarantee a dividend of 20 per cent. on the new capital, during the first twelve months; and would accept payment for the value of the plant, machinery, &c., half in cash, and half in the shares of the Company. It was added, that a great part of the shares had been already taken up by the personal friends of the promoters, so that the outside public should lose no time in applying for shares.

When Colonel Netherby read over this prospectus in the quiet of his own rooms, his mind became eager to become a shareholder and director. As he looked at the names of the Chairman and the Directors, his heart swelled with cupidity and delight. The Chairman was a nobleman. One of the directors was his old friend, Major-General Splenby, whom he had known when he entered the army as a cornet. Another director was an Admiral, whom he remembered as a Captain in an expedition up one of the rivers of South America. How happy he thought himself to have been introduced, almost by chance, to such a company. How he longed, during his lonely dinner at his Club, to be able to take some other

member into his confidence, and to tell him of his good fortune. But then it might hardly be prudent to trust to a mere stranger, who might intrigue and out him out of the direction. So he retired to bed, to dream of the accession of wealth awaiting him, and building castles for its disposal.

In the morning he found on his table an envelope, bearing the seal of the Pipe Clay Company. He eagerly tore it open, and his face fell when he read the following lines from Mr. Jones :—

“MY DEAR COLONEL,

“Deuced sorry, but I was too late to catch Bellingham; and his Private Secretary told me that another candidate had been at the house, and has probably got the directorship. If you can spare time, will you come to my office a little before eleven, at No. 15, Bankers’ Buildings, Mansion House; and I may be able to see Bellingham before our Committee meets at noon.

“Ever yours,

“J. JONES.”

The Colonel impatiently watched the clock as the hands moved too leisurely onwards; and at last he threw himself into a hansom cab, and ordered the driver to go to Bankers’ Buildings. He was soon landed at the desired haven; where, amongst many other names of professional men, he found that of Messrs. Jones & Co.

When the Colonel was ushered into Mr. Jones’ presence, he found that gentleman apparently immersed in business.

“So glad to see you, old boy,” said Mr. Jones; “but I have only a minute to spare to you. I must see Bellingham before the meeting begins. If I were able to tell him that you had got the necessary qualification in shares to become a director, he might, perhaps, be induced to stretch a point in your favour. I have spoken to my partner, and he says that he does not know where to lay his hands on any shares, unless we let you have some of our own, which, as poor men, we can hardly afford to give up; or unless I can get the Chairman to let you have a few out of the large quantity which he has taken. But then you must know that all the Chairman’s shares are fully paid up, and he will expect to be paid cash down if he parts with any.”

“Then,” says the Colonel, moodily, “I fear that I must give it up. I could not draw a cheque for £500, without selling some of my securities; and that, of course, will take some time.”

“What securities have you available?” says Jones, in a careless sort of manner.

The Colonel humbly enumerates his securities, to the amount of several thousand pounds, to which Jones listens greedily.

"Why, of course," says Jones, "your bankers would not hesitate to advance you the full value of your securities if you had time to apply to them—but, unfortunately, there is no time. I will, however, do this if you like: I will give you a cheque on my own bankers for £500 if you will give me your note of hand for the amount."

The Colonel breathed again more freely. He had been in agony at the thought of not getting his directorship, and he promptly accepted Jones' proposal. Jones was too experienced an angler to land his fish too hurriedly. It was only just as the clock was striking twelve that Jones presented the Colonel with a formal receipt from Lord Bellingham for the value of fifty shares fully paid, and informed him that his presence would be desired in the board-room.

The board-rooms of companies are generally much alike. The Chairman was a slight and good-looking man, wearing an eye-glass. The directors present were unknown to the Colonel. He failed to identify either the Major-General or the Admiral, the friends of his earlier days. The Chairman presently addressed the directors, telling them that there was a vacancy in the board, and that he, therefore, took the liberty to introduce to them his friend, Colonel Netherby, whose high character and world-wide experience appeared to make him an eligible candidate. He had only to add that Colonel Netherby had duly qualified himself as a share-holder to become a director. As no other candidate was proposed, Colonel Netherby was informed that he was unanimously elected, and a cheque for fifty pounds having been handed to him, the meeting adjourned.

The Colonel withdrew with his friend Jones, and the pair went off to the subterranean regions of a neighbouring chop-house for lunch. The Colonel was in the seventh heaven of delight. Here was the real Tom Tiddler's ground, in which fifty pounds were to be picked up in a morning without any personal exertion or exposure, such as he had undergone sometimes at the Cape. After lunch, Jones advised him to go at once to his bankers, before business hours were over, to prepare them to provide for the note of hand for £500 which he had given. Unfortunately the Colonel's evil genius here interposed. He had made an engagement to go down to Chatham by the two-o'clock train, and, if it was all the same to Jones, he would write a letter to his bankers authorising them to deal with Jones in the sale of his securities, without giving them any information as to the new investment that he was making. To this arrangement Jones raised no objection, and the Colonel departed.

A few days afterwards the Colonel received notice to attend the weekly meeting of the board of the Pipe Clay Company—and the envelope contained a private note from Jones inviting him to come to the office about half an hour before the time fixed for the meeting. The Colonel was prompt to appear at the appointed time. He found Jones ready to submit to him a carefully drawn-out account of their pecuniary transactions. The bankers had carried out his instructions, but as the securities which they had been obliged to sell exceeded £500, there was a large cash balance at his credit, and they solicited his instructions regarding it.

“Perhaps you would like to take a few more of our Pipe Clay shares,” suggested Jones; but he promptly went on to say that it might not be prudent to put all his eggs into one basket, and, if the Colonel liked, he could put him in the way of another really good thing. “The fact is,” says Jones, “that a syndicate to which I belong is just going to bring out a new company, and though it is but a little thing, which we want to keep to ourselves, it might be arranged that you should be chairman of the company, and that would probably give you another £300 a year. We have got a nice little bit of land down the river, with a flour-mill and plant in excellent order. The late owner having let his affairs get into a muddle, made things worse by shooting himself. His widow and her relatives took a dislike to the place, and would do nothing more with it. Our solicitors luckily heard of it, and, by paying cash down, we got it at a very reasonable price, so that we hope to be able to bring out a small company to work it at a large profit.”

But whilst the Colonel's ears were thus agreeably tickled with the prospects of further wealth, a messenger announced the arrival of the Chairmain of the Pipe Olay Company, and Mr. Jones promptly escorted the Colonel to the board-room, where, at the termination of the ordinary proceedings, he pocketed a fee of two guineas as a director.

Mindful of Jones' hospitality in the previous week, the Colonel next prevailed on Jones to have lunch at his expense. The Colonel was thinking all the time how he could renew the conversation regarding the syndicate and the new company, of which it had been suggested that he might be the chairman, with an addition of £300 a year to his income. If money was to be made so quickly and so easily, just by coming down to the city and accepting the liberal offers proposed to him, the Colonel fancied that there could be no limits to the fortune that he might make. At length they agreed to return to Jones' office and prepare the draft prospectus of the new company. It was to be a little family affair, only-£20,000

capital in shares of £1 each. If the Colonel would take 1,000 shares, there would be only a preliminary payment of five shillings a share; whilst Jones and his partner would each take 500 shares, and the other directors would qualify themselves to the same amount, so that the public would gladly snap at the remainder of the shares. Jones then proceeded to fill up what he told the Colonel was the Parliamentary form of the prospectus of a limited liability company; and having speedily satisfied himself that the Colonel was not able to follow him through all the technical jargon, he rapidly read the document over, and asked the Colonel to initial it in token of his approval. The Colonel having approved and signed the document, the two friends parted. The Colonel went on his way rejoicing in heart. How could he sufficiently thank his good luck and his good friend Jones? Here was he with his modest income of £400 a year, derived from his hard-earned savings, suddenly more than doubled. The Colonel calculated that his income would be henceforth not less than £1,000 a year, an amount which had often seemed to him to be the *summum bonum* of human happiness. He would take a better set of rooms. He would have a horse to ride in the park; or should he venture to think of the alleged comforts of married life? There was his former friend, Mrs. Blazer, now a fair and comely widow, with a nice little income of her own, which, combined with his £1,000 a year, would amply provide for their joint wants. What a fortunate fellow he thought himself! All the world, at least so much as he wanted of it, seemed to be at his feet.

It may well be believed that the news that Colonel Netherby was doing business for himself in the City soon brought around him some of his old friends. Several of them were anxious to share in his present good fortune. But there were others who wished to warn him of the danger which he was incurring in his speculations, and amongst the most emphatic of these counsellors was his old friend Captain Blunt, for whose sagacity the Colonel had formerly felt the greatest respect. It had been Captain Blunt's own misfortune to try one of the short paths to making money swiftly by speculating in a company in the City, and he had beaten a hasty retreat, with his fingers considerably burnt.

"You don't mean to say, Colonel," quoth Captain Blunt, "that you are trusting to those scoundrels, Jones & Co., as your agents and advisers. Why, if there are two men who particularly deserve to be bung or transported, they are Jones and his partner, old Roberts. They are the people who helped to plunder my cousin Jack of some ten thousand pounds. I know that they were the

villains who worked the ruin of the little company in which you may have heard that I was concerned. But I will unearth these scoundrels, Colonel, and let you see how they are dealing with you."

"I must beg you to be cautious, my dear Blunt," rejoined the Colonel. "For goodness sake, do not say or do anything to the prejudice of Jones & Co. At present I have no reason to distrust them; on the contrary, I am under great obligations to them."

"If that is your line, Colonel," replied Captain Blunt, "mum's the word with me. Sorry I spoke my mind so freely, and I can assure you that my only wish was to put you on your guard."

"I am deeply indebted to you," rejoined the Colonel, "and am certain, my dear Blunt, that you spoke with the best intentions. But please leave Mr. Jones to me. I will sound him quietly, and feel sure that if there is anything dangerous he will be the first to extricate me from the peril."

The Colonel had now become a regular visitor to the City. There was a weekly meeting of the Directors of the Pipe Clay Company, and there was also a weekly meeting of the Flour Mill Company, of which he was Chairman. The board-room of the latter Company was in a part of Jones & Co.'s office; and whenever the Colonel went into the City, he invariably had an interview with Jones. He found out that Jones had many irons in the fire, and, according to Jones' own showing, most of the investments were profitable and successful. The Colonel was taught to believe that 10 per cent. was the lowest interest which he should get on his investments. By a little ostensible buying and selling of some lucky stocks, Jones showed him such wondrous profits, so rapidly made, that, under his mentor's guidance, the Colonel gradually sold out all his old securities and re-invested the money in the attractive Companies and speculations which offered the largest dividends. His capital seemed to double and treble itself almost without effort.

One day, on entering the Pipe Clay board-room, Mr. Jones found a note from the Chairman expressing his regret that he was unable to attend the weekly meeting; and at the instance of the other directors present, the Colonel was voted temporarily to the Chair. The Colonel was rather pleased with himself when, in his capacity of Chairman, he read out the minutes of the proceedings of the previous meeting, and smilingly asked the assent of his colleagues to their correctness. The Colonel himself had not been quite clear as to one of the resolutions passed at the

previous meeting about paying off an old mortgage, but he thought that he now fully understood it. He was accordingly quite prepared to affix his signature to a large parchment deed, by which he and some of his co-directors acknowledged the liability of the company for a loan of five thousand pounds at 5 per cent. from the Clairvoyant Assurance Company, the money being required, as Jones explained, to pay off an existing mortgage of that amount at 10 per cent. The Colonel thought himself exceedingly smart and wide-awake when, on signing this deed, he said to the Secretary :

“I suppose we are to understand, Jones, that there is no personal responsibility attaching to the Directors who sign this bond ? ” and he looked round at his brother directors with a knowing and confident smile.

“ Oh ! as to personal security,” replied Jones, “ I should be happy to sign the bond myself, if it were permissible for me to do so. It is true that the Assurance Company insisted on having the bond drawn in the particular form which appears to make the directors personally liable ; but you will see, if you will carefully read the deed, that the whole stock and block of the Company stand between you and any personal liability, and you may feel yourself as safe as if you had the Bank of England behind you.”

The deed having been duly signed, and the other business disposed of, the meeting broke up with a vote of thanks to the Chairman. The Colonel, beaming with happiness, invited all the directors and the Secretary to dine with him at the Star and Garter on the following Saturday. Something which Jones had let fall about the possibility of Lord Augustus Bellingham being compelled by political arrangements to give up the Chairmanship of the Company, had inspired the Colonel with an ambition to become his successor, especially as he found the duties of Chairmanship to be so apparently easy of performance.

It is hardly necessary to say that when this money-making fever had got possession of the Colonel, he became a much altered man. He believed that he would in a few years become quite a millionaire ; and in the excitement of this new kind of life, he indulged himself in a style of sumptuous living to which he had for many years been unaccustomed. It was towards the end of August that he awoke one night with a terrible pain in his foot. He had dined and supped only too well ; and he had fallen asleep, almost without undressing, as soon as he had thrown himself on his bed on this hot summer night. He tried to remove his sock ; but the agony

was almost unendurable. As soon as he heard people moving in the house he summoned the servant, whom he promptly despatched for the doctor. When at last the doctor came, and looked at his foot, the Colonel was quite horror-stricken when the Doctor told him that it was a touch of gout. It might be only gout, as the Doctor said; but the Colonel was completely unmanned by it. It was several days before he began to feel any relief. The prudent Jones came to look after him, as he did not appear at the office; and finally it was resolved by Jones and the Doctor that it was expedient that the Colonel should be sent off to Brighton to give his constitution a chance of rallying from the shock which it had received. The Colonel was therefore despatched to Brighton under the care of an experienced valet, and established comfortably in his apartments at the Bedford Hotel.

Although the change of air soon revived the Colonel's spirits, a slight imprudence brought on a fresh attack of the gout, and the weeks began to run by quickly before he could do much more than take his daily airing in his bath-chair. He got no news from the City; and, in answer to a letter to Jones, he was informed by a clerk that that gentleman had gone to Switzerland for a holiday. One morning, as the Colonel was examining his newspaper, his eye was caught by something in the law reports, and he found that an application had been made to the Court of Chancery to wind up the great Pipe Clay Company, and that a receiver had been appointed to take charge of the property. He could hardly believe his eyes. No explanations were given why the Company should be wound up; and on the other hand no opposition was offered to the arrangement. But the Colonel determined that it was necessary that he should at once go to London, gout or no gout. At any rate he must get some more money, as he had not funds in his pocket sufficient to pay his hotel bill. The train quickly carried him up to London Bridge, whence he took a cab to Jones's office; to his dismay he learnt from the clerk that Mr. Jones was not expected back from the Continent for some days, and that his partner, Mr. Roberts, had been prevented by indisposition, from coming to the office that morning. None of the clerks had any authority to draw cheques in the absence of the partners; and none of them were able or willing to give any information about the Pipe Clay Company; but he was referred to the Receiver's office, which was in an adjoining street. The Colonel then went off to his bankers', or rather to the nearest branch of the bank to which he had transferred his account on Mr. Jones's advice, when he began his speculations in the City. He was shocked to learn

that his account was already overdrawn ; and that certain payments which he had expected that Jones would have made on his behalf had not reached the bank. In despair he went off to the office of the Receiver of the Pipe Clay Company, and was requested to wait till that gentlemen came in. After a weary hour of waiting, the Receiver appeared, and the Colonel was glad to recognise in him a man whom he had met when dining with Jones. But the sight of the Colonel did not seem to give equal satisfaction to the Receiver. He said that he knew nothing of Mr. Jones's plans, or when he was expected to return. He thought that it was hardly to be supposed that he, as Receiver, could enlighten a director of the Pipe Clay Company as to the causes which had led to the winding up of that Company. The Colonel felt very ill. He summoned a cab to drive him to his apartments in Jermyn Street, and his landlady on seeing him was quite shocked at his haggard appearance. It was useless for him to return to Brighton until he had seen Jones or had obtained some money. So he telegraphed to the hotel manager that he could not return till the next day. He threw himself on a couch and tried to obtain a temporary refuge from his troubles in sleep.

After he had dozed restlessly for some time, a rap at the door aroused him, and the landlady's daughter entered with a letter. On opening the ill-omened looking blue envelope, he found, to his horror, that it was a letter from Messrs. Pluck & Co., Solicitors to the Clairvoyant Assurance Company, informing him that he was personally liable for the sum of five thousand pounds under the bond that he had signed for that amount, and intimating that unless he took measures to satisfy the Company's demand, a suit would be brought against him. "The scoundrels !" exclaimed the Colonel in his wrath, "I will never pay them five thousand pence ! Why, that scoundrel Jones assured us all that there would be no personal liability about the bond ; and if he has deceived me in this matter, what may he not have done in other transactions !" This distrust of Jones reminded the Colonel of the warning which he had received from Captain Blunt, and he quickly made up his mind to go and see the Captain and take counsel with him.

Captain Blunt was at home when the Colonel arrived. He was rather alarmed at the change which had taken place in the Colonel's appearance ; but having a shrewd notion of the real cause of it, he began by inquiring after the gout. "Gout ! my dear Blunt," replied the Colonel, "the gout is nothing ! but you see before you a ruined man, and I fear that you were only too right when you warned me to be careful about trusting too much in Jones & Co. I begin to

think that they are scheming scoundrels, and have robbed me of all my money." The Colonel then proceeded to confide all his troubles to Captain Blunt, so far indeed as he yet knew them himself. He specially deplored his inability to pay his hotel bill at Brighton. Captain Blunt listened patiently to his talk, and at once gave him a cheque to pay the bill at the Bedford. As to the rest of the business, Captain Blunt pointed out that it was not possible to do anything that evening, and he asked the Colonel to stay and dine quietly in his rooms. To-morrow they would go together to the solicitors, Messrs. Sharp & Co., who had managed the Captain's own business.

The next morning, soon after eleven o'clock, the Colonel and Captain Blunt found themselves at the offices of Messrs. Sharp & Co., in Austin Friars. Mr. Sharp promptly requested the Colonel to make a clean breast of his affairs, so as to enable him to advise what should be done. The Colonel narrated the whole story of his connection with the Pipe Clay Company, and with the Flour Mill Company, and all his other speculative investments. "Well, Sir," observed Mr. Sharp, "you are in a great mess, but, if you leave the matter entirely in my hands, I will see Mr. Jones as soon as he returns from his continental trip, and will write to Messrs. Pluck & Co., to ascertain what steps the Insurance Company propose to take." As Captain Blunt strongly urged the Colonel to trust to Messrs. Sharp & Co., he determined to act on this advice; and though somewhat dismayed at the view which Mr. Sharp took of his position, he went off with Captain Blunt with a comparatively lightened heart.

It is not our intention to try and explain to the reader by what process Mr. Sharp managed to deal with Mr. Jones, when the latter made his re-appearance from the continent. Mr. Sharp knew his man, having had previous experience of the wily and tortuous dealings of Mr. Jones in similar transactions. It was a great shock to Mr. Jones, when he found that the Colonel had become a client of Mr. Sharp. Mr. Jones had looked on the Colonel as a simple pigeon, who apparently had no friends or legal advisers in London; and it had been his own private intention, whenever the Colonel began to be troublesome about his affairs, to recommend him to employ a firm of attorneys who enjoyed Mr. Jones's own confidence, and would play into his hands in their management of the Colonel's business. It was therefore with something like the feelings with which a rabbit sees the appearance of a ferret in his burrow, that Mr. Jones discovered that Mr. Sharp had come to him on behalf of the Colonel, and insisted on a full explanation of all

the transactions between them. Unhappily a great part of the Colonel's money had really disappeared in different ways; and the stock and scrip which he held, in various investments, were not worth a fraction of their nominal value. On the other hand, Mr. Sharp knew very well that Mr. Jones, and those who worked with him, would do anything rather than appear in court to have very disagreeable questions put to them; and so, in the course of time, he was able to arrange a compromise, which, though not very satisfactory, was something better than the Colonel could have hoped for. When the Colonel first met Mr. Jones, his little fortune in his bankers' hands amounted to about £10,000 in sound Colonial securities. During the period of his dealings with Mr. Jones, the Colonel had believed that his capital had been increased to nearly £80,000. When Mr. Sharp had fought his battle, and got rid of all his liabilities, and sold his other shares and securities, he found himself still in possession of £5,000, which was all that Mr. Sharp had been able to rescue for him from the hands of Mr. Jones. With this reduced income the Colonel was prepared to adapt his mode of living to a more humble scale; but Captain Blunt induced him to invest the greater part of his money in a life annuity, which he was able to obtain on favourable terms, so that his funds for his current expenditure were not much reduced. And, by a fortunate chapter of accidents, the Colonel presently found himself occasionally thrown into the society of his old friend Mrs. Blazer, who, being a comfortable and kindly widow, was gradually induced to see that it would greatly increase their mutual happiness if she and the Colonel were married. And thus it came to pass that the Colonel's misfortunes in his money speculations, for which the widow had pitied him, led eventually to his domestic happiness and personal comfort.

To some, the story of the Colonel may appear a mere fable. It is to be regretted that it is only the story of a considerable number of retired officers, who have rashly entered into speculations in companies of which they knew nothing. There always have been, and always will be, a certain set of rascals such as Messrs. Jones & Co., who are like spiders watching for flies.

The Early Career of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn,

G.C.B., G.C.S.I., ETC.

By A. L'E——.

SCANT and meagre in extreme are the published records of the early career of one of the greatest generals of our day—the late Field-Marshal Lord Straithnairn—better known to the majority of military readers as Sir Hugh Henry Rose. Save to those who make a professional study of military history, a prevalent idea exists that the late Lord Strathnairn belonged more to the Diplomatic Corps than to the Army, and the reason for this assumption will appear in tracing his brilliant services.

Hugh Henry Rose was son of the Right Hon. Sir George H. Rose, G.C.H., who for many years represented Christchurch in Parliament. He died in 1855, having been Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Munich and Berlin, and a Member of the Privy Council. Sir George Rose was son of the Right Hon. George Rose (Lord Strathnairn's grandfather), the intimate friend of Pitt, in whose administration he served twice. In a diary, dated Cuffnells, 17th September 1817, Mr. Rose wrote: "I was descended paternally from the family of Rose of Kilravock, in the county of Nairn" (Sir George Rose's great-grandfather was eleventh Baron of Kilravock), "and maternally from the family of Rose of Westerclune."

Born in Berlin in 1803, Hugh Henry Rose received his military education in the three arms of the service in that city. Ground and plan drawing he learned from the Commandant of the Cadet School in Berlin, and from Prussian officers and non-commissioned officers in garrison at that place. The results of his early training soon became manifest. Hugh Rose evinced an early predilection for the profession of arms, and in the year 1820, at the age of seventeen, he entered the army as ensign in the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, which regiment, however, he never joined, for he was transferred to the 19th Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment.

As the active service seen by the late Lord Strathnairn, prior to his campaigns in India, relates to Ireland, Syria, Constantinople, and the Crimea, it will be most convenient to trace his early career under the above heads.

IRELAND.

When Lieutenant Rose entered the 19th Regiment, troops employed in Ireland were considered, for all intents and purposes, as on "foreign service." Their duties were severe, responsible, and uncongenial. Serious collisions frequently took place between the people and the military which, at times, led to loss of life. Still-hunting was a common duty for the troops to be called upon to perform. This consisted in escorting and protecting the excise officer (locally called a gauger) in the seizure of illicit spirits or "potheen," which the impoverished population, the remnants of the forty-shilling freeholders, secretly made to pay the rents of their wretched hovels. The marches entailed hard work. To escape detection the unfortunate people distilled the whisky in remote glens and bogs. Night-time was generally chosen for the raid, to effect which the troops were prohibited from taking lights with them; and in the bogs, trackless and full of peat-holes, the men in the darkness often fell into the latter and damaged their arms and uniform.

In the spring of 1824, Lieutenant Rose was detached with a sergeant and twelve men of the 19th Regiment to seize a still in a cabin in the Bog of Allen. The party arrived before daybreak, when the gauger let himself down by the chimney, and, pistol in hand, seized the still amidst the shrieks and wails of the wretched family, who depended on the brewing to pay their rent. For the sake of discipline, Lieutenant Rose made his men keep their ranks, but, as they were drenched with rain, he asked the woman occupying the hovel to allow his party to dry themselves at the fire, and to have some potatoes and milk, which were paid for. The request was cheerfully granted, and a little relief afforded to the woman and her family. That young Rose's kind consideration was keenly appreciated by the people is shown by the following incident:—He found, on marching back to quarters, that he had left his whip behind in the cabin, and said he would gallop back for it. The gauger strongly advised him not to expose himself to the fury of the inmates; but, nothing daunted, he went alone, and found the woman and her friends ready for him, with the whip and a welcome. "We would have followed you," said the former, "with the whip to Carrick-on-Shannon, and long life to your honour and your men."

His next still-hunting duty took place at Mohill, where the exciseman searched the tents on the fair-green. This he did so harshly, searching even the women's clothes for the spirit, which they carried concealed in a tin, that the fair-people set upon him with sticks and stones, and Lieutenant Rose, to save his life, had to charge bayonets and arrest the most violent of the mob. On returning the same day to Carrick-on-Shannon with the confiscated whisky, the visitors to the fair, all the worse for drink, barred his road, and, armed with sticks and stones, offered violence. Young Rose had again to charge them. The gauger, the seizures, and the still he sent on under a sergeant and four men, while he himself and four skirmishers covered them with alternate files. Baffled by this movement, the leaders of the mob cried out, "Smash the young officer and we'll aisy do the rest." On this hint a volley of stones was discharged by the rioters, one knocking down Lieutenant Rose senseless and smashing the sword in his hand. His men closed round him and fired low into the rioters, wounding two slightly, on which the mob ran off in wild confusion leaving the military masters of the situation.

Here another instance of Irish gratitude occurred, which brings out into strong relief one good feature of Irish character—warmth of heart. A farmer's daughter, in the above affray, had been slightly wounded in the face, and her father summoned Lieutenant Rose for assault. The girl flatly refused to give evidence, saying that the officer had advised her and her companions to go home out of harm's way. And so the action dropped.

High approval of Lieutenant Rose's conduct on this occasion was officially expressed by Lord Combermere, Commanding in Chief in Ireland, and Major-General Harriss, Commanding the Athlone District. Lieutenant Rose's promotion, after this, was rapid. He got his company in the regiment and continued to aid the civil power in Tipperary, at that time the scene of organised Ribbon outrages. After only six and a half years' service Captain Rose was further promoted to an unattached Majority. Lord Hill, then Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards, at first refused to promote so young an officer; but the approvals of his conduct in aid of the Civil Power, and the favourable mention of him in confidential reports, induced him to alter his decision, and young Rose was gazetted to a Majority in the 92nd Gordon Highlanders.

This regiment was, on account of its nationality, stationed in the disturbed districts of Ireland, where party feeling ran high and monster meetings against tithes were the order of the day.

Major Rose, young as he was, was selected to suppress these disaffected gatherings. A monster meeting was announced to take place in the plains of Cullen. The Irish Government were impressed with the necessity of putting down this illegal assembly by armed force, and Sir Hussey Vivian placed 5,000 men at Major Rose's disposition, giving him discretionary power as to their use. Availing himself of half this force, Major Rose proceeded to the scene of action. Hearing that the ring-leaders of the meeting were collected on a platform in the Cullen plains, he, with half a squadron of the Inniskillings, surprised them and made prisoners of twenty leaders.

Meanwhile the masses, some on horseback, some on foot, foregathered to the place of meeting. The leaders brought up twenty barrels of whisky to a height opposite the 92nd Highlanders and endeavoured to entice them into disorder by offering the men free drink. Rose promptly asked his men if they would tolerate this insult to their discipline? In answer they moved up the height steadily in double time, dashed in the barrel-heads with the butts of their muskets, and resumed their places in line in the same good order.

The Riot Act having been read with no effect, the magistrates called upon Major Rose to disperse the mob. Throwing the 92nd and 97th regiments into skirmishing order, he ordered their flanks to advance so as to encircle the rioters, while the rest of the troops were formed ready to advance. This was the signal for the instantaneous dispersion of the meeting, all in wild confusion, horse and foot alike, trying which could run the fastest. All the prisoners were convicted, and in a few days not only Tipperary, but the whole of Ireland was freed from a cause of intimidation which for long had spread alarm in the United Kingdom. Major Rose, strange to say, received a letter from the solicitor of the Leaders at Cullen, thanking him, on behalf of the prisoners, "for his gentleman-like conduct towards them when he arrested them," and this notwithstanding that his evidence at the trial led to their conviction and imprisonment.

So ends a brief record of Major Rose's services in Ireland. During his tour of duty in that country he showed his capacity for commanding large and small bodies of troops. His bravery, tact, and judgment were prominently displayed, and as a young officer he gave earnest of those brilliant qualities which make a successful general. After his Irish campaign the 92nd proceeded to Malta, where a dreadful outbreak of cholera occurred. With a view to encouraging his men, and to keeping up their *morale*, Major

Rose arranged that he should be called at night to visit every man taken into hospital for cholera, and, ably assisted by Dr. Patterson, surgeon of the regiment, he took successful precautions for placing men with premonitory symptoms under proper treatment. In consequence of this the 92nd Highlanders lost only thirteen men, a number three or four times less than that of any other regiment.

SYRIA.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rose (promoted to an unattached Lieut.-Colonelcy, September 1839), after his brilliant successes in Ireland, was selected for special service in Syria, under the orders of the Foreign Office. Brigadier-General Michell, with a small force, was to co-operate with the British fleet and the Turkish troops in effecting the expulsion of the Egyptian army from Syria, and the restoration of the Sultan's rule over it and Egypt.

Mehemet Ali, remarkable alike for his political and military talents, intrigued with France to overthrow the balance of power, which had for 200 years been upheld by the leading Powers of Europe. The great object of French and Egyptian ambition was to substitute Egyptian power, supported by the French, for that of combined Turkish and British influence, at Constantinople. To effect this *coup*, Mehemet Ali, at the instigation of France, threw off allegiance to the Porte. After six months' siege he captured St. Jean d'Acre, and declared himself ruler of Syria. The Egyptian army, commanded by Ibrahim Pasha, marched on Constantinople, and engaged the Turkish troops led by the Grand Vizier, Hafiz Pasha; to whose staff, it may be mentioned, was attached, as Prussian Instructor, Captain, now Field-Marshal, Von Moltke. In the action that followed, the Turks, composed of the rawest war levies, were worsted, and, in his distress, the Sultan appealed to England for help, whereupon the British Government resolved to effect the restoration of Ottoman rule over Syria.

Colonel Rose, having delivered to Ibrahim Pasha a letter from Sir Stratford Canning, signed by all the Powers, France excepted, was attached to the staff of Omar Pasha, who landed at Jaffa with a division of Turkish troops on board Her Majesty's ships. Early in January 1841, he led some Arabs, loyal to the Sultan, against the Egyptians. Colonel Rose wounded the rebel leader, but in the encounter he himself received two wounds—a slight one from a bayonet, and the other from a lance. The loyal Arabs came up vigorously to the attack, and some prisoners were left in Colonel Rose's hands, who, himself, although wounded, followed in pursuit, and from loss of blood fell fainting from his horse. For his dashing

conduct on this occasion, Colonel Rose was warmly thanked by Omar Pasha and General Michell, and received the Nishan Iftihar in diamonds, a sabre of honour, and a gold medal for his services.

On the death of General Michell, Colonel Rose was appointed to the command of the British detachments in Syria, and was also gazetted as Consul-General for that country, with full diplomatic powers. His position was difficult. Complications, foreign and domestic, were endless. Neither French nor Egyptians could forget that Syria was lost to them; nor did the Roman Catholic Maronites, and the Druses of dubious Mahometan faith, cease to remember their hereditary feuds. Colonel Rose's chief duties were to smooth animosities, to induce the Turks to respect the oath of Christians in Turkish Courts of Law, and thus redeem the promise made by the British Government, that the people would be better governed by Turkish than by Egyptian rule.

On arriving in the Lebanon, Colonel Rose was informed that the Druses and Maronite Christians were within measurable distance of coming into conflict, near Deir-el-Khama, the capital. Knowing that such a deplorable event would be accompanied with lamentable results, Colonel Rose rode up to the scene of action in the mountains. The Druses and Maronites were already formed up in two lines, firing at each other. With his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Rowan, R.A., he rode between them, stopped the firing, persuaded them to return to their homes, and took steps to prevent further hostilities. For his decisive and brilliant conduct on this occasion, Lord Aberdeen recommended Colonel Rose to Her Majesty for the Military Companionship of the Order of the Bath. The King of Prussia, who was particularly interested in Syria, Palestine, and Jerusalem, conferred on him the Commander's Cross of St. John of Jerusalem, in reward for his distinguished courage, and the Queen gave permission that he might wear this order, which, it is apposite to say, is only given for services in action.

Again, in 1841, Colonel Rose was called up to Deir-el-Khama, where the Maronites and Druses were in collision. The latter had driven in the Emir to his fortified palace, wherein all the Christian inhabitants took refuge. Colonel Rose represented to the Consuls of the four great Powers the urgency of affording assistance to these beleaguered people. Three Consuls recognized this paramount necessity, but the Russian representative naïvely replied that "Russia made a point of never interfering with the rights of the Government of the Porte in any way whatever." With two Khavasses and an interpreter, Colonel Rose made his way up the mountain with all possible speed. The Chiefs of the Druses he

found in their Council Chamber, which was decorated with the heads of Christians stuck upon lances. In no measured terms he remonstrated on this barbarity; and, on his demand, the Druses ceased firing on the Emir, whom he escorted, together with his small garrison and the Christian inhabitants of Deir-el-Khama, in safety to Beyrout.

A notable deed of daring was performed by Colonel Rose in a village midway from Abaye to the sea, where he and the Christians had halted. A church of great sanctity to the inhabitants was on fire, and it contained the picture of their patron saint. In dashed Colonel Rose through the window and across the chancel, rescued the painting from the wall, and had only time to get out, when the roof of the church fell in.

The retreat from Abaye, however, was fraught with danger. Druses, ignorant of what had happened at Deir-el-Khama, lined the crests of the mountains, and threatened to destroy the Christians. A French man-of-war cruising up and down the coast, offered protection to the Maronites if they would come on board; but on the message being conveyed to them, they unanimously cried out that they would never leave Colonel Rose, who, on receiving their answer, proceeded to conduct them safely to Beyrout. This occurrence produced an effect in favour of England which has not even yet passed away.

For his part in the pacification of Syria, Colonel Rose was promoted to be Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople, and Sir Stratford Canning, writing to him (May 1846), said: "It will afford me sincere gratification to learn that your zealous exertions in the cause of humanity and good government are duly appreciated. The well-deserved testimony which I can bear to them is a mere expression of justice and public duty. You must look for their reward in the approval which emanates from a higher power." Lord Palmerston also expressed his high sense of Colonel Rose's services in Syria, while the British subjects in Beyrout addressed letters to him regretting his departure.

Mr. Moore, Consul at Beyrout, writing to Colonel Rose, says, *inter alia* :—

During the Civil War of 1841, yielding solely to a sentiment of humanity, you proceeded to the scene of strife and bloodshed which the Lebanon then presented, and, at the risk of your own life, succeeded in staying the slaughter which had commenced. The lives of not fewer than 8,000 Christians, including that of the Emir Beshir Kassim, the Governor of the Lebanon, were the fruits of your generous interposition on that occasion.

The same feeling which led you to Deir-el-Khama in 1841, induced you a second time, in 1845, to proceed to Abbaye through a district convulsed by civil war. I,

myself, was a witness of the villages in flames on the mountain side, and know well the danger that must have attended a passage over a country, the scene of such a strife.

Once more 700 Christians owed their lives to you ; nor were you satisfied till you had completed your good work by conducting them in safety to the plain ; and, in the true spirit of a gallant and chivalrous soldier, you lent your own horse to the wayworn women, while you accompanied the weary and dispirited train on foot down the mountain, a journey of many miles, in the course of which many died from the heat and fatigue.

On a very recent occasion, when the cholera raged with great fury in one of the suburbs of Beyrout, and the terror-stricken Christian population had almost entirely abandoned their homes and fled to the country, you alone, as far as I know, of all the Europeans (with the exception of the medical officers whose special duty it was to attend the sick, and the *sœurs de charité*) visited the wretched huts of the poor and others attacked by the malady, and administered relief to the diseased and dying ; thus, by example, inciting others to do likewise, and awakening hope in those who before had only known despair.

I do not use the language of flattery, but that of honest truth, in saying that you take your temporary leave of Syria with the character of a most able public servant, a gallant soldier, and a most upright and humane man, and carry with you the goodwill and good wishes of all who are capable of appreciating such a character.

So ends this brief record of Colonel Rose's career in Syria. It clearly shows that in place of being an arm-chair diplomate, he was an active, energetic soldier during his tour of duty in that country, and that for the first twenty-two years of his army service he was constantly engaged in situations of grave difficulty and danger, the successful issues of which demanded not bravery only, but temper, judgment, tact, and discretion.

(To be continued.)

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER VII.

A SOLDIERS' BALL.

ENSIGN BURKE, mounted on his diminutive "tat," galloped, in a cloud of dust, up to the door of the house which he shared in common with three other junior officers. While dismounting, he was greatly surprised to see a tall, burly figure, dressed in white, standing in the verandah of the habitation.

"Why, Carew! can it possibly be you?" he cried as he recognised the stranger.

"Yes, and I trust to your hospitality to put me up for a day or two."

"All right, my dear fellow, I am glad to see you. I am awfully busy just now, helping to get up our men's ball; but come over to the mess-house and have something to eat, and then you can tell me how you have been getting on."

They proceeded together to the comfortable dining-room of the mess-house, and after they had satisfied their hunger, and lighted their cheroots, seated themselves in the cool verandah for a little quiet conversation.

"Do you remember that pretty little girl we met at Dublin with whom you were so taken, Carew? She is here."

"Oh! you don't say so," answered the new arrival with surprise. "Then I shall not have to go to Moultan to look for her. How I long to see her lovely, unsophisticated countenance again. The mind of that innocent girl—unlike all other women I have ever met—was like a blank page. On her untainted soul I mean to inscribe abstract ideas of the useful, the beautiful and the sublime."

Burke laughed. "You met her three years ago; the blank page may have had a trifle written on it since then."

"Impossible! Such an ideal, transcendental nature would throw off all false conventionalities like—like——"

"Like water off a duck's back," interposed the Irishman. "Only I don't know what you are aiming at. But, I tell you, you had better look out, for Louisa is uncommonly fetching."

Carew, who was a stout, florid-faced young Englishman, mopped his face, and gasped with heat and indignation.

"*Louisa? Fetching?* What frivolous and impertinent terms to apply to that angelic being." He looked at the handsome Ensign with a vague fear that it was possible the irrepressible Irishman had been poaching upon his preserves.

The quick-witted Burke saw what was passing in Carew's mind. "Oh! you need not be afraid of me," he said. "The lovely Louisa wouldn't look at a poor devil of an ensign; besides, I am in love with the sweetest little girl—— Come to the ball to-night, Carew, and I will re-introduce you to Miss Page. There will be some other girls there too. By Jove! as pretty as any you ever saw in your life. There is no end of fun going on here. We are getting up regimental theatricals, soldiers' games, dances, balls, picnics, all sorts of things. The 30th Hussars have just gone, and the 20th Lancers come in their place. Such jolly fellows."

That night in January, the room usually used for the sergeants' mess was profusely decorated with boughs of trees, evergreens, flags, and, above all, artistically arranged devices formed of bayonets. The officers of the 200th not only came themselves, and brought their wives in some cases, but had contributed to the expenses, and had sent wine and other things for the supper. The soldiers' wives and daughters made their appearance in the nearest approach to ladies' evening dress of which their means would admit.

Burke, always active when any social amusement was in question, was particularly so when the men of his regiment were concerned. He had been most energetic in decorating the room, and providing for the comfort of the expected guests, and had also induced Miss Page and her father to honour the entertainment with their presence. It had taken a great deal of persuasive eloquence before the fair Louisa would promise to attend. She told Burke that "soldiers' balls were always horridly slow," to which the gallant Ensign replied, "It could not be slow if she were there." Burke had told her, as a capital joke, how he circumvented the lawyer fellow, and she easily wormed from him all the latest news about the murder, which was not much, and then, finding that Brown had actually got leave and would be away, she consented to appear at the soldiers' ball, in which Burke was so much interested.

At the entrance hall of the sergeants' mess-room, soldiers in uniform stood about, and a party of officers who had come to welcome such members of their families or friends as had accepted their invitations to the ball. The very first arrivals amongst the ladies of the regiment, were Miss Rawley and Miss Wake, chaperoned by Mrs. Coote, wife of the pay-master of the Regiment; but it was not until the dancing was in full swing that the late and fashionable Miss Page put in an appearance. She was soon waltzing with Ensign Burke in an airy manner, bewitching to contemplate.

The stout and elderly Captain Maunders was grumbling at the horrid bore of having to come out after dinner, the heat, and the cross-grained nature of regimental life in general, when his discontented reflections were broken by a tall young soldier, who came up to him and stood at attention.

"If you please, Sir," said the man, "I am afraid I am rather presuming, but I've come to inquire whether I may venture to invite Miss Page to dance." He added, with a slight sneer, "She has condescended to come here to-night, and she may still more condescend to dance with me."

"Bless my soul!" said the Captain. There was something in Brown's tone which jarred upon him. "You are one of the hosts on this occasion, Brown, and I see no reason why you should not seek an introduction to Miss Page. I will go and ask her permission."

"Thank you, Sir," replied Brown.

So the portly Maunders crossed over to Miss Page, not, however, without thinking that the manner of the man was "d—— cheeky." Brown followed him, and was quite close when the Captain, addressing the lady, said:

"Will you allow me to introduce Mr. Brown to you, Miss Page?"

Burke had just brought up her former acquaintance, Carew, to her, and she was talking most graciously to him. She started with surprise and evident annoyance, when the Captain spoke to her; but, with the innate horror of making a scene, and a woman's ready power of disguising her feelings, answered with self-control and presence of mind: "Oh! I shall be delighted."

Brown, looking quite unconcerned, kept his eyes on the ground, and they started together in a waltz.

"How dared you," hissed Louisa in a cautious whisper into her partner's ear, "ask me to dance? You will make me conspicuous. You must be mad."

He answered laughingly, "I daresay I am."

"Why did you not go, now that you have got leave?"

"I have stayed just to have this one dance with you," he answered. "I may never get such a chance again."

"What folly! But it is of a piece with all the rest of your idiocy."

"Yes, I know. I am an idiot, a fool, and a madman; but you have made me so."

"Nonsense," she said crossly; "I have tried to put some sense into your head, but your foolishness is incurable."

"It is the last time, probably, you will have to put up with me," he said with a gay glance. "I leave this place to-night; perhaps we may never meet again."

"I hope not," she answered cynically.

Brown danced exceedingly well, and Louisa's tall figure, showy dress, and altogether remarkable appearance, was not likely to pass unnoticed in that small assembly.

Amongst the spectators stood Captain Whitby, and on his arm leaned Eleanor Wake.

"Good God!" cried he to his companion. "As I live, there is that fellow Brown, who shot the fakir!"

The tall fair girl turned very pale.

"Don't take any notice of him here," she said entreatingly. "Come into the verandah, where we shall be less observed, and I will tell you why I do not wish you to expose Henry Brown."

The intimacy between Whitby and Miss Wake had grown in a few weeks rapidly. He had never cared for any other woman, and was now wholly devoted to her. His ideal of feminine character was high and pure, and all that he had seen of Eleanor had heightened the first impression he had formed of her, while she, on her side, seemed to find his society all that was agreeable.

"You see, Miss Wake," said Whitby, vehemently, as soon as they were alone, "that to murder a human being is horrible in any country; but here, in India, where we are in the minority, it is worse than a crime—it is a blunder. That we are here at all is a miracle, our superiority is a moral one; we are a law-abiding people, superior to the former rulers of this nation, who were lawless assassins. You do not know this country. You cannot understand the odium and ill-feeling which will arise from the mad violence of that worthless youth."

"I admit that it is very dreadful," answered Eleanor, her voice quivering with emotion; "but it was in self-defence. That fanatic first attacked Brown."

"I cannot see what took him into that temple," said Whitby. "His presence there alone would be resented as an outrage on the native religion."

"That fakir was a monster of wickedness," Eleanor retorted. "This is how it all happened: Brown is a good shot, and has been allowed by his officers occasionally to go out shooting; wild deer, as you know, are common about this place. Returning late at night from one of these excursions, he saw that horrible mendicant with an infant in his arms, followed by a woman, who was weeping, and evidently most anxious to recover possession of the child. But the hard-hearted wretch continued on his way, indifferent to her entreaties. He walked on until he reached a deep pool, and then dashed the poor little creature into the water. The wretched woman, the mother of the little one, rushed to the edge of the lake, uttering heart-breaking cries. Brown threw down his gun, plunged into the tank, and rescued the infant, which he restored to the woman. Her delight seemed unbounded; and, clasping her child in her arms, she fled rapidly away. Brown afterwards discovered that this woman belonged to a respectable Hindoo family, who, believing that horrid dwarf to be a holy, saintly man, had married her to him when she was quite a child. She had had three children, whom this wretch had killed because they were girls! It is said that female infanticide was part of this fakir's creed; added to this he treated the unhappy woman barbarously, beating and otherwise ill-using her. One of her relations, a hunter, called Gopal, had found out how much she was to be pitied, but he had a superstitious dread of interfering with the fakir himself. Finding, however, that Brown had befriended the fakir's wife, he employed him to deliver her from the temple, where her husband kept her imprisoned. As I said before, Brown was a sportsman, and he had formed acquaintance with Gopal while out of Meerut shooting. When Brown made the attempt to rescue the poor woman, it was believed that the fakir was away at some distance; but before they could get out of the temple he returned unexpectedly and discovered them. He rushed frantically at Brown, and would certainly have killed him with his dagger, had he not defended himself."

"This certainly places Brown's conduct in a better light," said Whitby; "but still I think the matter ought to be judicially investigated, especially as some valuable documents have disappeared, which your friend Brown is supposed to have stolen."

"Oh no!" cried Eleanor warmly. "He is rash, daring, and very incautious; but he is not a thief."

"Where are these papers, then?"

"The fakir's wife and her relation Gopal have them."

"Then Brown should come forward and clear himself."

"Perhaps he may," answered Eleanor; "but it has all happened at such an awkward time. He is a gentleman by birth, and hopes shortly to obtain a commission. I do not think he has acted dishonourably, if the truth were known; but it is impossible to say of what people may accuse him if he is tried."

"He is certainly in a very awkward position," agreed Whitby.

"He was very wild and foolish in England," continued Eleanor. "His relations, with great difficulty, have now tried to give him a fresh start. It would be such a pity to blast his life now, when in a new country it is possible he may turn over a new leaf."

"But why do you take such an interest in this young man?" asked Whitby, in a somewhat jealous manner.

"I knew him in England," she replied gently; "and his friends are very dear to me. I hope to be able soon to explain to you the tie which exists between us."

"You do not love this man? You are not engaged to him?" asked Whitby, in an agitated manner.

She blushed as she answered:

"Oh dear no. He can never be more to me than he is at present."

"Then I would sooner know my fate now, Miss Wake. You must have seen that my attentions to you have been more than those of an ordinary acquaintance. For some time you have seen me at your side as often as I dared. The longer I have known you, the more I have learned to appreciate you. I cannot resist saying to-night something which has long been in my heart, and often very nearly on my lips. You must understand what I mean. I love you, Eleanor. Do you care to return my love?"

During this address Eleanor's face had first turned deadly pale, then flushed a rosy red; but she did not speak.

"You cannot love me, then," he said; "you do not think me worthy of you."

"Oh! Captain Whitby," she answered in a hardly audible voice. "Not worthy? I think you are a great deal too good for me."

"Then I may at least hope?" he continued.

"Yes," she said shyly.

"You have made me happier than I can describe, dear Eleanor," he said, bending over her white hand and kissing it.

"Let us return," she whispered; "our absence will be noticed."

In the new flood of happiness which had entered Whitby's life, he had forgotten the very existence of Brown and his crimes ; or, if he remembered him at all, it was with gratitude as the means which had brought about this explanation with the woman he sincerely loved. When the engaged lovers re-entered the ball-room, Eleanor noticed that Brown was no longer to be seen amongst the dancers. They heard from Burke that Miss Page had left in a bad temper, saying she was "bored and tired."

It was not altogether a successful evening for Burke, who had had a misunderstanding with Florence Rawley. The fact was he had omitted to ask her to dance until towards the end of the evening, when she stiffly refused, feeling herself slighted. The last of his misfortunes was that Carew, after they had returned home from the ball, would stop talking to him until a late hour ; and the Ensign, who was somewhat ruffled, and altogether tired out, would gladly have gone to bed.

Carew favoured him with these reflections :

"You see, Burke, I am what most people would call fastidious ; and the style of the greater number of the girls whom I encounter in society does not please me. You know my habits : if I want a boat, I have one made expressly for myself, according to my own views of boat-building ; if I want a new piece of furniture for my rooms, I have it constructed according to my own ideas. Now (so it seems to me) with regard to a wife, before I made any girl the partner of my life, I should like to be sure that her tastes really harmonize with mine. In fact, I should like to educate her for the position."

"An excellent notion," assented Burke ; "but more feasible in theory than practice."

"Possibly. Any theory which one devises may turn out in practice a success or a failure ; one can but do one's best to work it out. I have formed my theory, or rather I have determined to experimentalise on an old theory, and I will at all events see what I can do with it. You were alluding to my having been 'taken' with Miss Page when I met her in Dublin. It seems to me that she has just the sort of impressionable and confiding soul which might be rendered amenable to my process ; and I entertained this idea even when I saw her before."

"Yes," said Burke, sleepily ; "I have no doubt you will elevate her moral tone—and she will teach you a thing or two."

CHAPTER VIII.

TREASURE TROVE.

BROWN, still dressed in his uniform, had left the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, the music of the valse was still ringing in his ears, and his mind was filled with the remembrance of his wild dance with Louisa Page. He found himself on the level plain of the parade-ground, bathed in glorious moonlight. With a rapid and decided step he made his way to a broad highway edged with trees. It was the road to Delhi. At the distance of a mile from Meerut he joined a party of people who were evidently waiting for him. Standing by the side of the road could be seen a bullock-cart drawn by two white oxen, a man holding a diminutive pony, and some other figures loitering about. As Brown approached the group, a tall, erect, soldierly-looking native said, "Sahib, we feared you were not coming."

"Yes, I am late," answered Brown.

He mounted the pony, the driver of the cart started the oxen, and the little procession moved slowly on.

Adventures come to the adventurous! In the beautiful stillness of the moonlit night, Brown, in a vague way, reflected on the strangeness of his position. He was starting with Asiatics, of whom he knew little, to discover a long-hidden treasure, guarded, as his companions thought, by supernatural spells. The occult dangers which were full of terror to them, were matters of scorn to Brown; what he feared was, whether the treasures themselves were not as mythical as the surroundings with which his companions had invested them.

India is a land of hidden treasure—if only it could be found! It has been the custom of that country from time immemorial to hide wealth in the earth from ruler, robber, or invader. The great city of Delhi, especially, has for one thousand years been the scene of civil war, foreign invasion, and religious dispute. Around that ancient city are miles of ruins and semi-deserted country, where much wealth has been hidden in troublous times.

Asiatics think that when English painter or poet wanders admiringly among their ruins, it is to discover "Treasure," an occult art, for which they possess a national aptitude. Gopal thought that Brown's presence alone would be an assistance, besides scaring away demons more powerful than men, who fly cowed before the presence of an Englishman.

In the cart were two women, one young and beautiful, the widow of the fakir, and the other a reputed witch. This small and

wizened old woman had snow-white hair, and her black face was lined all over with wrinkles of extreme fineness. Puny, aged, and feeble as she was, she was the ruling spirit of the party, not only from the fiery energy of her mind, but from the credulity of the Asiatics, who believed that she could foresee the future, control malignant spirits, and influence passing events for good or evil. The tall youth who walked by the side of the cart was Gopal, the hunter, now the lover of Moti, the widow of the fakir. There were besides Brown two more men, one the driver of the bullock-cart, and the other Brown's servant nominally, in reality his general factotum.

This oddly-assorted company of people were starting on a six days' journey. Three days, according to their very slow means of progression, would bring them to the great city of Delhi; but it would take yet another three days' travel across the semi-deserted and ruin-strewn wilderness, which surround that great capital, to enable them to reach Secro, a long-abandoned stronghold.

Under its crumbling blocks of granite, this fabulous treasure, fabulous possibly in reality, and seemingly incredible in its stated quantity, lay concealed. This treasure, recalling tales of the *Arabian Nights*, consisted, it was said, of bricks of gold, piled in caverns, bushels of unset gems, and utensils of solid gold and silver. Tradition stated that a hundred and seventy years ago a traitor noble named Ali Kareem—one of those who had invited Nadir Shah to invade India—had caused his immense wealth to be safely secreted under this castle. But Ali Kareem and all his kith and kin were massacred in the sacking of Delhi.

A paper had been somewhat recently found among the books and documents belonging to the Newaub of Doobghur, giving a description of the exact spot where this enormous wealth was buried. This paper or chart had been confided to the fakir, as it was thought that as a wandering mendicant, with a reputation of extraordinary sanctity, he could take up his abode in this deserted spot without provoking remark or exciting curiosity, and prosecute the search for the treasure on the Newaub's behalf. On the death of the fakir, the paper fell into the possession of Gopal, the lover of Moti, the fakir's wife. The young Rajpoot's cupidity had been aroused, still he dared not undertake the search alone, and finding Brown willing and anxious to join in the undertaking, and feeling possibly some gratitude towards him for Moti's sake, he took him into partnership, after having shown him the paper and explained its contents.

After travelling all night, at dawn they reached a thick grove

of trees, their first encampment, where they proposed to rest during the heat of the day, fires were quickly lighted and food prepared before they sought repose.

At this place they fell in with another party of travellers, who made themselves most agreeable to our new-comers, so much so, that when evening came the two companies joined, and started together, as they had to travel on the same road, for they also were going to Delhi. Their new acquaintances seemed to be strong, sturdy peasants, and said they were a farmer and his two sons, who owned some land in a village a few miles out of Delhi.

Nothing particular happened the second night, and the two parties encamped together again under a grove of trees; but while the food was preparing for their refreshment, a wild boar suddenly rushed out from a neighbouring thicket. All the men jumped to their feet in alarm, while Brown, seizing his fowling-piece, followed the retreating beast. Some time elapsed before he was able to obtain a shot, but at length, when the animal was making his way across an open piece of ground, he aimed at him, and the brute fell dead. Brown then thought of going back to the encampment to get help to remove the animal, for some of his companions might be glad of its flesh; for many castes in India will eat the meat of a wild pig, although they will refuse other animal food.

It took him several hours to return, and the sun was unpleasantly hot when he again entered the dense black shade of the grove. The embers of the fires were still glowing faintly, but, to his surprise, he could see no trace of his companions. The bullock-cart had also disappeared. He called his servant by name, and he called Gopal, but neither answered, still he fancied he heard people speaking in whispers at no very great distance. He ran in the direction from whence the sounds came, and was horrified to see the farmer's two sons lifting the slender figure of Moti—seemingly a stiffened corpse—which they were about to place in a newly-dug shallow grave. The ground round had evidently been lately turned over. On Brown's approach, the two men dropped their burden and fled. As he examined the lifeless body of the woman, the cause of her death became evident. Round her slender throat was a handkerchief, which in their hurry the murderers had left, and which proved that she had been strangled by Thugs. The ground had been disturbed, and now looked suspiciously like freshly-made graves. Using the spade which the Thugs had left, Brown quickly turned over the light, sandy soil, and discovered the stiffened forms and distorted features of Gopal, the bullock-driver, and his own servant; but no trace could he find of the reputed witch.

For a minute or two Brown stood spell-bound in horror and amazement, for some time he felt quite at a loss what to do. He could not return to Meerut, and hardly knew how to continue his journey alone. He paced up and down under the spreading branches of the trees of the grove in great indecision. He searched the corpse of Gopal for the paper of instructions by which the treasure could be found—but it was gone! To gain this document had evidently been the object of the crime perpetrated by the Thugs.

He saw at a little distance his pony, still hobbled, and nibbling the thin grass. His horror being abated, not having tasted food for many hours, he began to feel hungry; therefore he determined to travel along the high road until he reached the nearest village, debating in his mind whether he should inform the rural police of the murders which had been committed.

After proceeding some miles he perceived the dull dun-coloured walls, formed of baked clay, which surrounded a small townlet. On reaching this place, the advent of an Englishman riding a horse was a sufficiently surprising event for the population (consisting mostly of old women and children, and a number of dogs, for the men were at work in the surrounding fields) to turn out to look at him. An official was discovered who spoke a few words of English, and with some difficulty Brown obtained food. He then tied up his pony, and, with his gun by his side, threw himself under the shade of a wall and fell asleep.

After some hours he awoke much refreshed, to find that the sun was sinking, and that it would soon be the hour for him to proceed on his road, if he decided to do so. His clothing, of no very great value, had disappeared with the cart, this seemed to him a very minor evil, as he had retained his gun and his money on his person. After deep reflection, he considered it was wiser for him to say nothing of the Thugs, nor of his own loss. He decided that he would still proceed on the treasure-seeking expedition, and go to Secro alone, trusting to his recollection of the contents of the lost paper to enable him to find the spot.

He rose with this intention, and, proceeding to catch his steed which was loose, but hobbled, he stumbled against the little old witch whom he had last seen in the bullock-cart with the unfortunate Moti; and as Brown accidentally jostled her, she turned round and hurled a volley of curses and maledictions in an unknown tongue at him. Disregarding her shrill imprecations, Brown seized her by the shoulder, anxious to find out what she knew about the fate of his late companions; but his intention of

questioning her was frustrated by a party of villagers, evidently much excited, and armed with sticks, who dragged the old woman away from his grasp. The last he saw of her was that she was taken to what appeared to be either the local police-court, or the hut of the head man of the village. Brown thought it prudent to leave them to settle their affairs without his assistance, and, mounting his pony, galloped away.

The remainder of the journey was comparatively easy. He rode by night along the broad well-kept roads, and he rested by day in the *dák* bungalows, or Government staging-houses. In the city of Delhi he was able to provide himself with some few necessities he required, and then proceeded on his way into the country. On the seventh day after leaving Meerut he arrived at the spot where he believed riches beyond the wildest dreams of avarice were to be found.

He had reached his destination. The ruins of the castle of Secro stood before him, rising out of a totally uninhabited plain, covered with the remains of palaces, mosques, and streets, which both time and the hand of man had turned into one confused mass of devastation. Not a sound broke the stillness of the scene. Not a human being or animal was visible. Solitude, destruction and desolation alone surrounded him on every side. The castle itself had once been an impregnable stronghold; but now only one round battlemented tower stood erect, although a huge mound of earth, mixed with great blocks of granite and pieces of wall, showed its enormous extent in former ages. It had become the home of owls, bats and snakes, and was also the lair of wolves, jackals, and of an occasional leopard.

Brown climbed the grassy slope, and found himself on the summit of the old fortifications; on nearer inspection he was able to perceive that much of the massive foundations still remained. What had been the court of the castle could still be traced, though long grass, briars, and rubbish choked its once level space. After wandering about for some time he found a low door, which led into the tower, and walking up a narrow stair, he reached the summit, and from thence looked over the surrounding country. A fine and extended view lay before him, but he did not feel in the mood to admire the sun sinking rapidly in the west. From the summit of the tower Brown's eyes fell upon a well in one corner of the court which had long since dried up, and was choked with stones and herbage. The discovery of this well rejoiced him greatly, for he remembered that the treasure was said to be hidden under a mound forty paces distant from the well, in a westerly

direction. He hurried down the turret stairs, and made his way through rank weeds, and over fallen stones, to the spot. Then he paced forty steps to the west and found himself opposite a heap of rubbish composed principally of large stones. He set himself to the weary task of removing them one by one. The labour and heat were exhausting, but, nerved by hope and excitement, Brown seemed to have supernatural strength. When he had displaced the pile he saw a stone slab, with an iron ring in it. By tying a rope to a tree adjoining, he improvised a pulley and succeeded in raising the heavy weight. He then saw a narrow stair of cut stone which seemed to lead underground, and far below he could perceive a glimmering star-like light. He walked down a hundred steps, carefully counting them as he went, and arrived at a gloomy hall, in the centre of which was a tank or bath. These subterranean baths and underground chambers are common in all the abodes of wealthy Asiatics, and in these places they find a cool retreat from the heat of summer.

Brown wandered through long galleries and deserted rooms, a perfect labyrinth of chambers of cut-stone, the light coming in through the great walls ten-feet thick, from slits which looked like loop-holes for shooting arrows. In this subterranean world there might be treasure hidden—untold wealth—but to find it was the difficulty.

Brown returned utterly disheartened to his room at the staging-house, a small cottage on the Kurnaul road. For three days he returned daily to Secro, wandering about, and scanning every nook and cranny of the ancient heavy masonry, measuring the vaulted rooms, tapping the massive walls for some hollow space. They all seemed to give back a deep, dull mysterious sound. These rooms were inhabited by bats, and every now and then a snake he had disturbed would glide past him, which he killed unless it managed, and it generally did, to creep silently away and disappear in the darkness. On one occasion as Henry Brown entered a dark vault he saw two eyes, like flames, peering at him through the gloom; then a dark object dashed with marvellous rapidity past him. He found he had disturbed the lair of a leopardess, and that she had left two cubs.

Day after day passed, still he persevered, he felt persuaded that here was hidden a mine of wealth which would render the remainder of his days peaceful and happy in his own land, and place him for ever above want—if he could only discover it.

His leave would soon expire, and he feared that he had failed. But the day before he was bound to return, he noticed in one of

the crumbling walls a large hole which he had not before observed. The cavity was barely big enough for him to enter; however, getting through the opening with difficulty, he drew his rifle after him. The room he now entered was dark and low, and seemed crowded with packages, which appeared to him to resemble great leather-covered camel-trunks. The place had a peculiar aromatic odour, and, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, he discovered that he was in a chamber with a groined roof, and that there was a lamp on the floor. A heap of silver and gold coins lay in one corner of the apartment, while in another a mass of dazzled stones glittered fitfully. Also, piled up to the roof, with what seemed order and precision, were nuggets or bricks of solid gold. Brown felt as if he were a living actor in a scene from the *Arabian Nights*. Here were countless treasures, money which would transform him into a millionaire. However, all at once he perceived a man seated on the ground, who rose and confronted him. This figure appeared so suddenly, Brown could hardly tell in his first surprise whether it was mortal or fiend, but, as he approached, he saw that the man had a hideous, flat, black face, long dark hair, and his rascally countenance was surmounted by a heavy red turban. His ragged and torn dress was that of a peasant, and Brown soon recognised him as one of his former travelling companions. The Thug made one step towards the Englishman, and threw down the light which he had taken in his hand, on Brown's entrance. Brown fired at him, and the man, without sigh or groan, dropped dead, shot through the heart.

Brown with a match from his pocket re-lit the lamp, and began to examine his prostrate enemy. His glazed, hideous eyes were open, his long hair lay on the floor, his ragged turban had fallen from his head, and from his dead hand had dropped a piece of glass or crystal which glittered fitfully and which was in size about as large as a pigeon's egg. Brown thought it might be an uncut diamond, and replacing it in an antique brass box, which seemed to be its case, he appropriated it. Taking the red turban from the fallen Thug, he collected as many gold pieces and nuggets as he could carry. He also took a small casket the thief had selected, full of antique jewellery. He loaded himself with large gold pieces of the purest gold, of the rarest workmanship; for they were gold Mohurs of the time of Ackbar. He tied most of the spoil up carefully in the Thug's red turban.

He then left, closing the hole by which he had entered as securely as he could with the stones which had been removed by the secret thief, and he also carefully put away all trace

of his handiwork. It was now late, and quite dark within the low black arches. He hurried through the great vaulted rooms which echoed his solitary steps; but, though he had realised his darling wish, it brought him not so much happiness as he anticipated, and no thrill of delight to his heart. As he hastened up the narrow flight of stone stairs, a hideous face seemed to be trying to blow out his lamp. Brown reached the outer air: the stars above shone clear and bright; the cold night wind blew fresh and keen; the wild cry of the jackals filled the air. He reached his humble abode, and carefully hid all signs of his booty from the servants of the bungalow, and then, utterly worn out, he threw himself on his bed and slept.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WAGES OF SUCCESS.

AT dawn Brown made his preparation for his return journey. As soon as the sun had risen, he seated himself in a bullock-cart which he had hired from a peasant. He sold his pony for a few rupees, and determined as soon as he reached Delhi to post to Meerut from that place, which he could do in one night. He was in a fever of impatience to reach his regiment, to see Louisa Page and Eleanor Wake, to hear if his commission had been signed; and yet there he was, condemned to travel at the agonisingly slow rate of two miles an hour. He himself could have walked more quickly than the patient beasts who drew his equipage, but he did not dare to leave his newly-found treasures unguarded.

Neither was his mind altogether free from as much fear as his daring spirit was capable of feeling. In this wild and semi-deserted country, the few inhabitants belonged mostly to the robber tribe of Goojurs. Besides, it was probable that he would be traced by some of the Thug organisation, to whom he must now be an object of hatred and fear, as he had not only killed one of their number, but had discovered the secret of the hidden treasure of Secro, which they had desired to acquire for themselves.

At sunset he reached a now ruinous but once large and magnificent serai, which, in the old days when Delhi was the capital of the Mogul Empire, had been always crowded with men, horses, camels, and elephants, because it was the chief resting-place of all those travellers from the north who once thronged the great Mahomedan city. But now the serai was in parts only a few degrees less dilapidated than Secro itself.

However, through a nobly-proportioned Moorish arch, Brown entered a large paved court, on the four sides of which ran an arched cloister-like corridor. This communicated with a number of small apartments which opened on to it, custom giving one room to each stranger. The whole of this building was formed of elaborately carved red granite; but here and there the roof had fallen in, and the stately arches of the corridor had given way.

Brown found, to his surprise, that the ruined building was evidently crowded with travellers. Carts, tethered horses, even camels, with numerous attendants and servants, occupied the spacious court, and fires had been lighted in every direction. What added to Brown's astonishment was that he was informed that most of these people were the servants of European travellers.

He made his way to the side of the building which was in the least ruinous condition, and discovered a square cell with a mud floor, which had the merit of being fairly dry and clean. He took possession of this as his private apartment. Then he succeeded in getting some cooked food from an old Mahomedan who attended to the wants of travellers. After his meal he retired into his room, partly to rest and partly to protect his property. The apartment had no windows, and obtained its light from the door which opened upon the corridor. He perceived two men walking up and down before his open door, and saw that they were dressed in a mixture of European and Asiatic costumes. Asiatic in as far as they wore fur-lined Afghan overcoats; but their bare heads, European boots, and general appearance proclaimed their Western origin. Brown in his room was concealed from view by the darkness of the place, but he could see and hear without being seen. As the strangers passed and repassed his door in animated conversation, he discovered that they were conversing in French, with which tongue he was fairly familiar. He could only hear disjointed scraps of their conversation, but it seemed, from what they said, that they were waiting in this serai until they received permission from the King of Delhi to enter his city.

The precaution of these foreigners seemed very singular to Brown, for, Delhi being under British rule, anyone was free to enter it. He further discovered from their talk that they were Russians, that there were eight of them altogether, and that they had been promised an audience by the great Padshah himself. Also he gathered that they were ambassadors, who had brought a treaty from some distant potentate. After a while the strangers retired, and Brown saw them no more. He thought but little of the incident at the time, his own affairs occupied so much of his

thoughts, but after-events proved to him that there might have been more significance in this secret mission than he had imagined.

That night Brown carefully closed his door and laid himself down in front of it; but no adventure befell him. He rose at daybreak, and reached Delhi the same night. The next day found him back in the barracks at Meerut. He had been away only a fortnight, but what an eventful time! He had left Meerut a poor man, and a suspected criminal; he had returned wealthy, to find that he was a commissioned officer, posted to a regiment in the Punjaub. As he had received official intimation of his promotion, he left the barracks and took rooms in an hotel, where he proposed staying until he had made his preparations to join his new regiment.

When night came he hurried to announce the marvellous change which had befallen him to Louisa Page—to impart the joyful news to the woman he loved. He thought it advisable to visit her in the same clandestine manner which he had been in the habit of doing. Therefore, he climbed the low wall round her bungalow, walked through the grounds, and arrived at her bedroom window, and he knocked at the closed shutters. They were opened by a female attendant, who told him the young lady was in the drawing-room talking to a gentleman.

This information was anything but pleasing to Brown, and, feeling very much disturbed and irritated, he walked round to the front of the bungalow. The shutters of the three large drawing-room windows were open, and a flood of light illumined the bushes in the garden. He approached one of the windows quietly, and the first thing which met his eyes did not tend to improve his condition of mind. A tall, stout, florid young man, whose portly person was encased in evening dress, was bending over the fair hand of the “unlimited” one, and kissing it with an expression of rapt devotion. The young man had round blue eyes, his golden hair curled all over his head, while the fulness of his face, and the rosiness of his round cheeks, suggested the appearance of an overgrown cupid.

Brown had very little compunction in playing the eavesdropper; he crept up close to the window in a fury of smothered indignation and jealousy, wondering who “the fat fool” was.

“Yes, Miss Page,” he heard him say. “It is nearly four years since your evanescent visit to Dublin. Evanescent, do I say? But it was not so to me. Since then I have not been a free man.”

“Effervescing visit, did you say?” said the imperturbable Loo, lightly. She wished to ward off that declaration of love she now felt to be imminent.

"Evanescent," he said in a thick voice, as if he had plums in his mouth. "Fleeting—vanishing. All supreme moments of life are transitory."

"Supreme moments are not in my line, Mr. Carew."

"But, Miss Page, you inspire them."

"Not intentionally, I assure you. I have experienced supreme efforts, and they were a great bore."

"Ah! that is the want of education. I feel that I could imbue you with earnestness if you would give me the right to do so."

"Certainly not," laughed the girl. "Do you wish to say that there is room for improvement in me?"

"Oh no!" said Carew, with the utmost politeness. "You are faultless and perfect."

"Flatterer!" said the lady, but smiling in a self-complacent manner.

"Absolutely perfect, as far as Nature's handiwork goes, but requiring education."

"Education, Mr. Carew! Why, I was 'finished' three years ago."

"You are an angelic being, a perfect mind in an exquisite body."

"What? Would you educate an angel?" again laughed the girl.

"An angel such as you, who are tied to earth, still needs some sublunary knowledge."

"But what, under the moon, is it that I do not know? I can dance, ride, play whist, row, sing, and flirt when I have a chance. Certainly, I carefully evaded learning when I was at school; but, as I have picked up the three R's, I think I am educated enough."

"You are, I repeat, absolutely perfect."

"I would sooner hear that from *your* lips than from anybody else," she answered; "for I value your good opinion so much."

"Do you really care about my poor opinion?"

"Of course I do," she answered in her most insinuating manner.

"Do you care for me enough to join your fate to mine?"

"But oh! you would educate me above my intellect—if I did."

"No—I would learn from you."

"My only books were woman's looks, and folly all they taught me." Oh! that would never do, Mr. Carew. You! a fellow of Oxford! A professor of chemistry, geometry, and inferential logarithms, and the calculus scribendi! I am rather mixed in my terms, am I not?"

Carew laughed.

"A man does not need learning in a wife; and, if you would share my lot—will you, Miss Page? May I call you Louisa?"

"What?" she said with pretended *naïveté*. "You have only known me three weeks; I did not even dream you admired me."

"Who could fail to do that?" said the infatuated Carew. "But will you let me hope some time—some future time? I have hurried you. I have been precipitate."

"Well, to tell you honestly, I wish I *could* say yes, Mr. Carew. But when I was a silly chit of a school-girl, I was a fool—a silly fool. I got myself into a terrible mess, and shall suffer for it all my life."

"But will you not give me the right to protect you? If my time, my devotion, my fortune, my life, are any good to you, I lay them at your feet."

"You are most kind and generous," said the girl with some real feeling. "What I have done is irrevocable, and I bitterly regret it."

Tears were in Carew's eyes.

"Then you bid me hope?"

"Yes," she said softly. "And I will hope too."

Just then Louisa's father, with vacant eyes and dazed look, entered the room and sank into an arm-chair. His appearance, and the fumes of brandy which he brought with him, proclaimed his condition.

"What men call Providence, employs human agents," he began. "What was the man on a white horse but a tool of the Inscrutable? Why should I not also be an incense-bearer? When the seven seals are opened we shall see the upheaval of empires, and then I—I——" and the old man waved his arms over his head.

"Yes, Father, of course," answered Louisa, with some womanly gentleness, and, turning to Carew, she said: "You had better go. Come another night. It is such a comfort to me to have a friend like you. But go now."

The burly Squire again kissed her hand, and silently withdrew.

The old Major sank back into his chair, and Louisa, taking no more notice of him, passed into her own chamber, which adjoined the drawing-room.

Brown, who was still outside, having both seen and heard all that had passed, hastened to her window and struck with some violence on the shutter.

Louisa opened the casement.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed; "how ill you look!"

There was an expression of dislike and contempt on her countenance, and she greeted him without the slightest cordiality.

"I *am* ill," he answered sulkily. "I think I have picked up a fever. What with the sun, the bad water, and that malarious place, I believe I am dying; and," he added with a bitter smile, "you will be glad to hear it."

"But you have failed," she said. "I never thought there was anything in it."

"You are wrong. I have succeeded. The treasure is simply countless. I could carry away no more than I have brought you. Here, take it. The diamond is worth, I should think, six thousand pounds—it is badly cut, but the colour is very fine—and look at the gold things I have got!" He threw the gold pieces and nuggets in a mass on the table.

"Do you consider you have obtained these things honestly?" asked she, looking at the treasures with amazement.

"I consider we have as good right to them as anyone else, as I found them."

"Good Heavens! the thing is covered with blood!" exclaimed Louisa, as she threw down the diamond, which seemed to glimmer with a weird unearthly light.

Brown carelessly wiped the gem with his handkerchief.

"Have you murdered anyone to get it?"

"No," he answered rather bitterly, "but I killed a man who would have killed me. That is justifiable in self-defence, is it not?"

"Oh! that's your old argument"; and she looked at the strange collection of wealth with a perplexed air.

"I am tired and jaded to death. Put these things away carefully now, and I will come back in a few days. I have obtained my commission, and we shall have to go to the Punjaub. I must dispose of these things if I can, and go and collect more, and then we will cut the army and return home. Thank Heaven! I shall be glad to leave this accursed place, people, and regiment. Now listen to me, Loo. You drop that new fellow I saw to-night, whoever he may be. If you don't, it will be the worse for both of you, for I will stand no nonsense." And without waiting for her answer, he left.

It was Brown's intention to proceed at once to Eleanor Wake; but he felt so prostrate in mind and body, that he was unequal to the exertion.

That night a splitting headache, agonizing pains in all his limbs, with alternate fever and ague fits, told Brown that he was suffering

for encroaching on the domain of the Goojurs, and meddling with the treasure of ancient kings. He had a violent attack of jungle fever; moreover his mind was affected, the doctor asserted, as at all hours, day and night, he saw the figure of the Thug standing by him, or come gliding in and out of the room, turning its hideous countenance towards him. The medical men termed this a hallucination; but it appeared real enough to Brown, and it never left him.

He lay ill at his hotel. There was much sickness in the cantonment of Meerut—the scourge of cholera had appeared. The rain, which fell in torrents, cooled the air; but over the place hung a hot, foetid, depressing atmosphere. Every evening, across the sandy plain, the wailing of the band, as it played the “Dead March” in *Saul*, was not enlivening.

However, in time, Brown became convalescent; but his health was much shattered, and his mind seemed wrecked; while the long, hot, restless days, followed by sleepless nights, weakened his nerves. As he was getting better, on one occasion he saw from his window Louisa Page riding and conversing with Carew. At another time this might have passed without notice, because his love was no passion; but then it vexed and annoyed him beyond endurance. He looked upon it as a proof that she neither heeded his wishes nor his words.

In the long sleepless nights, as he paced up and down the verandah of the hotel, this and much else preyed upon his mind—his useless, ruined life, his disgrace, his solitude.

“Was I any party to the bargain,” he asked, “when the curse of existence was put upon me? No one loves me. Even *she* neglects and despises me. If I live I have nothing I can enjoy, nothing which can give me pleasure. I hate to see the sun rise and set day after day, and to know it can bring no alleviation to my misery.”

“Why not kill yourself and end it all?” a voice seemed to whisper in his ear. “One shot with *this*, and all will be over.”

While thus reflecting, he used often to finger his gun and play with it. It was the very weapon which had ended the days of that luckless marauder, and of the fakir.

“I will shoot myself,” he said. “I will bear this life no longer.”

He pointed the gun towards his mouth; and, putting his finger on the trigger, in one second more the troubles of Brown in this world would have ended; but at that minute Captain Whitby entered the room, seized his arm, and changed the course of the bullet, which entered the ceiling.

"Are you mad?" cried Whitby.

"Yes," said Brown; "mad with misery and despair. If you had not stopped me, it would now have been all ended."

"I believe you are mad, or you would know that it is the act of a coward to fly from the evils of life—the results of your own misconduct."

"But does that make them the easier to bear? It was my own cursed folly. Yes; but that is the sting of the whole thing."

Then Whitby added rather sternly: "Wake, you have now a fresh start in life. You can now return to the society of your equals. No one need know of this last silly attempt of yours! Rise to a higher level, and be a better man; if not for your own, for Eleanor's sake, who loves you so truly."

"You have been so ill," continued he, "that we did not know how to tell you before, but, Eleanor having informed me that you are her brother, I have come now to say that I have been engaged to your sister for some little time, and we are to be married shortly, and we wish you to be present at the ceremony."

(To be continued.)

His Only Duel.

By CHRISTIAN LYS.

“WHAT is a duel, Grandpapa?” asked my little ten-year-old son of my father, as we sat round the fire one Christmas eve, enjoying the cheerful blaze the more because we knew that the ground outside was thickly covered with snow, and could hear the wind roaring in the old-fashioned chimney.

It has always been my custom, since I have been married, to take my family *en masse* to spend Christmas with my father. The dear old man has nearly arrived at the bottom of life’s little hill, and I do not suppose he will be spared to us many more years. Yet he is a great wonder. He is taller than I am, and nearly as straight; and except that he has begun to talk rather slowly, time has dealt very kindly with him. He can hear very well, see very well, and, when free from the gout, can walk round the garden without the aid of a stick, and carries himself with the precision of an old soldier.

But, of course, a widower’s life in an old-fashioned country house must become lonely sometimes; and although he never complains, and, in fact, gets rather angry if I ask him the question, there is no doubt that at times he begins to feel life rather wearisome, and to long for that time when he will pass away into a new life which can never grow old. However, at Christmas time he is always merry, and astonishes me by his activity, and by the delight he takes in my somewhat noisy little trio—two girls and a boy. In fact, my wife says that he absolutely spoils them by his indulgences, and that it takes them weeks and weeks to settle down into regular habits when they get home again.

So we sat round the fire talking merrily. We had discussed in turn almost every available subject, until at length one of those pauses had occurred which so often happen in a family circle. I

was about to make the well-known remark, that angels were passing through the room, when my little son startled me by saying :

"What is a duel, Grandpapa ?"

"Whatever made you think of that, Charley ?" asked my wife.

"I don't know, Mamma," answered the boy; "only I was reading to-day, in the book Grandpapa gave me, of a man who had fought a duel once. What does it mean, Grandpapa ?"

"It is one of those terrible follies which men used to think lightly of when I was a boy," said my father earnestly. "Thank God! things are different now; but years ago, when two men quarrelled, they used to stand up and shoot at each other."

"And kill one another!" exclaimed one of my little girls with horror.

"Aye, my dear, often and often. It was a most dastardly way of settling a dispute; but if you refused to fight a man who challenged you, you were laughed at and called a coward; so, fearing to be ridiculed, men shot one another as if life were of no value. Yet the present generation look back to my young days with regret; but I can assure you that distance lends a great enchantment to the view."

I laughed a little at my dear old dad's remark, for I could not help remembering how often I had heard him talk about the present generation with scorn, and laugh at the forward ideas which spoil it. I would not have reminded him of it, however, because his anger would have been kindled at once, and he would have talked to me in pretty much the same way that I talk to my son sometimes. He will look upon me as a mere boy to the end of his days.

There was another pause.

"Did you ever fight a duel, Grandpapa ?" asked Charley at length.

The idea struck me as being so funny, that I laughed outright. Fancy my dear old father standing up to be shot at, or to shoot somebody else! But my mirth was suddenly cut short.

"I don't quite see what there is to laugh at, Jack, in the boy's question," he said somewhat testily. "His question, 'Did you ever fight a duel, Grandpapa ?' is very simple; and my answer is just as plain—Yes, I did."

Something in the old man's voice made me look at him more intently, and I fancied that I could see tears in his eyes.

"Oh! do tell us all about it!" exclaimed my children in chorus; and I must acknowledge that I was anxious to hear the story too.

"It is a sad story, little ones," he said; "and you will be interested in it, Jack," he added, turning to me. "I have never spoken

of it before; but it doesn't matter much now. It happened a long, long time ago; and what would be a crime to-day, was only a necessary part of a gentleman's education then. You youngsters must promise never to speak to me about it again, and to go off to bed when I have finished."

Of course they all promised; and settling himself in his easy chair, my father told the following sad but romantic story.

"I can only remember my father as an old man. He had been married twice, and I was the only son by the second wife. Some years had intervened between these two marriages, and so his two elder children were grown up before I came into the world. My half-sister died, I believe, soon after I was born, and her brother went away, abroad I fancy; so to all intents and purposes the first family was forgotten. My mother told me about them when I grew up; but I do not remember ever hearing my father speak of them. Perhaps he and his son quarrelled—I do not know; but when my father died, a few months after my mother, I inherited the property, being then about twenty-two years of age.

"A young man with plenty of money, with fairly good natural recommendations in the way of figure and face, was then, as now, courted by society, and run after by all the fond mothers with eligible daughters. The world has changed a good deal in manners and customs since I was a boy, but that custom remains.

"Fortune having come to me unexpectedly—for I had never speculated on my future inheritance—I found my existence changed suddenly from one of quietude to one of bustle and excitement. Life in my father's house had not been monotonous, far from it; we had our gaieties, in a quiet way, but I had not seen much of the world. Do not for a moment imagine that I grew up into a namby-pamby individual—my father was too much the old English gentleman to let me do that—but he very rightly considered that a man's early years could be more profitably spent at home, than passed in the pleasures and frivolities of town. I was well educated, could talk well, ride well, dance well, and flirt well. Why do you laugh? Do you think that we young fellows didn't go in for such follies then? Why, my dear boy, I can remember the names of a dozen or more of my sweethearts even now.

"However, my little flirtations and gaieties were as nothing compared with the stream of society into which I was thrown at the age of twenty-two. Of course I enjoyed the change. What young man wouldn't, when all the best houses are opened to him, and he meets and talks to those men whose fame he has read about, and with those social stars of whose beauty he has heard so often?

I threw myself into my new life heart and soul. I made friends in every direction; and the number of letters, invitations, and *billet doux* which came addressed to Douglas Farley was quite surprising. In those days my *affaires de cœur* were many, but they were all passing fancies. Not one of them struck deep enough to make any lasting impression, and amongst my many flames I could not have selected one I should have cared to marry. Ah, Jack! you young fellows forget that your fathers were young once, and were as greatly admired in their time as you are in yours.

“One night I was invited to a house, but feeling rather tired, and not expecting to meet there anyone I particularly cared about, I had almost made up my mind not to go, when a friend came in and insisted upon my going with him. It was late when we entered the crowded rooms, and the dance was in full swing. I soon found myself in a circle of friends, laughing merrily, and, I am afraid, talking a good deal of scandal, like the rest of them. But, as I have said, I was tired, and presently I found myself alone in the embrasure of a large window, from which position I could see everything going on, and remain almost unobserved myself.

“As I watched the people passing up and down the room, my attention was attracted by a couple who were seated at some little distance from me, apparently engaged in earnest conversation. One was a man handsome in the extreme, and with a smile and manner most bewitching, even when watching him from a distance. But it was his companion who really attracted me. Hers was the most lovely face I had ever seen, and I have never seen anyone to equal it since. Her eyes were as blue as a midsummer sky, and her lips were for ever asking to be kissed. Dressed prettily and tastefully, she was nevertheless not so handsomely attired as most of the ladies in the room, and her manner, as I watched her, seemed more childish than theirs. There was nothing of the woman of the world about her, no studied effect in her manner or attitude. She was only natural, and to be natural in her case meant to be beautiful. As I have said before, my little love affairs had all been passing fancies, but now I felt instinctively that I had met my fate. All my weariness vanished in a moment, and my only desire was to speak to her. So I left my retreat to seek the means of gaining my end.

“‘Won’t you speak to me to-night, Douglas?’ said a voice in my ear, as I passed up the room; and turning, I saw a lady who was one of my intimate friends standing beside me.

“‘I beg your pardon,’ I answered; ‘I did not see you.’

“‘Where were your eyes?’ she said coquettishly. ‘Fixed somewhere, I warrant, Mr. Farley.’

“I hardly paid any attention to her remark, and remained silent for some moments, thoughtfully playing with my cravat.

“‘Can you tell me the name of that lady sitting there?’ I asked suddenly.

“She looked in the direction I intimated, and then smiled scornfully.

“‘Do you mean the little girl with the baby face? Well! Mr. Farley, I cannot say that I admire your taste. Here, Mr. Crew,’ she added, turning to a gentleman who was standing near, ‘Mr. Farley wishes for an introduction.’

“I suppose my fair friend was hurt at my evincing admiration for anyone but herself, for she left me without another word. I was not a bit angry, however, and followed the gentleman whom she had called Mr. Crew, across the room. The gentleman who had been the girl’s companion so long left her as we approached, and I was introduced.

“I cannot tell how the remainder of that evening passed, nor can I remember what we talked about. I only know that the time was far too short, and that I tried to show myself to my companion at my best. As far as I can remember, I did most of the talking, but I think she was pleased.

“After that evening, I met her often, and my admiration grew into a strong passion. I loved her with all that depth and reality which only comes from the heart that loves for the first time; with all that desperation which is half joy, half misery. At times I felt that she was learning to love me, and at other times I felt that my hopes were only born to be crushed. Nor was I blind to the fact that I had a rival in the dark, handsome man with whom I had first seen her, and, moreover, that she did not seem altogether callous to his attentions. Often I watched them together, and my courage failed me; and as often I noticed him watching me with a look of hatred in his eyes, and my hopes rose.

“At last came the most eventful evening in my life. I was at the house where I had first met her, and during the evening I found myself alone with her in a little ante-room, where the light was dim, and where no one could see or hear us. Then all the passion that I had cherished in my heart so long formed itself into words, and I poured my love story into her ears. What I said I know not. I hardly know what she answered. But I do know that presently my arm was round her waist, that her head was laid on my breast, that her eyes were raised to mine, and that my lips touched

hers in the first kiss of love, in the first kiss that I had ever given to a woman.

"She was mine ; I had won her ! All the doubts and fears, all the pain of a love that only had existence in hope, vanished, and my cup of delight was full to overflowing. I was almost unconscious of what was going on around me, for I was living in a dream, and only awoke when I realised that it was growing late, that my love was going away, and that I should not see her again until to-morrow.

"When I returned to the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, after seeing her off, the light, at least as far as I was concerned, was gone out of it, and I went unconsciously to the place where I had last held her in my arms.

"The place was almost in darkness, and coming into it from the glare of the other rooms, I did not at first see a man standing there.

" 'I have a word for you, Sir,' he said, coming forward and looking straight into my eyes.

" 'I am at your service,' I answered, recognising my rival for the first time.

" 'Have you a friend here ?' he asked. 'You have to-night robbed me of her who was life itself to me.'

" 'I do not understand you,' I said.

" 'No ! I will explain. Not ten minutes ago you stood in this room with a lady. That lady promised to be your wife. Had it not been for you, that lady would have been my wife. Do you understand ?'

"I felt that the man before me was almost mad with rage. His words were hissed out rather than spoken, and I involuntarily drew back as I answered :

" 'I understand what you say, but I fail to see how it can possibly affect me. My future wife has chosen for herself. I offered myself as a candidate for her affection, and have won. Why should you blame me for winning the prize you coveted ? I cannot see that I owe you any apology.'

" 'You cannot ! Perhaps not. A gentleman would, but a mean scoundrel has no sense of honour.'

" 'Sir !' I exclaimed indignantly.

" 'You are a mean scoundrel !' he repeated, hissing the words through his teeth.

" 'What do you mean by this insult ?'

" 'Have you no friend here ?' he asked again.

Suddenly the full truth of his meaning dawned upon me.

“ ‘ You wish to fight me ? ’ I said slowly.

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ I felt that I grew pale as he spoke, but the light was too dim for him to see my face clearly, and I was thankful, or he might have thought me a coward. Indeed, to speak the honest truth, I was a coward at that moment.

“ ‘ When ? ’ I asked, after a short pause.

“ ‘ Now. The moon is full, and there will be light enough in the avenue for our purpose.’

“ ‘ I accept your challenge,’ I said desperately; ‘ I will return immediately with my friend.’ And I left him.

“ ‘ It was considerably past midnight when we went out into the garden. My opponent and his second went quickly towards the avenue, but I lingered behind talking hurriedly to my friend, and giving him my instructions in case I should fall. I cannot explain my feelings, but I know I was afraid. Life seemed so sweet to me now that I had won the heart of the woman I loved; now that I felt I was about to lose it at the hands of my rival. Only an hour ago I was so happy, looking forward with such eagerness; and now I was standing face to face with death. I breathed a silent prayer as I stood in the avenue, and then, almost before I had realised my position, I was facing my opponent, pistol in hand, waiting for the word to fire.

“ ‘ One ! Two ! Three ! ’

“ ‘ I fired almost without taking aim, hardly knowing what I was doing.

“ ‘ For a moment afterwards I stood almost petrified, wondering if it were all a dream; and then suddenly I became conscious of the fact that my rival had fallen.

“ ‘ Good God ! Had I killed him ? I ran to where he lay, and saw the blood oozing from a wound in his side.

“ ‘ ‘ You have killed me ! ’ he said faintly. ‘ It was my fault. I do not know if my father is living, I have not seen him for years; but if he is tell him that I am dead.’

“ ‘ I knelt down beside him.

“ ‘ ‘ Where is he ? ’ I asked hoarsely; ‘ I will go to him myself.’

“ ‘ He told me to feel in his pocket for a letter, which would tell me. I did so, and held the letter up to read it.

“ ‘ Great God ! It was addressed to my own father !

“ ‘ ‘ Who are you ? ’ I asked, terror-stricken.

“ ‘ ‘ Richard Farley !—I—I——’ but he could not speak. His breathing became harder every moment; and as I bent over him he gave one little shudder and then lay still for ever.

"In these days such a tragedy would be murder. Thank Heaven that it is so ; but in those days it was only the 'satisfaction of honour,' and no great stir was caused by my having shot my brother in a duel. But to me his death was awful. For months I shut myself away from the world, and from the society of the woman I loved, and on account of whom I had shed a brother's blood. How could I dare to make her my wife with such a crime at my door ? Like one mad, I wandered from place to place, and, of course, I offered my future wife her freedom. In my sorrow she came to me, and by her sweetness charmed it away. By her words I presently became convinced that my brother's death did not lie at my door with such hideousness as I had imagined. She healed my wound, and I married her.

"That is how I fought my only duel, and that is how I won your grandmamma, Charley."

“On Leave.”

THE appointment of Colonel Sir Owen Tudor Burne, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., to be a Member of the Council of India, in succession to Sir Frederick Halliday, K.C.B., who has resigned, is a most popular one in military circles.

Sir Owen Burne saw much active service in India during the Mutiny, and was Military Secretary, and afterwards Aide-de-camp, in India and in Ireland, to Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn). Sir Owen Burne has had, therefore, unexceptional opportunities of studying the re-organisation of the native army, and those changes in the British army in India, introduced by Sir Hugh Rose—experience which will enable him to offer sound and practical advice on military questions when they are brought before the Council.

Colonel Tolson, who has just been appointed to the command of the 1st Battalion Royal Sussex, has served with the Regiment throughout his career, and is one of the most popular officers in the service. The traditions of this Regiment are well-known to, and will be carefully maintained by, Colonel Tolson.

The National Union Club, which was opened a short time since, gave, on the 15th inst., an inaugural dinner. Between fifty and sixty gentlemen accepted the hospitality of the Club, amongst whom were a large number of recognised journalists. The chair was taken by Colonel Hughes-Hallett, M.P., who was supported by Major-General Goldsworthy, M.P., Colonel Howard Vincent, Sir Lewis Pelly, and Sir Whittaker Ellis.

In the speech of the evening, the Chairman explained the objects of the National Union Club. It has for its primary object, the combination of earnest men of all shades of political feeling who desire to preserve intact the unity and integrity of the British Empire. It is confidently anticipated that the National Union Club will prove an important factor in bringing together those who, while attached to differing Party forces, are agreed in offering strenuous resistance to all attempts to dismember the Empire. The watchword for England at this crisis must be “Union.” By means of dinners, conversaziones, and conferences, aided by papers on current political topics, followed by free discussions, it is hoped that the Unionist Party will be kept together, and make itself

a standing power in the country. There probably never was a time when it was more necessary for politicians of both sides to sink their personal aims, by consulting the higher interests of the nation, and making the welfare of the country the paramount consideration. Representative men of both parties are being rapidly registered, and it is fully anticipated that the first 1,000 members will be elected before Parliament meets. It only remains to add, that the dinner was excellently served, and everything went off with *éclat*. There was some capital singing, and I must specially mention Mr. Odell's nautical song, after Dibdin, with a breezy, well-pitched Yoa! Hoa! chorus.

The rapid rise and success of the St. George's Club has led many people to imagine that it is too good to last, and predict its downfall. The account in the *Times* of the Christmas house-dinner, when 130 members sat down, under the Presidency of Sir Charles Tupper, shows the unanimity and good feeling prevailing in the Club, and the following figures point to its steady rise and progress. Every month last year 100 *bonâ fide* paying members were elected. The Club has now 2,000 members, and the cry is "Still they come." I may also mention the fact that the Stafford Club is coming over bodily to join the St. George's, and that the Earl of Denbigh and one other member will join the general committee of the latter.

The return of Mr. Edward Terry to the London stage, after far too long an absence, and the welcome he nightly receives from crowded audiences, must convince him that he has a host of friends and admirers, who will heartily support him when he opens, in May next, Terry's Theatre in the Strand, or by whatever other name he may christen it. To follow the "Churchwarden" through all his difficulties would be but to repeat a twice-told tale. Mr. Terry was never better suited with a character, and his droll inimitable acting keeps the audience in a continuous state of merriment. Mr. Terry is a comic actor of a very high order, and he obtains his success by perfectly legitimate means. Take, for instance, his method of depicting fear; at the first glance you recognise the intention of the acting, but the facial play that succeeds it is so whimsical and comic that you are forced to laugh *nolens volens*. He possesses the same command over his audience that the late Mr. Wright of the Adelphi had. The entertainment throughout is excellent.

I must defer my account of Mr. Toole's *Butler*, in order to describe his performance of the *Waiter* at the Christmas Treat to stage children. The dinner took place at the Mission Hall, Collingwood Street, Blackfriars Road, to 500 children connected with

the theatrical profession, and was given by Miss Edith Woodward. The result of the benevolent effort was very successful, and punctually at one o'clock two large rooms were thronged with little guests, anxious to avail themselves of the good meal provided for them. They were waited upon by Mr. Toole, his daughter and a number of ladies well-known in the theatrical profession, including Mesdames Kate Vaughan, Brass, Kate Phillips, Dora Doone, Florence West, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morton, and Mr. Charles Warner, besides many others. Dinner being over, paper was handed round so that what was not consumed could be taken home. After this an entertainment was provided by some of the leading actors and actresses of the metropolis. In addition to this Mr. J. L. Toole had brought 500 toys and 500 pieces of "hard-bake" for the little guests, and they were also provided with oranges. Before beginning the programme, Mr. Toole, to the great delight of the children, made a speech. He said he had invited them all last year to dine with him, but they had not come. (Laughter.) He hoped they would come next year. (Cries of "Yes, Sir.") Had they eaten enough plum pudding? ("Yes, Sir.") That was all right, but how about next week? (Laughter.) A friend of his living in Naples had written to him expressing a wish to give them a Christmas dinner next year. Did they know Naples? It was the place where the penny ices came from. Would that make them remember it? (Laughter, and "Yes, Sir.") He had arranged that they should have some lumps of hard-bake. Had they ever tried to make toffee? He had tried to make it with sugar and water, but somehow he could never succeed. However, they were not going to have toffee, but hard-bake. Did they like it? (Loud and continued cries of "Yes, Sir.") So did he. Mrs. Palmer and Mr. Evil, two friends of his, had brought 200 sixpenny-pieces for them. (Ringing cheers.) These coins were worth 9d. each because they were new. (Laughter.) He would not say any more but would sing them a song, which would not do them any good, but would not do them any harm. (Laughter and cheers.) At the termination of the entertainment Mr. Clement Scott announced that Miss Woodward finding the dinners so appreciated, intended to continue them as long as she lived, and after she died.

At the Criterion Theatre a special *matinée* was arranged by Mr. Charles Wyndham, for the benefit of the widows and children of the Southport life-boat men. It was a complete success and realised over £400. *Still Waters Run Deep* was a highly-finished representation, the cast including Messrs. Charles Wyndham,

Edward Terry, David James, E. S. Willard, Lady Monckton, and Miss Mary Moore. The second piece was the little play called *Good for Nothing*, in which Mrs. Bancroft once more appeared in her favourite character Nan. Mrs. Bancroft was welcomed back in a manner that showed how glad the public would be to see her return to the stage. Her acting was inimitable, and has lost none of its *verve* and piquancy. Mr. J. L. Toole gave with capital effect, his popular monologue, *Trying a Magistrate*, and Mr. Fernandez gave an impressive recitation of Mr. Clement Scott's thrilling poem, "The Warriors of the Sea."

The sad accident for which the above benefit was given, reminds me that two new life-boats have been invented by Mr. Wood, the patentee of what has been christened by Sir E. J. Reed "Woodite," a substance by which the ship's side can be protected from the fatal effects of gunshot and collision.

The first life-boat resembles the ordinary one, except that its sides are provided with "Woodite." But it is to be driven by compressed air at the rate of six knots per hour, at which speed it can be charged to run for twelve hours. The saving of life at a wreck is always a matter of time, and often before the life-boat can reach her, the ship has gone down. Then again, this boat would only require one man to work it, whereas, at the present time, only two or three men can be spared from the crew of a life-boat to really devote themselves to the work of saving life. There is a central tube from stem to stern, as well as one on either side; and these air-tubes, besides supplying the power with which to propel the boat, serve also to increase its buoyancy.

The second model will probably attract most attention, as besides having the same motive power, it is almost incapable of capsizing, and should the latter accident happen, it will not be so serious a matter, as the bottom is fitted up in exactly the same manner as the top. In fact it can be launched or sailed either side up. This extraordinary vessel is secured by the buoyancy of "Woodite" and cork blocks, and the cylinders in which the air is stored. The great value of the boat will be when launched from ships in cases of emergency. At the present time, attempts to launch boats from the ship's side during a storm are often in vain—they capsize as soon as lowered. If what I have described, and seen done with the models, can be carried out with a full-sized boat, the attempts to launch boats from the ship's side which result in capsizing them, will become a story of the past.

These accidents at sea—if they can be prevented by Mr. Wood's life-boats—should prompt the Life-boat Institution, before building

any more boats, to make the strictest inquiries into the subject, and have an experimental boat built, which it can very well afford to do. Such enterprise would soon attract additional subscriptions, whereas, if the general mismanagement that occurred in the case of the Southport Life-boat is repeated, some strict inquiry will be demanded by the public, of the working and *personnel* of the Institution.

The announcement of the death of Sir Francis Bolton, in the prime of manhood, has been received by his friends with sincere sorrow. Since he left the army, he devoted himself more or less to scientific matters—especially electricity. When the question of the amalgamation of the Water Companies fell through, Sir Francis Bolton began to take the question up, and, had he lived, it is more than probable he would have sought parliamentary honours, and brought in a comprehensive bill on the subject. Frances, Countess of Waldegrave, had a high opinion of this officer's abilities, and successfully used her patronage to bring him forward. The public are indebted to Sir Francis Bolton for having added to the attraction of the last two Exhibitions at South Kensington, by the introduction of the illuminated fountains. He will long be remembered by a large circle of friends, both on account of his genial manner and obliging disposition.

The American Exhibition is making fair progress, and, like the previous Exhibitions, will be supplied with a new word. "Yankeries," is the name by which it will be called.

The literary event of last month was the rapid sale of Lord Brassey's *Naval Annual*, the whole edition being sold out in three days. It is a perfect encyclopædia of naval information, and one of the cheapest books (7s. 6d.) that has been published for some time past.

The *United Service Gazette* is undergoing certain changes and improvements. A ladies' supplement is given every week, giving a careful *resumé* of all those subjects likely to be interesting to officers' wives, including an article on needle-work, new music, both vocal and instrumental, fashion, society gossip, &c. Such additions should increase the popularity of this the oldest service journal.

Those who appreciate good cigarettes should try Parascho & Co.'s "Dumenly." They are made of the finest *Turkey tobacco*, grown on the Company's estates, "Dumenly," Yenijeh, Turkey. The paper used is specially manufactured, contains no injurious chemicals, and is absolutely pure. The "Dumenly" cigarettes possess all the bouquet characteristics of Turkish tobacco.

Reviews.

THRILLING TALES. By DR. MACAULAY. London: Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

For several years past Dr. Macaulay has produced at Christmas an admirable compilation of stirring tales of peace and war, industrial progress, and the dangers that beset man on sea and land. This year his annual deals with the first voyage round the world, the conquest of Peru, the insurrection of Wat Tyler, the drifting of the *Columbine*, railway trains seen in collision, Captain Back's Arctic adventures, ten days' buried alone in a coal-pit, the sinking of the *Alabama*, the meeting on the *Frank N. Thayer*, &c. The selection is as varied as it is judicious, and the numerous illustrations are in the very best style.

JACK HOOPER. By Commander V. LOVETT CAMERON. London: Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons.

Commander Cameron has writted *Jack Hooper* primarily to amuse and instruct the insatiable boyish appetite for books of adventure; but, at the same time, has enforced the moral that we do not realise how important the future of Africa is to us, and are allowing foreign nations to benefit by the labours of Livingstone, Burton, and other British explorers. The story, the scene of which is cast in South Africa, and is charmingly illustrated, is related with the freshness and graphic force that give such a charm to Cameron's style, and cannot fail to achieve the popularity it deserves.

THE ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE OF THE POLLY. By S. WHITCHURCH SADLER, R.N. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The "Voyage of the Polly," and a number of other yarns contributed at various times to the *Boys' Own Paper*, have been

There is no military or naval detail of interest which has not been fully discussed, and a historical notice given. Amongst other subjects, an interesting chapter is devoted to the history of the famous "Red," "White," and "Blue" squadrons in the navy, and the history of the Cinque Ports, with their Lord Warden and Barons. The book abounds in accurate tables; those showing the military and naval commands and distribution of forces, and those of naval stations, both fleet and coast-guard, deserve special attention. A brief record of the campaigns in which the British army has taken part, from 1695 to 1885, is, perhaps, the most valuable part of the book. To foreign military readers the details of the badges of rank placed in an easy form for reference will prove of interest. The volume is very well got up, and will supply what has certainly been a want in our military literature.

PRACTICAL ETYMOLOGY FOR STUDENTS OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

By B. Tachella, B.A., &c. London: Nott, Strand.

Those who have experienced the drudgery of learning the German language by old and tedious methods, will recognise in Mr. Tachella's valuable little work on *Practical Etymology for Students, &c.*, an easy way to the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of the subject.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT E. LEE. By A. L. LONG. London: Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Military literature has been enriched this month by an excellent biographical account of the great Confederate General. The work is due to the pen of General Long, who acted as Lee's military secretary during the war between North and South, and, in spite of the infirmity of blindness, has turned out a solid book of some 700 pages, which would be a worthy addition to any military library. Lord Wolseley, we believe, makes no secret of his opinion that he considers General Lee an infinitely greater general than Grant. Not everybody will subscribe to this view, but we feel persuaded that General Long's clear and comprehensive account of his operations will strengthen very materially Lord Wolseley's opinion. Notwithstanding his blindness the author has managed to prepare as good a biography as any commander could desire, and no officer can read it without adding largely to his knowledge of modern warfare. The engraved portrait of Lee is a very fine one, while the numerous maps impart a special value to this handsome volume.

RUSSIAN NOVELS. By TOLSTOI and DOSTOIEVSKY. London: Messrs. Vizetelly.

In view of the attention that is being given to Russian literature just now, Messrs. Vizetelly have commenced the issue of a series of translations of the best Russian novels, which include *Peace and War*, and *Anna Karenina*, by Tolstoi, and *Insult and Injury*, by Dostoievsky. The first we strongly recommend to military readers, as in Russia it possesses the reputation of being the best realistic account of the French invasion of Russia. It is published in three books, and contains almost every type of Russian military man, from the commander-in-chief to the cadet just joining the army. *Anna Karenina*, and *Insult and Injury*, are social novels, full of genius, and fit to rank with the masterpieces of European fiction. The translations are excellent, and we trust will inspire some of the many officers now learning Russian to not only read them, but also utilise their studies to put other works of the kind before the English public.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA FACE TO FACE IN THE EAST. By Lieutenant A. C. YATE. Edinburgh: Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

We must frankly confess to being disappointed with this work. The title led us to believe we should find within the covers an interesting contribution to Russo-Indian literature, instead of a *réchauffée* of very dry and not particularly interesting letters supplied to the Indian press, the value of which has largely vanished with the progress of recent events. The final two chapters, dealing with the results of the Boundary Commission, betray an astonishing ignorance of the literature of the Russo-Indian question, not only of Baker's and MacGregor's writings, but also of those of Mr. Marvin, a perusal of whose threepenny pamphlet, *Russia's Power of Attacking India*, would have dispelled the imaginary difficulties of a Russian advance to Herat and the Helmund existing in the author's mind.

FORES'S SPORTING NOTES AND SKETCHES. Vol. III. London: Messrs. Fores.

Fores's *Sporting Sketches* has not only thoroughly established itself as a first-class sporting quarterly, but in the annual volume form has become a popular institution. The one lying before us now shows continuous improvement, and is evidently edited with energy and care, proving that the remarkable success of the publication has not, in any way, led to slackness on the art of those

who have charge of it. The stories are capital, and the illustrations, by Finch Mason, R. M. Alexander, and Cuthbert Bradley, are in the very best style. The cover, which is superb in crimson and gold, renders the annual an admirable sporting gift-book.

HUMOROUS GEMS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by EDWARD T. MASON. London: Messrs. George Routledge & Sons.

Into a handy work of 400 pages, Mr. Mason has crammed some of the best things written by American humorists, well adapted for fireside or railway reading. The selection includes funny bits from not only such inevitables as Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and James Russell Lowell, but also from Henry Ward Beecher, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frank R. Stockton, Louisa May Alcott, and some forty others. Some of the extracts are familiar, but we venture to say that quite three-fifths of the book will be fresh to the generality of readers. Altogether the work is a capital one, and full of humour and fun from beginning to end.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be directed to the Editors, Army and Navy Magazine, 13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W., and must contain name and address of the writer. Name and address on *letters* is insufficient.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1887.

The Nation in Arms.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LIEUT.-COL. BARON VON DER GOLTZ.

(Continued from page 362.)

AN eye-witness must be struck by the gradual loss of energy during the whole operations. It is a factor with which we must reckon, and which, where it is not counterbalanced by the intervention of some powerful personal influence, renders care necessary in employing the troops.

A remarkable testimony to this was an order of Prince Frederick Charles during the Loire campaign, issued on the 10th of December 1870; and this may find a place in this treatise, because such exceptional conditions are seldom noticed as they should be.

"The engagements of the last few days," the order runs, "and the repeated attempts of the enemy to fight against us in open country with increased artillery, cause me to draw the attention of my generals to the fact that ineffectual artillery-fire must, in all cases, be confined to ranges exceeding 2,000 *mètres*; otherwise the supply of ammunition, in spite of all our exertions, cannot be assured."

"Where the enemy, as he has hitherto done, sometimes takes the offensive against us, and we properly occupy our terrain, we shall be enabled to use our fire to its fullest effect, which, in the case of the artillery, must only amount to rapid fire at the most propitious moment."

"If the enemy on the other hand, as is his wont, only plays his artillery-fire before our front and awaits our attack, it will be advisable for our front to use its artillery very little, until one of

the enemy's wings has been outflanked at not more than a quarter of a mile (German). Here then will be the place for lively artillery-fire, in order to induce the enemy to undertake the offensive against our outflanking movement.

“With such outflanking our numerous cavalry with horse-artillery can meanwhile effect a faint in the enemy's rear, in order thus to cause confusion among the enemy.

“If the enemy's attacks have been thus repelled with loss, our offensive with our infantry can then take place, so as to compel the enemy to retreat.

“In this way those resultless battles will be avoided, that weary the troops, cause us useless losses, and consume our valuable ammunition.”

The peculiarity of this order in respect to the employment of the three arms, the sparing and yet the use of the weak infantry, renders it a pattern for all battles of a similar kind.

The *qualities of the enemy* they are fighting influence also, in no small degree, the fighting of the troops. Even the best army, which for a long time only fights inferior enemies, suffers in efficiency. The experience of war in Algiers, Eastern Asia and Mexico, of which the French troops in 1870 were so proud, did not show itself to advantage in the war against Germany. It was proved that the military parades across the ocean had only produced a routine in small wars, which were nearly valueless for our European conditions, whilst on the other side they had reduced an otherwise brave army to over-estimate itself and adopt a number of idle habits. And by its victories so easily gained over undisciplined bands, this army became entirely disaccustomed to serious resistance, and to consistent and vigorous action on the part of its opponents. It is, moreover, peculiar, that soldiers who have to make but little sacrifices for their successes, begin more and more to fear making them. The fewer warriors fall, the more precious does each consider himself, and the more does the inclination to die for the Fatherland recede. The bloody scenes of general destruction, as displayed at Vionville and St. Privat, lowered in each one's eyes the value of his own person. The greater excitement increased the exertion of all the energies, self-sacrifice, and contempt of death. When we began later to take things more easily in the war, the whole manner of action became more faint-hearted. We likewise began to give way, after having for months the raw troops of the September Republic before us, over which we so frequently triumphed with but little exertion. When then at last a strong character in the enemy's army, and peculiar

circumstances favourable to it, brought about a really tough resistance, the work was hard for our troops. It is the best evidence of their internal value that they did not on this occasion give way.

The most difficult task that can be imposed upon an army is to enter upon a second against fresh enemies, immediately after a campaign in which its moral energies have been partially consumed. Fortunate as Napoleon's operations against the Prussians and Saxons in the autumn of 1806 had been, they came all the same to a standstill when in the winter he encountered the Russians and the corps of General von L'Estocq, which had not previously been in action. We, too, in 1870, felt uncomfortable when the first brilliant epoch of the war against the French Empire was closely followed by a second against the Republic.* What a great impression is made by the appearance of fresh troops upon the field, when all have struggled themselves tired and weary, is told in every page of the history of war. Of not less influence is the appearance of new enemies upon the theatre of war. Much, of course, depends upon the especial sensations with which the second period is entered upon. If it comes unforeseen, if the army had cradled itself into the comfortable feeling that it might rest upon its laurels, the victory over self will be all the harder. If, after having humbled one enemy, the necessity of turning upon the other has been from the first clearly perceived, the second step has, to a certain extent, been prepared for. Of course the amount of the losses which the first has cost, is also of influence. An army which has achieved great results with but moderate sacrifices, like that of Napoleon in 1805, will even draw vigour from its experiences. But, as a rule, it is a deception to believe that it is possible with the same forces first on one side to lead to a final issue a bloody campaign, and then at once to use them, on the other, with the same energy. Even a victory in the first encounter has exhausted the energies, damped the martial ardour of the troops, and quenched their thirst for honour and glory.

VII.—THE INFLUENCE OF FORTRESSES.

The battle around strongholds belongs only to this treatise in so far as it deals with warfare generally.

Siege and defence will, in the future, become a number of artillery engagements, in which the opponents will severally hurl at each other thousands of tons of iron, and make their projectiles,

* To this are certainly to be attributed many of the dissenting opinions held at that time in military circles as to Gambetta's activity.

by filling them with a large charge of explosives, have the effect of mines; thus ploughing up the whole battle-field and destroying all bulwarks. The attacker opens his artillery against the front where he hopes for success, and against which, according to the situation of the railways and roads, he can bring up his heavy siege-guns. The defender feels himself confined to the walls of the fortress, and too much exposed to the flank fire of the enemy. He, too, betakes himself to the open, develops his wealth of cannon between the outlying forts, or the works specially constructed for the war,* and here accepts battle with his batteries, which he now first plants for this object.

All further steps depend upon the issue here.

If the attacker is defeated, if he is unable to restore the battle by bringing up his reserves of guns and to turn it in his favour, the siege will be interrupted and reduced to an investment until fresh resources are brought up from the base of operations.

If the defender is worsted, he will not wait for complete annihilation, but will conceal for the present the guns that still remain to him. He permits the attacker to push up his intrenchments against the stronghold, and only tries his artillery-fire a second time, when the enemy has come so close that he must confine himself before the works to a very narrow space. The advantage, too, of outflanking—at all events, at a short distance—is here annulled in the case of the attacker; the co-operation of side-fronts is, in this case, favourable to the defender. If, however, he has once been worsted in the first artillery battle, he will but rarely win the second, for in the course of the siege the losses of his guns increase.

From the time of the second artillery battle, the fall of the fortress will be merely a question of time. The engineer conducting the attack must force the defender, and render access to the breaches made by the artillery or the mines practicable, but, as a rule, unless aid comes from without, the fate of the place is decided.

We are, perhaps, in these days too much inclined to somewhat over-estimate the superiority and the destructive power of artillery. Fortresses that are well built, works which, hewn out of the solid rock, stand upon ground that renders the throwing up of intrenchments a difficult undertaking, can now, as ever they could, serve as bulwarks and display powers of resistance with which

* Provisional works, such as played such a part at Silistria, Sebastopol, and even at Belfort, unless a very long time has been expended upon their thorough reconstruction, lack in these days the requisite powers of resistance to the modern guns.

they are now scarcely credited. But, generally, it is the greater strength in artillery that decides the battle for the possession of a place.

This circumstance is not of little influence upon the rôle fortresses play in great wars. Places of importance have, in these days, 300, 400, 500, and more heavy guns. The attacker need not outbid these numbers, for he can combine his batteries before his front, whilst the defender must plant several, and must supply some of them rather plentifully with metal. Besides this, the attacker can move about at will, and choose the place for planting his batteries, which materially conduces to strength. But he, too, will have to bring up hundreds of heavy siege-guns, in order to be able to begin with any prospects of success. We know what incredible difficulties this causes, and, that the attacker must be extremely saving in opening sieges, renders his determination with extreme care and only after serious deliberation.

As a general rule, in the future, only those fortresses will be invested, the possession of which is considered unavoidably necessary for the conclusion of peace, and such as must be removed in order to gain the indispensably necessary space for the evolutions of the armies. Special reasons will seldom be decisive, as was the case with Sebastopol, where England wished to destroy the nursery of the Russian naval power in the Black Sea.

Hence it follows, that the two most natural ends that the building of fortresses can fulfil, consist in securing the possession of important places and in blocking communications. Accordingly, passages across rivers are strongly protected, in order that a safe transit from bank to bank may be had between large and sweeping works. Arsenals that are vital to the army or the navy are concealed when they are so situated that the enemy could easily destroy them. Great fortresses are also laid in distant provinces much exposed to the enemy, and into which, by reason of their situation, no considerable army can be sent. Then, without such an army, it would be no easy task to dispossess the owners. East Prussia would never find itself in the enemy's hand as long as Königsberg held out; whilst the regaining of the province would be rendered easy by the possession of this place. Only an adversary very much weakened can, in any other place, be forced to surrender such bulwarks, such as, for instance, the Russians succeeded before Constantinople in doing; compelling the surrender of the Bulgarian fortresses.

Theory usually allows fortresses more influence in a great war. They are made silent participators in all the evolutions

of the army. They are described as being supports for the advance, as a basis for the attack, and as gates of sorties; their flanking effect is also spoken of.

Under such pictures, however, confused ideas are concealed, and they require a simple explanation.

That the advance receives support from frontier fortresses is correct, in so far as that otherwise it would be easier for the enemy to disturb it, if he could put himself into prompt possession of the places that are now closed to him. Strong garrisons can, immediately on the breaking out of hostilities, send out detachments to occupy important railway bridges, &c. The observation of the frontier is facilitated, the soldiers in the frontier districts have a safe place to collect in, and to be clothed and equipped. In the fortresses, also, there is room for magazines, which must be rapidly established, whilst the troops are collecting. In short, there will be no lack of a number of such subordinate advantages. But the protection which the troops gain whilst unshipping and for their development, is a limited one. The enemy certainly cannot push forward in the immediate vicinity of the fortress, and disturb these doings, and, moreover, the troops of the arriving army which have been unshipped in the fortress are quite secure. But this advantage can only be enjoyed by a comparatively small part of the whole army. At some distance from the fortress, interruptions of traffic on the railway are possible. - The fortresses of former times were of great value as *bases*, where the armies were dependent upon one, or upon only a few, magazines. Had Naumburg, in 1806, been a fortress, Napoleon's outflanking could not have made the crushing impression upon the Prussian army upon the Saale it did. The sole chief magazine there was lost. In our days, when the whole country behind the armies is loaded with supplies of all kinds, the loss, and, in consequence, the protection also, of such an emporium can be of no moment. The *rôle* of a fortress, as a basis, is thus limited; it will only be of importance where the advance happens to be obliged to be made within a very narrow space: for example, when a naval Power possesses fortified harbours on a foreign coast which form the natural and sole basis for its incursions by land.

That fortresses are especially favourable *gates for sorties* is also difficult to prove. The works do not facilitate movement. An army makes more easily a sortie through open country. If the army is confined to a narrow strip of land, perhaps a defile between mountains, which the enemy could bar against it with few troops, it

will, of course, be well to secure possession of the pass. Thus did the French, through their fortress of the first order, secure the famous "*trouée de Belfort*." But "blocking" is difficult in a civilised country well-provided with roads. In order to seize it, a few good forts would have sufficed, and a camp-fortress might have been dispensed with. Belfort, the cession or retention of which was the subject of diplomatic discussion in 1871, in its present form serves more the purpose of securing one point permanently.

But, as to the *flanking effect of fortresses*, this is still more open to question. The idea underlies it that the commandant of a fortress which is not being invested can employ his garrison in external operations. In following out this idea, it is impossible for the adversary to allow his lines of communication to pass close in the vicinity of a fortress, unless he is prepared to have considerable forces on the spot to protect them.

The correctness of this view will be recognized by every commandant. Every one of them would agree that he is only in this way enabled to turn the stronghold, built with so much expense, and its numerous garrison, to account, in case the enemy attempted to pass by without respecting it. The thought will even be present to him, to force a siege by constant and energetic activity in the more remote vicinity, in order that the fortress thus may fulfil its proper ends. But cogent and momentous reasons are obstacles to the realisation of this plan.

In a great fortress, on the breaking out of hostilities, there is such an extraordinary amount of things to do that all energies must, at first, be given up to this work. Moreover, the best of fortresses are not, in times of peace, prepared for the defence. The surrounding country must be cleared, the ramparts must be arranged for mounting the guns, the ditches cleared out, obstacles contrived, doors and bridges secured, crossings, ways, and lines of metals laid, outlying villages fortified, advanced positions built, ammunition prepared, all *matériel* got ready, bomb-proof chambers built, which, in extent, often are many hectares square. Besides this, magazines, dépôts, and hospitals must be organised, and protective measures taken against fire.

Every fortress will show deficiencies which have not been made good in time of peace, but which remained to be removed by the preparations for war. In short, there is altogether work of such an amount as can rarely be properly finished during the campaign. There always remains still much to do and much to desire. The completion of provisional works, if they are to possess

any degree of defensibility, requires months. The French surrendered to us at Metz and Paris redoubts at which they had been building during the whole investment, and which at last were still in a partially incomplete state.

In comparison with the extent of modern fortresses, the garrisons of all the various parts appear quite insignificant. They are so distributed over the great space that the defence at any one single point appears weak. Everywhere will the wish for reinforcing be heard. The sentinel and outpost duties upon long lines make immoderate calls upon the forces.

The commandant must pay all possible attention to being as ready as possible at the commencement of a siege. In this way he will never judge the moment for external operations to have come, and then, when it has arrived, he will find out that he really has no extra strength to dispose of.

The fear lest the enemy should begin an investment before the expeditionary columns have returned, and that thus their return will be impossible, prevents distant excursions being made. But in the vicinity there is frequently found no adequate object.

Under all circumstances, such operations have to contend with great difficulties. If a distinct object in view is wanting, as, for instance, a base of the enemy, vulnerable places in his lines of communication, &c., excursions will frequently result in nothing. To make a sortie from the fortress, only in order to look for a booty worth taking, is, as a rule, not possible, because expeditionary troops can only be weak in cavalry, and the obtaining of intelligence will, therefore, be greatly impeded. The commandant will have to grope about in the darkness. Very rarely is it possible in a fortress to be sufficiently informed as to what is going on outside, so as to know definitely that the enemy is not in a position to rapidly collect superior forces, and crush the parts of the garrison that have ventured into the open. Their situation will likewise be made worse by the fact that in making a retreat they are dependent upon one single point. But the annihilation of one of the columns may, when their strength is a considerable one, jeopardise the defence of the fortress against a formal attack. The moral effect of such a loss upon the garrison is, beyond doubt, serious. If parts of the garrison that have been sent out meet together with their own field-troops, and if, conjointly with these, they become implicated in engagements, they easily obtain another mission. *This they will, as a rule, gladly jump at.* They are then lost to the commandant. This experience was made, in January 1871, by General Rolland, when he dispatched the battalions of his Garde Mobile to support

the Army of the East operating against Belfort. They never returned. The inclination troops have to free themselves from the ban of a fortress, which is always regarded as somewhat like imprisonment, is too natural not to be reckoned with.

The Damocles sword of a formal attack is always hanging over the head of the commandant, and this will make him reserved as to his external operations. If he is quite certain that such attack does not threaten him, that the enemy has disposed of his siege-train and cannot bring up fresh *matériel*, that is the very moment, but the certainty of it will only be attained in the rarest cases. *Fortresses protect the troops they contain, but, at the same time, anchor them to the spot.* A bold attacker will be able to pass by in the vicinity and keep open his lines of communication at a respectful distance without fear. The flanking effect of a fortress is, generally speaking, not great. Exceptions may occur, when the garrison is exceptionally strong, or when a part of the active army has been temporarily driven into the fortress, in which case these forces upon which the commandant had not reckoned, and which do not belong to him, must be turned to account in some way or other.*

During the war of 1870-71, the fortress of Langres lay in the rear of the German army. With a garrison of 17,000 men and at no time threatened or even invested by the half this number of troops, this fortress never really endangered the lines of communication of two armies which passed by a few miles off. Much was certainly written and talked about its being the fountain-source of all alarms and interruptions, but these consisted far more in what was feared than in what actually took place.

Both the interruptions of any importance which took place in the country about Langres, the surprise of Chatillon sur Seine, on the 19th of November 1870, and the blowing up of the bridge of Fontenoy on the 22nd of January 1871, were the work of French marauders, who acted independently. Yet neither the commandant nor yet the garrison can be reproached with inactivity. Here, too, natural impeding forces were at work. The only excursion made with considerable forces of all three arms, for any great distance, ended at Longeau, on the 16th of December 1870, with the defeat and death of the commander.

Every commandant, who is not beleaguered, must endeavour to turn his combatant forces to account by offensive activity. But

* Of course such bodies of troops will least of any be inclined to allow themselves to be fettered permanently to a fortress.

few only possess the opportunity, still fewer the necessary daring. The demand is not a slight one.

So in every war we shall see a great number of fortresses fully equipped and prepared, whilst only a few of them play any part.

A modern fortress of moderate importance has a garrison of 25,000 to 30,000 men. Five such fortresses thus require a whole army. Too many great fortresses may accordingly be regarded as being a source of weakness. Some field troops will usually be mixed with the garrisons.*

Strongholds, which are directly affected by the movements, may certainly be of great advantage to the active army. Most dubious, however, is that advantage, which is made so much of, namely that a defeated army can find protection behind the forts of a fortress, and rally and rest there, and then break out again afresh. The last part of the programme will, as a rule, remain a good resolution. *Great armies, which are shut up in a fortress after lost battles, are, as the history of investments from Alesia down to Metz proves, almost always lost.* This is primarily due to the bad moral effect which the consciousness of having a secure refuge behind the guns of the fortress must exercise upon every army that has learnt to know and to feel the superiority of the enemy. And next, it is a material fact that the freedom of motion for a numerous army in the camp of a stronghold is very small. Masses of houses, gardens, walls, hedges, plantations of all kinds fill up the inner space between the works. The troops are more or less confined to narrow streets. Their formation in battle array is but slowly effected. It is only essential that the investing army finds well-situated stations of observation, in order to be ready to oppose the invested army at the place where the irruption is attempted. The investing army has to cover greater distances round about the fortress, but, in return for this, it has the possibility of being able to utilise more roads and to march without let or hindrance. At the spot it has only to make a passive resistance. The reinforcements, which are being brought up on the line of investment from both sides, come up in a direction unfavourable for the enemy's attempt to break out, that is upon his flanks. The disadvantage, that every army of

* However, great fortresses, which once and for all are there, cannot be abandoned, without more ado, in order to spare troops, at all events such a resolve is hard to make. Changes in the political situation may unexpectedly make a fortress that has been surrendered of importance. The unlooked for course of a war gives it, perhaps, an importance that could not be previously estimated. In a few important fortresses it is essentially necessary to keep them from being taken by the enemy, who would seize them, if it were made easy for him. Here the works must remain, even when siege is not expected.

h.B.

investment only opposes a thin line to the enemy concentrated in masses, is only apparent. The neighbours of that part attacked form reserves; they are better placed at the side than behind. When the investing army has concentrated upon the threatened point, then it is true that the greater part of their positions round the fortress will at that moment be but weakly occupied. Then it would be possible to break through somewhere, but the invested army is now united and concentrated upon the field of action, and not where the roads are open to it. Before it can face round, the observant besieger can stand before it again. The effect of his fire renders it impossible to rush even over a thin line without more ado. Whilst it is resisting, supports can come up.* But rarely will the invested be able to judge when and where the circumstances are favourable for his liberation. Errors and mistakes are very easily possible.

Now, even if the first irruption succeeds, the army has the enemy upon both flanks. Its baggage and commissariat cannot possibly be brought out as well, and without these it is not capable of taking the field for long. Fractions and certain parts may escape, but not the whole army, in a state in which it could play a rôle in the open.

An army can easily be got behind fortifications, but only with difficulty back again into the open, except it be that strong help from without lends it a hand.

Weaker garrisons find much more readily a way to liberate themselves, even when surrounded by comparatively superior forces. The best instance of this is furnished by the self-liberation of the garrison of Menin under General von Hammerstein, drastically described by Scharnhorst: 18,000 men here out their way through 20,000.†

Among all the relations between fortress and field army, the latter must make it a supreme rule *never to allow itself to be thrown into a fortress*. Even to pass through it is dangerous, because the army may easily be kept prisoner there against its will. But it cannot, under all circumstances, be avoided, as in the case of

* The invested may, it is true, attack with a few corps the place at which it is not intended to break out, in order to allure the investor thither, and then to attempt the liberation in another direction. But the enemy, as a rule, will quickly see through and checkmate this manœuvre. It has greater chances of success if an attack be made with the main army, so as to compel the enemy to collect his troops on one point of the investing line, and then to break through on the other with a corps that has been kept concealed. But in that case only one part is saved.

† As to the influence, that the strength of an invested army exercises upon the possibility of its cutting its way through. Cf. Blume, *Strategie*, p. 249.

changing from one river-bank to the other, but here, of course, the danger is diminished.

It is always better *to use it as a support*, which enables the field army to keep its full freedom of action. But in such a case the touch must not be an immediate one. The enemy will, generally, take good care not to force his way between an army and a stronghold in its immediate vicinity, even when the road is open to him. In this manner, fronts of considerable length can be covered, which it were otherwise impossible to hold with the number of troops in the field. A fortress of the first rank, with a circle of forts, having a diameter of two to three miles, thus covers a line of front of four to five miles. The field army which rests upon the fortress is, moreover, in this favourable position, that only one of its wings can be surrounded. It may, from the outset, keep its reserves in readiness there. If the terrain also affords any support, further advantages accrue. Where rivers or valleys converge upon the fortress, the army will be able to choose several of such positions one after another, by wheeling round the fortress with one wing always resting upon it and protected by it.

The army which sees a great stronghold some little distance behind it, with a lighter heart, ventures a battle against superior numbers. Its retreat is, at worst, short, and the destruction can never be very great. And if it passes through the fortress, and has it afterwards in front of it, the enemy will rarely be able to see whether, and in what numbers, it has left troops there. This compels him to closely watch the place with strong forces; that is, to weaken himself.

Thus will a fortress upon the theatre of war be of much service to the army. The proximity of Metz rendered it possible for the army of the Rhine, on its retreat to the Moselle after the battle of Spicheren, to keep without great danger behind the Nied (*française*). Only perseverance was wanting in order to bring still greater advantages. Metz allowed Marshal Bazaine to accept the battle of the 14th August with fear; it allowed him to lead back his army across the Moselle, although the Germans reached that river before he did; it gave him, on the 16th and 18th August, a support for his left wing, and saved the defeated right after the battle of St. Privat from being pursued.

That Osman Pasha's less numerous army, had it not been for the adroitly and rapidly improvised fortifications of Plevna, would not have been able to play the *rôle* it did, is self-evident. But in both cases, at Metz and at Plevna, we also see that the proper moment for breaking off connection with the fortress, which

is so difficult to seize, was finally neglected by the leader of the field-army, and the means of safety thus turned to its destruction.

The extension of strongholds by girdles of forts, which are in these days considered to be indispensable accompaniments, has really introduced no new element into the mode of waging war. The idea of "camp fortresses" is an old one, and Babylonians, Carthaginians, and Byzantians have led armies behind the walls of great and populous towns, in order there to continue the resistance which was impossible in the open. Only the dimensions have become different, as have the ranges of the hurling machines, which the attackers employed. A more modern idea is the building of chains of forts, and clusters of forts, in order to block roads and railways. By this means an attacking army can be brought to a standstill, and garrisons tens of thousands strong are not needed. The observation and defence of the battle-field between the forts is thus dispensed with; no town circumvallation behind them need be kept, and yet the enemy's passage will be as effectually prevented as by a great fortress. Such works have always, it is true, a considerable weakness. Many single commandants, many small garrisons, work side by side, and, if not the fate yet, the advantage of the whole, depends upon the uniform efficiency of all. The possibility of a mistake or a disaster occurring in one place is increased. If, owing to such, a fort should early fall into the enemy's hand, the value of the whole group or line is not, perhaps, thus entirely lost, but will be very considerably diminished. Here is peculiarly applicable what we have said about defence upon a long front. The danger can be diminished by the fact that the field-army places itself in close communication with the works, and thus prevents the isolation, so that the line of forts, with the immediately lying field-intrenchments gains the same character as the attacked front of a very great fortress. The troops employed to battle between the forts are not lost to the active service, and the danger of investment vanishes. There remains only this danger still left, that the army, owing to the advantages which such support affords him, allows itself to be drawn too much into a *purely passive* defence.

We have already said that the manner of attack upon such groups or lines will be different according to the inclination and character of various armies and generals. To forcibly effect their surrender here, too, the destructive force of artillery is the sole safe means, as long as a special method of dismantling such bulwarks at great distances has not been discovered. A bombardment of forts in any degree formidable with ordinary field-guns does

not hold out any prospects of success, as, at the close of the late war, was proved by the cannonade upon the hill castles of Salins. Certainly such masses of heavy ordnance as must be brought up against a great fortress will not be required. But if we reflect that the transport of one single piece of heavy ordnance with the most indispensable ammunition requires nearly 40 horses, the difficulties to be contended with here are not small. In order to get 50 guns to open fire upon a fort, including the mounted officials more than 2,000 horses are needed. The impediment that the army thus loads upon itself is not small, and the assault is really beset with great difficulties.

Bold men in similar cases have dispensed with the aid of artillery, and, employing the means which the moment affords, have been desirous of storming. They demand of their troops an heroic achievement of the most unwonted kind. Under exceptional circumstances, such a demand may be relied upon, but no rule must be based upon it. Besides, the peculiar "family life" of our national armies stands in the way of the execution of such deeds of daring. The person who orders the storm, and the person who carries out the orders are, as a rule, personages in spheres wide apart from each other. Before a fort, only small forces can be employed on account of the space. The written order is issued by the *ober-kommando*, passes through the *general-kommandos*, the respective staffs of the division and brigade, and remains at last in the hands of the infantry regiment forming the advanced-guard, which is deputed to carry out the order. If an obstinate storm does not succeed, it entails great sacrifice of life. But with a loss of 1,200 or 1,500 men a regiment ceases, as far as the campaign is concerned, to play its proper part, for it consists for the most part of fresh drafts. Moreover, the confidence of the men will generally be shaken in the leader whom it saw make the preparations, that is in their own commander, who all the while is, perhaps, quite innocent.

To be wrecked in front of fortifications after storming in vain is, according to my own unalterable views, somewhat less glorious than in open battle in the field. There is, accordingly, danger that the whole affair, if it does not easily succeed, will be abandoned as soon as honour has been satisfied. Who, then, would wish to attempt an undertaking the issue of which is so much dependent upon chance, and in which, if it fails, he may be certain in his immediate surroundings to be considered a butcher, and in wider circles a fool? Storms upon forts, before the thorough work of destruction has been completed by artillery, can

only be executed by Argonaut-captains, or leaders, who, following the character of the army in which they serve, may ruin a regiment to-day, and to-morrow may hope, surrounded by a nimbus of rash-daring, to be at the head of another. Where such conditions are wanting, it will, perhaps, be well to depart for once from all distinction of regiments, and to form the storming columns from various bodies of troops, placed under the command of a particularly daring officer, who thirsts for distinction. Or the personal leadership of officers of high rank may give success to this unusual achievement.

Where the gaps are filled by field-entrenchments, the attacker will, in the course of the battle, see the defender bring up not only in, but also between the forts, guns of heavy calibre. He must carefully entrench himself, gain ground at night and hold it by day. A long battle is the result, that partly is similar to one before a stronghold, and partly is like a field-battle, and in which the well-directed fire of artillery and infantry, as well as before all else the greater tenacity of the troops and their leaders, decides the day.

As such an uncomfortable struggle is avoided by everyone who can possibly do so, clusters of forts and chains of forts will only be serviceable where, from the formation of the country, and the position of the communications, they must be respected by the active armies.

This greatly restricts their employment. They are unsuited for keeping subordinate theatres of hostilities open; for the surrender of a few hill-forts, with a garrison of a few hundred men, can be easily effected subsequently, through diplomatic channels, when the campaign is, in other respects, successful.

An extension of fortificatory works is due to a feeling of weakness. A nation in which a spirit of offensive action dwells will be moderate in their use. He who seeks his safety behind walls and ditches, lacks a sense of strength. More and more will he confine himself to passive resistance, the end of which, at last, is defeat, be it ever so much delayed.

VIII.—LANDINGS.

Although in the Crimea the armies landed on a foreign coast gained the upper hand of the forces opposed to them, yet this was attributable to the fact that the communications of the attacker by sea, were, in spite of all difficulties, superior to those of the defender in his own country. Let us imagine, for a moment, a Russian network of railways in 1854 as extensive as in these days,

and 120,000 French, English, Turks, and Sardinians would not have been able to hold their own there very long. The successes of the Federal armies by descents upon the coasts of the Southern States during the War of Secession are explained by the fact that by a seizure of the harbours the rebellion was at once deprived of its main resources, and that in that thinly-populated country the rapid collection of fresh armies, in order to reconquer what had been lost, was impossible. In a mid-European war the conditions would be quite different. First of all, in a struggle between great Powers here in Europe, the forces are so evenly balanced that no State would care to dispense with a single corps of its field-army in order to employ it in uncertain undertakings upon distant coasts. This was soon felt by the French in 1870; their landing projects before long fell a prey to the force of circumstances.

"It is evident," says the German scheme of operation for that war, "how important it is to turn to account the superiority we possess at the start, even alone in the North German forces."

"This will at the critical moment be materially enhanced when the French undertake expeditions against the coast of the North Sea, or against South Germany; to repulse the former we have sufficient forces still remaining in the country."

This conception will be true, more or less, of every mid-European war.

The fruits of landing-expeditions will but rarely counterbalance the disadvantage entailed upon the field-army by the weakness caused in its ranks by the despatching of expeditions. Before a corps, landed on the enemy's coast, can point to considerable successes and can spread itself greatly, before the fleet has taken a number of places on the coast, its freedom of movement is very small. Only by daring and surprising advances can it equalise these deficiencies, but for this purpose it lacks cavalry. Of this arm an army landing on a foreign coast requires much, so as to be able to reconnoitre rapidly in all directions, to destroy railways at a distance, to check the approach of the defender, who is collecting on all sides. But horses are, of course, more difficult to transport on shipboard and to disembark than men and *matériel*, and there will therefore always be a lack of cavalry.

The military system of the great European nations is, in these days, so far prepared for action, that even when all field and field-reserve troops are already engaged in battle on the frontier or in the enemy's land, a considerable superior force can be quickly raised to resist descents upon the coast. Numerous drafts have

not yet taken the field and are available in their depôts. Great inland fortresses, which are not threatened by the enemy's field-army, can furnish strong compact bodies of troops. Improvisations and calling out the Landsturm are now demanded and will make good progress when the native soil is in evident danger. The telegraph and the railways, not impeded in their fullest development, bring up forces from the most distant provinces. True, the attacker can also reinforce himself by bringing up a second army corps; but before it arrives a considerable time has elapsed, and the fate of the first will, by that time, have been decided. Landings and operations on coasts have accordingly not only to contend with great difficulties, but have generally but little prospect of any great success. Therefore they can only be undertaken under especially favourable conditions.

To them belongs, first of all, a superfluity of strength. If Germany were attacked simultaneously by two great Powers on the East and on the West, their fleets and armies combined could certainly find sufficient means for undertaking a descent upon our coasts in strength commanding respect. It would be possible that the movements of the landing army could be brought into connection with those of the field army of one of the two allies. Its prospects would thus be considerably enhanced. If Denmark, in 1870, had been arrayed on the side of France, France would have been able to land troops upon the easily accessible east coast of Denmark, and, in combination with the Danish forces, to undertake an expedition against the Lower Elbe. The lack of cavalry, which makes itself so sensibly felt, would have been supplied by the Danish horse; and the allied army would have been able besides to be considerably increased in point of numbers. The whole of the Danish monarchy would have served for a base of operations. But, under such circumstances, the character of a landing-expedition is lost. Besides, only one part of the whole hostile forces has been able to take up its position, and then only by the aid of sea journeys.

It will always be prudent, in order to gain some freedom of movement upon the enemy's soil, first of all to subject the coasts in considerable breadth. An island lying close off can afford the possibility of safely disembarking and collecting troops, but here again the surprise is lost.

The defender gains time to take precautions. It appears that operations from the coast, penetrating far into the country and directed upon important objects, or with decisive intentions against the capital, are only possible on a great scale when a long war has

completely exhausted the energies of the State attacked, and when its last resources in men, horses, and weapons, have been consumed in withstanding the hostile land forces that have penetrated into the country across the frontier.

An attempt can certainly be also made immediately at the commencement of the war, when the concentration of forces has not yet been completed. "A French descent upon our coasts, if it was really intended at all, was in all probability to be expected in the first stage of the war, as such extensive operations must of themselves be seen to be impracticable as soon as we had entered upon French soil," we are told by the work of the General Staff, 1870. Such descents have rather the character of alarms, in order to impede mobilisation, and to disquiet the people, than of a serious attack.

Upon the masses it will always make a certain impression when the enemy, who is known of as being beyond the frontier, suddenly appears on shipboard upon the coast. But let us conceive that an army of 40,000 to 50,000 men were thrown by surprise upon that portion of our coasts in the Baltic lying nearest to Berlin, that is at the mouth of the Oder,* and that an advance was begun, the five or six days which would be required to reach the capital would suffice to throw against it superior forces.

Descents on the coast are, accordingly, for a populous State with a good military organisation, rather bugbears than real dangers.

IX.—COMMISSARIAT SUPPLIES AND FRESH DRAFTS IN WAR.

Whoever finds it inconvenient to give his attention to questions of commissariat in war, can refer to Napoleon's unwilling exclamation, "Do not talk to me of provisions!" But the matter looks different when we observe the Emperor's conduct in his various campaigns. He evinced, at all times, extraordinary care for the measures to be taken to provide for the sustenance of his armies. Certainly he did not adhere to any fixed system, but took the means of nourishing his hosts just wherever he found them. He knew how, by promising high payment, by his dexterous treatment of authorities and communities, as well as by threats and brute force, to furnish himself with supplies; even in exhausted and poor districts. When there was occasion for it, to use his own words, he put the land on both sides of the road on which the troops were moving, under blood and fire, in order to squeeze provisions from it. As he understood how to stamp armies out of the

* Not to mention the difficulty of landing just in that place.

ground, so also did corn-fields grow upon his open hand. But before all things he was a master in organising his lines of rear communication; and purchases, transports, requisitions, magazines, and compulsory provisioning by the population all co-operated to fill his soldiers' bellies. In Russia he came to grief because circumstances there were superior to the man. His saying must not, accordingly, be taken to mean that the General must not busy himself with commissariat matters, but only that considerations of sustenance must not control, but be subordinate to, those of the employment of the troops. The great ends of the war must be prejudiced as little as possible by anxiety for bread, and for this purpose every source is welcome which can be struck out of the rock—that is what is meant.

The martial right of armies to take from the country all that they require for their sustenance, is very ancient. Moses, in sending forth spies into the Promised Land, referred them to requisitions with the words, "Be comforted and take the fruits of the land." In the Thirty Years' War, this practice was in vogue to a disastrous extent in Germany. In later times it was suppressed by the marvellous influences which the development of the political and military systems spread about them. The Great French Revolution, with its train of altered views of right and political ideas, reintroduced it. It placed, for the purposes of war, at the free disposal of the *de facto* lords of a country the resources and energies of all countries they controlled.

Thus the principle, "live from the country," came back into the doctrine of warfare, and we adhere to it in these days to such an extent, that we regard all the supplies transported up to the rear of an army only as reserves, which are there for cases of urgent need, when the theatre of war can no longer yield what is requisite. But in this very particular we are just at present undergoing a change, which will be even more marked in future wars than it was in 1870–71.

By the expression "live from the country," we have naturally an *enemy's country* in view; in our own, the most essential advantages which it imparts disappear.

In ancient times these were not sought in the circumstance that the troops were more mobile and independent, but an army clung, even then, to the magazines, whence the resources of the theatre of war were taken. The most important thing was considered to be that the enemy was damaged, whilst to the invader's country there accrued an indirect increase of its resources. Frederick the Great, in 1756 and 1757, took good care to let his armies live

from the enemy's country, without thinking of gaining freedom of action for distant excursions. He merely intended to provision his troops for a time, without paying so much for it as in his own country. He wished to keep his money in his pocket, to spare his slender exchequer, and thus to be enabled to carry on the war the longer. In reality, the supplies brought together by taxation* were, considering the smallness of the armies and compared with the trifling sums exacted, considerable. At times the army may have lived without expending a thaler, or bringing a sack of flour across the frontier. In the seventeenth century, it was the rule in war to subsist gratis, and neither Thurn, Mansfeld, Christian of Brunswick, or Wallenstein had a well-ordered exchequer at their disposal in order to maintain their armies. They acted on the principle that war must live from war to its fullest extent.

Now-a-days when armies and the daily expenditure of money are reckoned by millions, all that is changed. The supplies hastily collected on the march, or by exactions, are insignificant, as far as a saving of money is concerned. Though the troops do temporarily eat and drink at the neighbour's expense, the quartermaster-general's department cannot on that account suspend its activity, nor the State coffers be closed. Considering the precautions which the commissariat for such large masses of men demands, it is not possible to wait to see if anything can here or there be found in the country before making the calculations, but the whole supplies for the whole army must be secured by the State for each day. Just as a great household is carried on on the same scale, whether or not one or other of the family is invited to dine at another house, so must the supplies flow continuously for the full number of men and beasts, without considering whether or not one or other army corps chances not to be in need of the fresh supplies. The result will generally only be that the troops for a time live better, that is, consume double. Much is spoiled or is lost.

Everyone knows, again, how difficult it is to procure even 100,000 francs in a foreign country by levying contributions, and that is not one-fiftieth part of the daily expenses of a great army. Even forcible exactions are no longer of any appreciable account in respect of reducing our own expenditure.

In order that the ends of the war may be pursued without hindrance, it is of enormous importance when the army finds in affluent districts of the enemy's country provisions enough to maintain itself temporarily wherever it goes. But it must be doubted

* For the requisition system of modern practice was not employed.

whether this fact has any considerable or permanent effect upon the finances of the State.

If we live upon the enemy's country, we mean that the enemy is not in our own, and that our country is not suffering under the presence of the belligerent armies. Its taxability and its credit are not nearly so much diminished as would be the case if a part of its territory were covered with troops. But the thought that could be indulged in in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that it were possible to force an enemy to yield by carrying the war into his country, has in these days become considerably modified. As we have before said, the possibility of holding out does not depend so much upon whether one is on this side of the frontier or on that, as upon the international credit we enjoy.

In another respect, also, the meaning of the standing phrase, "live upon the enemy's country," is changed. Even Napoleon, in 1812, did not lead as many combatants into Russia as we, in 1870, did into France. In the future, the figures of 1870 will be outbid. Such masses of men, which, consuming everything, pass over the country like locusts, can only for a very short time be maintained upon the supplies which are found scattered about in households. Let us take the case of a small country town, which is unexpectedly called upon to provide for 4,000, 5,000, or 6,000 men. That will go on well for one, two, or three days without difficulty, but not for weeks. The way the soldier lives in the kitchen and cellar of his billeted quarters is not wont to be very economical. Much is only consumed and used up without being properly utilised. Thus, the supplies become exhausted twice as rapidly. And thus we are compelled, not out of pedantry and a desire to restrict the operations of war unnecessarily, to fall back upon our stores. Only it is erroneous to speak, in these days, of a magazine system, for our modern commissariat is characterised by *want of system*.

The peculiarity of a magazine system was, that it bound armies to certain points, which they only unwillingly separated themselves from, and then only for a certain number of marches. This is conceivably no longer the case, and any similarity with Frederick's times is purely contained in the term "magazine." The difference moreover, lies not so much in the new idea as in the modern system of State finance. If Frederick the Great had been able to float loans on the Exchange, and had, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, had 180 million, instead of only 18 million thalers at his disposal, with the prospect of being able at any time to effect a new loan, he would probably have acted as we do in

these days, and his mode of carrying on a war would have been of a perfectly different type. A full exchequer may be worth an army corps, and a financial authority at the side of a commander-in-chief be equivalent to a first-rate general; for money is the magic wand for all the needs of an army. Modern warfare, with its principle of an uninterrupted and regardless employment of all combatant forces, would scarcely be conceivable without subscription loans, by which alone the requisite funds are procured.

The increase that has taken place in the armies of the present, renders all proof as to the vital importance of good commissariat arrangements unnecessary. The increase of population which is caused by the massing of the troops in the frontier provinces defies any parallel in times of peace. In spite of the free disposal of pecuniary resources, the commissariat question is still more vital than idealists, whose fancy indulges in schemes of bold marches on paper, would have it, and who, of course, dislike any clog being put on their wheel. Clausewitz teaches: "The provisioning of troops, in whatever way it be effected, is always of such difficulty that it has a very decisive voice in the choice of measures; it often counteracts the most effectual combinations, and compels us to look about for sustenance for the troops, when we should prefer to look after a victory and brilliant successes."

The Franco-German War was waged in a very rich country. The military authorities displayed the greatest activity; they acted without solicitude and pedantry in respect of the employment of all useful means; and yet periods, though certainly only short ones, supervened, when the troops were in actual want. In comparison with former wars, we may rightly congratulate ourselves that the necessity in 1870 never attained such an extent as to impede the military movements in any degree worth notice. In this feeling of self-congratulation lies the tacit recognition of the great difficulties, with which the commissariat of an army has, even under the most favourable conditions, to contend.

When our troops were concentrating in the Palatine, it was shown to be harmful that only troops and no baggage and commissariat columns were at first despatched to the frontier. But, considering the surprisingly rapid initiative on the part of France, which threatened a rapid and powerful offensive on the part of the enemy, this should have been considered necessary. Not merely these transport columns were left behind, but even experienced contractors, to whom the military authorities had entrusted the duty of massing considerable supplies in the districts where the

troops were collecting, found themselves incapable of delivering their stores at the proper places, because the railways were blocked. As they were only paid on actual delivery, it was natural that they should mainly despatch articles on which they earned most, and, in consequence, of some things there was a superabundance, whilst of others there was a deficiency.

In spite of the prosperity of the Palatine, and the self-sacrifice of the population, it was seen here that "living on the land," when modern armies concentrate, does not mean plenty. Tradesmen's stores were still less sufficient than they would have been, because of the fact that contractors and administrative officials were at the same time making great purchases in those very districts on the frontier.

In the course of the rapid commencement of the operations and their hurried continuation upon French soil, it was seen that the assumption, that the commissariat columns would be able to bring up all necessaries direct to the troops, would not hold water. Small, rapidly-moving, and serviceable trains, as a bond of union between troops and columns, were perceived to be a necessity. The hopes, too, that the field-bakeries would be able to do the slaughtering of the herds, and supply the troops continually with fresh meat, without their having the trouble of doing it for themselves, were doomed to disappointment. The capabilities of the arrangement had been in general over-estimated in consequence of the experiences being so old-fashioned. Bad experiences were made, as is known, with the bringing up of great herds of cattle, on account of insufficient fodder during the transport. The military administration did not lack officials, but hands. And then the industry in preserved meats was not in 1870 so far developed as was requisite to satisfy the demands of modern warfare. The peasausage that attained to historical fame was a very primitive makeshift of the sort. Finally, in the restoration of interrupted communications, particularly on the railways, as well as in temporary constructions, not nearly as much was done to give the armies good lines of communication as we expect in the future.

Attention to these points will enable us to perceive in what direction we must move in the future, and on what a scale the commissariat of armies will eventually be organised.

The provisions which are best and, at the same time, most agreeable to the soldier, are always those that are fresh. He is accustomed to them; they taste best to him; they are also, when properly changed, the most healthy. Fresh beef and mutton, with

all sorts of pulse,* rice, potatoes, sauerkraut, rye-bread, and, for a change, bacon, if it can be served out winter-smoked and in a state of good preservation, deserve preference. Slightly salted† and smoked meat is also serviceable.

But fresh provisions have this disadvantage, that they take up a comparatively large space, that they easily go bad, are difficult to keep, and are difficult to cook. The soldier, who ought only to carry fresh provisions for three days with him, would almost fill his knapsack with them, even if the bread was replaced by the ordinary army biscuit. How unappetising bacon, meat, &c. would be after a long journey, packed amongst other things, is plain. The care which, at the outset, is expended in keeping it, naturally disappears more and more in the course of the martial excitement and haste of the campaign. If the sun burns much, and dust penetrates to it, the meat becomes quite spoiled. The end of the business is, that very much will be thrown away. Besides, hours are needed to cook it, and frequently the soldier unwillingly declines to eat it, when the meat, which is perhaps too fresh, remains, in spite of all his exertions, hard and tough, and the vegetables unpalatable, when wind and rain have upset the whole cooking experiments, or when clouds of dust sweep over the camp and kitchens. How often it happens in war that, just when the water has begun to boil in the pots, an alarm is raised, and a start must be made. It ought never to be attempted to cook fresh provisions unless it is certain that the troops will be undisturbed. The artificially-prepared provisions are, accordingly, an excellent make-shift. They take up but little room, and are not nearly so heavy as the fresh, so that the soldier can carry far more without being burdened by a greater weight.‡ A handful of compressed coffee-squares, or a few bars of compressed soup and vegetables, thrown into the knapsack, do not inconvenience, and in the hour of need they can afford refreshment and nutriment for a considerable time. Nothing is required save boiling water, for all the various condiments have been already added to the small bodies. A few minutes are sufficient to prepare them, and their preparation requires no knowledge or especial dexterity. The food remains clean, and does not become bad. Packing is unnecessary, as the

* Which should always be given split, so as to be quickly boiled.

† Of salt meat, that has been "tubbed" for several months, the nourishing elements have all been drawn out into the unpalatable salt, and the meat is left quite without nutritive powers.

‡ The weight of a ration, in fresh provisions and biscuit, for three days, is 855 grammes (2 lbs. English); in a preserved form, only about 630 grammes.

preserved provisions are all delivered in tin boxes, and in other safe cases. The tinned meat, the meat-biscuit, the portion of compressed vegetables, &c. may even far excel the fresh provisions in nutritive powers. The extraordinary ease with which they can be transported and used makes these preparations of all kinds quite indispensable to future wars. The soldier is enabled to live for a number of days from his knapsack, in case he does not find sufficient for his wants in the country. But this may be of quite vital importance in the future, when great masses are quickly concentrated or, under specially trying circumstances, where the enemy commands the lines of communication by his forts, as, for instance, where we have, perhaps, broken through a chain of fortifications in order to engage the enemy, and the commissariat cannot come up behind us. In such time, masses of men such as we have conceived of can no longer be provided with fresh bread, biscuit, fresh meat, bacon, and rice, or even with peas and coffee. For the horses, too, artificial food is employed with the best success, and this renders the cavalry capable of undertaking bold and far-reaching operations. We must, in the future, avail ourselves as energetically as possible of the valuable means of being able to render ourselves for a considerable time independent of commissariat trains. An element of superiority is therein contained. What a rôle preserved provisions have played, even since 1870, in spite of their incomplete form at that time, is proved by the fact that forty million rations have been served out to the army on demand.

The preserved meats are dear, and, when used for any great length of time, nauseous. Besides, they cannot be readily procured everywhere. Private industry cannot, of course, in time of peace, be ready to provide at the right time the enormous demand of an army in the field. It is a very useful measure of our army administration to keep a State manufactory, the origin of which was due to the initiative of the *Ober-kommando* of the army of occupation in France.* It would, of course, be a mistake to resort entirely to preserved provisions; they can never, not even for a lengthened time, replace fresh ones. But they are of inestimable value for the first period of the rapid concentration

* This institution might also be advantageously employed as a school of instruction for the administrative officials. In the campaign of 1870 the necessary knowledge requisite for the preparation of preserved provisions, or even for slaughtering animals, was much lacking. Many commissariat officials were certainly compelled to undertake the slaughtering of cattle in the field who had never seen an ox killed in their lives.

of the armies on the frontier, and, again, in the course of the campaign, in cases of emergency. Nothing must be left untried that can in any way promote the ends of the war. What would Napoleon have given to possess such means of provisioning his troops in 1812, or in the critical days of 1814?

The *nature of the provisions* will, of course, be different according to the financial and commercial conditions obtaining in the various countries, as well as to their means of transport. We leave what is in vogue here or there, which would take up more space than were good to enlarge upon, and endeavour to describe the method which appears to be most suited to a great European civilised State.

The military administrative authorities — the Quartermaster-General's Department—cannot, in our days, afford to dispense with the help of private persons at the immediate outset of a war. This is due to the simple circumstance that the former, entirely engrossed in time of peace by their duties, which lie in other spheres, are not capable of knowing the commercial conditions, and of maintaining the connections which the latter control. Otherwise every Quartermaster-General must also be a merchant. Only the practised commercial man knows where to lay his hand at the required moment upon the amount of supplies that the army needs. It was a failing of the French army administration in 1870 that, though possessing a tremendous organisation, it was purely dependent upon it, and could not reckon upon the support of the civil authorities. It had quite disaccustomed itself to such an arrangement. It was bitterly condemned by French military writings soon after the war, that a French general in command, under pressure of extreme necessity, had resorted to the most natural and sensible measures, and opened markets with the assistance of the civil authorities. It was quoted as an instance of how far the confusion had reached. In these days France has become more clear-sighted, and calculates in its carefully-organised commissariat-system upon the co-operation of the civil authorities and free purchase by the troops.

But private assistance must be regulated. Hitherto it has, for the most part, been customary, on the outbreak of a war, for the Quartermaster-General's Departments of the several divisions of an army,* to conclude contracts with purveyors, who are known to them. Only dealers were engaged who knew the business very exactly from long practice; the novice would have soon come to grief. But those gentlemen knew full well what command they

* Army corps.

had over the market; they understood full well that the goods must be delivered for the war, like gunpowder and lead, and, accordingly, that they could, as a rule, charge what they liked. The anxious money question—which is the main thing in times of peace—vanishes in war time. Provisions at once become double the price. Besides this, the purveyors needed money to an extent that was almost unnatural to them. They were bound to provide the goods, and, as money in war is the dearest of all, a prudent man was wise in reckoning an additional 25 per cent. for this alone. If the other expenses, which are not inconsiderable, the chance losses and a decent profit, be also reckoned, it is easy to understand that the State had to pay 50 per cent. more than the goods, properly speaking, cost. Now the purveyors of the several divisions of an army sent out their agents. Everyone believed that he alone knew the best places for buying, or, at all events, was more exactly acquainted with them than another. But at last they all came together in great numbers at the same place. A race in offers took place, as between the travellers of two houses, who wish each to oust the other. The State made for itself the most dangerous competition. That all the subordinates and underlings of the contractors would personally live well is pardonable, considering the magnitude of the business. And so the most fashionable hotels in the large towns were filled with persons who were otherwise unknown there, and the patient commission-entry laid fresh burdens upon itself. If what was to be delivered had been procured for a round sum, the next thing was to transport it to the scene of war; for the careful authorities only paid on delivery. If the railways were free from the great military-transports, the race began here again. What impediments were in the way of contracts being completed, and proper control kept, need not be explained.

These conditions which existed in 1870, at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, and which made themselves very sensibly felt, must not repeat themselves in the future to such an extent. Before all things, provision will be made for confining the activity of private contractors and surveyors to a sphere of action where, without interfering with their energy, control is possible. They must not for the future come too close to the army. As one of the measures for remedying matters in this direction, where all difficulties arise from the enhanced demand, it would appear to be practicable to designate, in time of peace, for the more important towns, for the supply of provisions, experienced officials who cannot any longer be utilized on active service. But they must be allowed certain liberty, and they must be relieved as much as

possible from small professional duties, in order that they may have both time and opportunity to prepare themselves sufficiently for their important functions.

If it is impossible to employ such officials; it is still possible to appoint respectable merchants as agents of the State, for the effectuation of considerable purchases in return for a commission. The widespread belief that by so doing the door is opened to speculation, is not generally justified. That old-established and respectable business-houses, to which alone resort would be had, would reckon higher prices than they actually paid, is quite as inconceivable as that their partners were thieves. The malpractices of an agent who works for commission are most sternly condemned in the commercial world. It is, of course, not an easy task to control and overlook in their commercial dealings such agents, when, like almost all high officials, the authorities for the purpose are exclusively accustomed to work in the bureau. But for this purpose the military administration can organise a technical board in the form of a council of ambitious merchants of fame, who bind themselves, in return for adequate compensation, to support them in making their purchases. Men who disdain to identify themselves with the business of an army-purveyor, that is always somewhat dubious in the eyes of the people, would certainly be able and willing to act on such a technical Board, as on the breaking out of war all trouble undertaken on behalf of the army would be regarded as a patriotic action. These authorities would be best able to designate the proper agents for the several towns, and to suggest measures for controlling and superintending them.

(To be continued.)

The Russian Conquest of Finland.

IN the middle of the twelfth century Adrian IV., the only Pope of English birth, authorised two crusades—the one for the reduction of Ireland, the other for the conversion of the still pagan Finns; and just fifteen years before Henry II. sailed to take possession of his new realm, Eric IX., King of Sweden, called the Saint, landed at Abo and, defeating the natives in a sanguinary pitched battle, proceeded to colonise the western and southern coasts of Finland. A hundred years later the piracies of the heathen and the cruelties exercised by them on the Christian settlers provoked a second crusade for their extermination or conversion. It was commanded by Birger the Earl, the progenitor of the Folkung Dynasty in Sweden who, landing in the vicinity of Vasa, dispersed the aborigines and added to Christendom the provinces of Tavastland and East Bothnia. Fifty years later, the eastern districts of Finland being still the home of superstitious barbarism, in the year 1298, Torgil Knutson, the Constable of Sweden, subjugated Karelia and founded the city of Viborg. During this campaign Swedes for the first time came into collision with Russians; for the latter having aided their neighbours, the people of Karelia, Knutson attacked them in turn and captured their fortress of Kexholm situated on the shores of Lake Ládoga. Thus grew the Empire of Sweden north of the Gulf of Finland and soon began to expand south of that inlet; for, on the break-up of the Livonian Order of the Knights of the Sword, Esthonia, in 1561, voluntarily submitted to her, and Livonia, falling to Poland's share of the spoil in the first instance, was conquered by Gustavus Adolphus in the beginning of the following century; the peace of Stolbovo, in 1617, having already added to Swedish territory the province of Ingria, including the very site where St. Petersburg now stands.

Thus arose Sweden's domination east of the Baltic; it remains to trace its gradual decline. Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia were lost, as a result of the long and disastrous struggle of Charles XII. with Peter the Great, their incorporation with the Russian Empire being recorded by the Treaty of Nystad in 1721. The peace of Abo, in 1748, carried the Muscovite frontier as far in advance as the Kymene river, a line which, remaining stationary at the conclusion of the Treaty of Verelä in 1790, still divided the territory

of the rival states in the year 1808, at the commencement of the war whose leading events it is here proposed to delineate.

Finland, it may be observed, has been the battle-field where the Teutonic and Slavonic civilisations have come into collision in a struggle for mastery over an inferior race. The Slavs of the Dnieper, advancing from their original seat on the banks of that river in a north-easterly direction, and amalgamating with the tribes of Finnish extraction whom they encountered as they went, came into contact with the Swedes, moving eastward and coalescing less perfectly with the aborigines, on the banks of the Neva. The gigantic mass of the Russian state, slowly but surely advancing, crushed the transmarine empire of Sweden into fragments, and Finland was the loser by the event. For though it may be convenient for politicians in search of precedents to hold up the government of the Grand Duchy as a model for our guidance in Ireland, the truth is that the Home Rule she received from Russia was the continued existence of the arbitrary *régime* forcibly imposed by Gustavus III. of Sweden, whilst severance from the mother-country robbed her of the benefits of the constitution which was devised after the deposition of Gustavus IV., a revolution which even a foreigner like Sir John Burgoyne regarded as inevitable.* During the era of the French Revolution, however, Finland had aspirations for independence, which dated perhaps from a somewhat earlier period, that of the American war, since Sprengtporten, the O'Connell of the movement, is said to have imbibed his ideas on the subject from Franklin during a visit to Paris. He was an able officer, once high in the favour of Gustavus III., but, arrogant and presumptuous, he fell into disfavour and eventually entered the service of Russia—a circumstance which certainly does not tell in favour of the cause to which he was devoted. It is doubtful, however, whether the Home Rule movement ever possessed much vitality in Finland; for, if its promoters were able seriously to embarrass Gustavus III. in his hostilities with Russia, it is certain that when the menace of separation actually came, when the Russian divisions were assembling on the frontier for the final inroad, the ancient attachment to Sweden was felt with renewed force; and the Finns as a nation springing to arms, fought a battle in defence of their fatherland which may be matched with the most heroic traditions of antiquity, and provided their great national bard, Runeberg, with a noble and inspiring

* When with Sir John Moore's expedition he wrote, "The Swedish monarchy is most absolute and tyrannical, and will probably not last long under its present form." See *Memoirs*, i. 21. This is the Home Rule in which Finland still rejoices.

theme which has earned him immortality as the "Homer of the North."

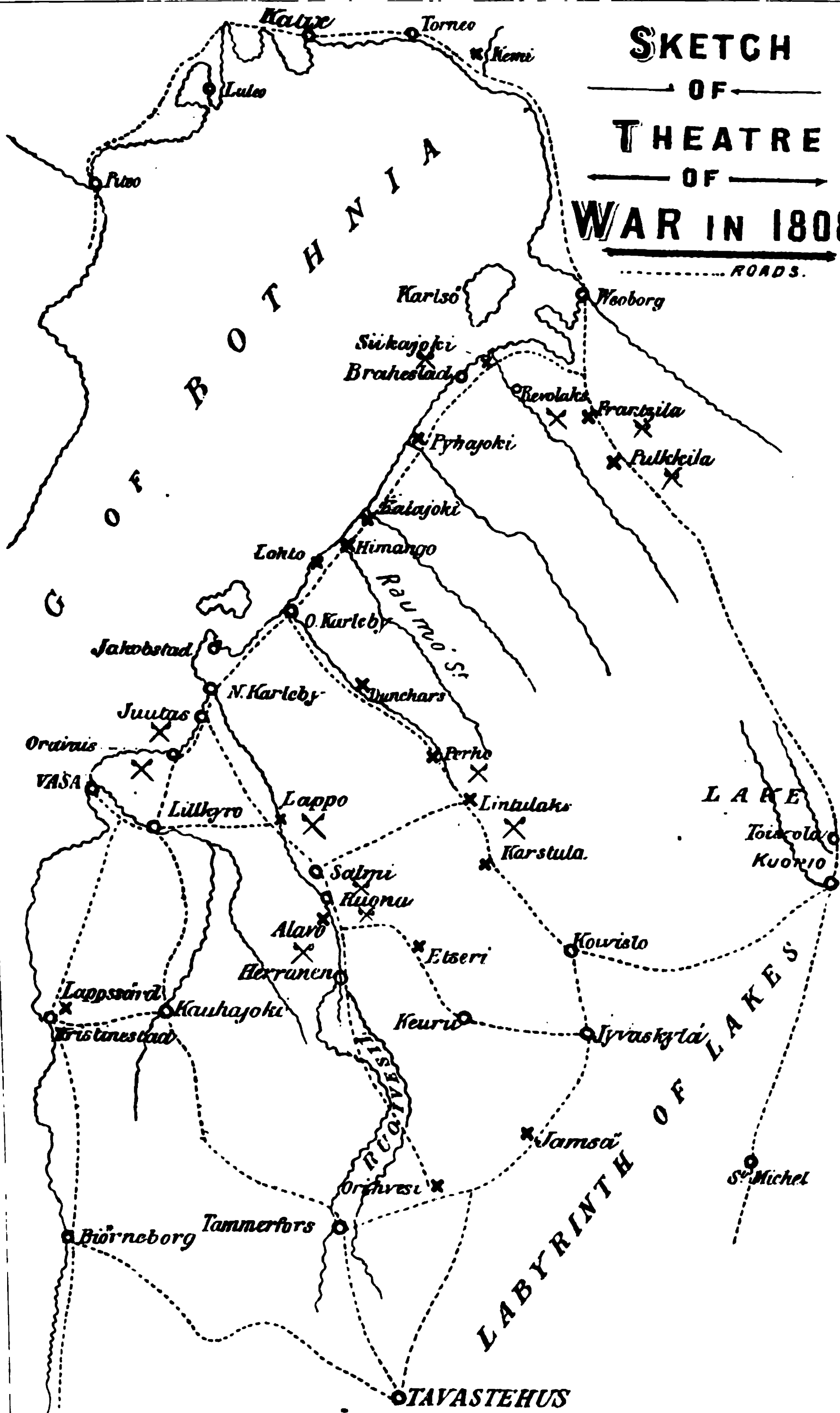
Though Russia had doubtless for many a decade looked upon Finland with a covetous eye, it was after the Treaty of Tilsit that she decided that the opportune moment had arrived. Not only had Napoleon urged the Emperor Alexander to seek consolation for his recent losses in the subjugation of Finland, but he had even suggested the partition of Sweden herself between Russia and Denmark, the Vettern and Venern lakes to form the delimitation between their respective shares of the spoil. The masterly stroke by which England anticipated the French emperor's designs on the Danish fleet in September 1807, brought matters to a crisis. Russia and Denmark declared war against England, whilst the Emperor Alexander, basing his demand on the treaties of Armed Neutrality directed by the Northern Powers against our maritime supremacy in 1780 and 1800, summoned the King of Sweden to do likewise. Still more exasperated was the Tsar when Gustavus, on hearing that Napoleon had received the Order of St. Andrew, indulged his hatred of the "Corsican wild-beast," as he chose to style the French Emperor, by returning the same insignia to the donor. The Seraphim Order, with which Alexander had been invested, accompanied the Russian declaration of war to the Swedish capital as a rejoinder to the affront. The episode was a fair sample of the tact displayed by the monarch who now ruled Sweden with absolute sway, and who was chiefly responsible for the catastrophe which was soon to overtake her. His character indeed resembled in many points that of the lately-murdered Emperor Paul. Not being an actual lunatic he was yet subject to the absurd illusions of the insane. He firmly believed that the soul of Charles XII. had migrated to his own frame, whilst of all the characteristics of that famous warrior he possessed nothing but inflexible obstinacy. He was convinced that Napoleon was Antichrist, and that he himself was the champion elect of God to defend Christendom. He read nothing but the Bible and an official book of regulations.

During the whole of the ensuing war an exaggerated estimate of the armed strength which Russia could employ against Finland weighed disastrously on the counsels of the statesmen and generals of Sweden. The first information supplied by the Swedish envoy at St. Petersburg stated at 80,000 the troops under orders for the invasion, and added that a like number were preparing to follow—a total of 60,000 men, which was subsequently contracted to 30,000, and eventually 20,000, a figure which was near to the truth. The King either convinced of the impossibility of successfully opposing

the might of Russia, or, as is more likely, engrossed by schemes for the conquest of Zealand and Norway in conjunction with the English, resolved to evacuate Finland till such time as the advent of spring should melt the ice of the Baltic and permit the approach of the British fleet. For such assistance had been promised by our Government, with 10,000 troops and a monthly subsidy of £100,000 for warlike expenses. The plan involved a somewhat disgraceful abandonment of the interests of his Finnish subjects in expectation of recouping himself elsewhere; for there was no lack of troops in Sweden wherewith to reinforce the army of Finland, which consisted of 20,000 men including the reserve. But no less than 7,000 of these were shut up in the great fortress of Sweaborg, which constituted the backbone of the country's defence. Two brigades with a total of 6,800 were stationed behind the Kymene river, which marked the frontier-line, whilst a third, called the Savolaks brigade, 2,900 strong, took post at St. Michel to protect the road which leads by Kuopio on Uleoborg. The balance was scattered in small garrisons about the country. General Kleroker, an aged but excellent officer, was in temporary command during the absence of General Klingspor of unenviable fame, whom Runeberg describes as provided with "two chins, one eye, and half a heart." He was an old courtier, who accepted the task of defending Finland with reluctance. His instructions were to the effect that, after throwing as many troops as possible into Sweaborg and Swartholm, he was to evacuate the country with the remainder, marching northwards towards East Bothnia, (Osterbotten); "but," continued the King, "though we look upon the preservation of the army and the security of the fortresses as the chief object during the present winter, we nevertheless expect that you will resist the advance of the enemy as long as possible, and avoid retreating until compelled by necessity."

In the month of December 1807 three Russian divisions approached the frontiers of Finland; nor did their strength exceed 20,000 owing to the following causes. The murderous battles of the late war, such as Eylau and Friedland, had thinned the ranks of the Russian army to such an extent that it had been found necessary to reduce the infantry regiments from three battalions to two and the strength of the companies from 200 men to 140, so that a division of eighteen battalions of 800 men, or a total of 14,400, became twelve battalions of 560 men, or a total of 6,720. In addition, on account of the broken nature of the soil of Finland, the infantry divisions had been deprived of most of their cavalry, so that no more than fourteen squadrons of regulars, with 500

SKETCH OF THEATRE OF WAR IN 1808.



Cossacks, or 2,000 horses, attended the movements of the army. These arrangements appear to have been unknown to the Swedish commanders, whose ignorance on this score led to disastrous miscalculations. The army of invasion was commanded by Count Buxhöwden, its divisions by Generals Kámski, Toočkóff and Prince Bagration, the future hero of Borodino; nor must the name of Von Suchtelen, the commanding engineer, be omitted from the list. Early in February these three divisions lay thus: Gorchakoff's, who commanded in the absence of Kamenski, at Frederikshamn; Bagration's, between Anjala and Willmanstrand; Toočkoff's, between Willmanstrand and Nyslott. The plan of the Russian leader was, naturally, to surprise the enemy before he had time to concentrate his scattered forces. Gorchakoff, crossing the frontier at Abborfors, was to invest Sweaborg and Swartholm; Bagration, having crossed the Kymene at Anjala and Keltis, was to push on for Tavastehus; whilst Toočkoff, moving in two brigades from Willmanstrand and Nyslott, endeavoured to surround the Savolaks brigade at St. Michel. On the 21st February the two first-named crossed the Kymene as directed, and on the same evening Buxhöwden's head-quarters were at Lovisa. Continuing an unopposed advance, on the 2nd March he entered Helsingfors, capturing 19 cannon, 20,000 shot, 4,000 shells and 4,500 stands of arms which the commandant of Sweaborg had neglected to withdraw in time. Meanwhile Klercker had collected his two brigades, in all 7,000 strong, at Tavastehus intending to give battle to an enemy whose superiority in force he began to suspect was much less than conjectured; but on the 1st March, Klingspor arriving, took over the command with consequences which will appear. Assembling a council of war, he combated the decision already taken to give battle, still under the false impression of the overwhelming strength of the enemy, and in spite of the warlike ardour manifested by his subordinates. As a matter of fact the Russians could bring but 9,000 against 7,000, and, if merely to gratify to a certain point the warlike enthusiasm of his soldiery, which would be surely damped by a premature retreat, Klingspor should have held his ground awhile. But he chose to determine the question according to his wishes by producing the King's instructions, of which it is said he communicated that part only which enjoined the evacuation of the country whilst ignoring the paragraph quoted above which discountenanced a premature retreat. On the 7th March the Swedes moved in two columns on Björneborg and Tammerfors, abandoning Tavastehus to the Russians who occupied it on the following day.

Viewing the question after the event and supposing that considerations of supply admitted of such a course it seems doubtful whether the Swedish leader should not have treated the immense and impregnable island stronghold of Sweaborg as his base of operations instead of adopting the round-about line by the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. By so doing he would have arrested the further progress of the enemy, and, on the re-opening of navigation in the spring, having received speedy succour from Sweden and England, he would have been able to operate on the flank of the Russian advance. Such, it must be imagined, was the system of defence held in view when Sweaborg was constructed by a maritime power, and the subsequent conduct of the Russian leader in this campaign tend to prove that it was in the south of Finland that, strategically, the issue of the war was to be decided. Again, reverting to Klingspor's retreat, a glance at the map shows that, his destination being the town of Uleoborg, by retreating on Tammerfors and Björneborg, he deliberately chose the longest roads, leaving the direct way by Ruovesi, Lappo and New Karleby open to the enemy, who, by pushing rapidly along it, might not only sever him from his base but also from the Savolaks brigade. Considerations of supply influenced his conduct; for the sole redeeming quality he seems to have possessed was an exact solicitude for the well-being of the troops under his charge. Of the routes which lead to the north of Finland that by the coast though more circuitous traverses a relatively populous and cultivated country, whilst that crossing the more elevated regions of the interior leads through poorer districts abounding in natural obstacles. Strategic operations are thus prescribed by nature herself. The bulk of an invader's forces must converge to the coast-line in their progress north, whilst he protects his flank by a smaller corps marching through the interior by Kuopio on the road to Uleoborg. To this distribution of forces the defenders must conform. Did Klingspor allow undue weight to considerations of supply when he exposed his army to the risk of being surrounded and taken? He escaped the catastrophe, it is true, but this was due to the fact that his adversary was too weak numerically to press him closely whilst guarding his own communications on the side of Sweaborg. For Buxhöwden, investing that fortress with Kamenski's division, sent Bagration's into the county of Abo, whilst, so convinced was he of his opponent's demoralisation, that he caused him to be pursued by three battalions, one squadron, and five guns. How were the mighty fallen since Narva and the year 1700, when 40,000 Russians fled in panic before a quarter of their strength of Swedes!

Harassed by this insignificant band, Klingspor, still convinced that he was circumvented by overwhelming forces, continued a hurried retreat and reached Jacobstad about the end of March with his command reduced from 7,000 to 5,700 by the fatigues induced by forced marches and the sickness resulting therefrom.

Before turning to the operations of the flanking corps under the leadership of Cronstedt and Toohekoff respectively it will be remembered that Denmark by her declaration of war in March had afforded Gustavus some pretext for failing to support his Finnish subjects with due emphasis; for 25,000 Danes were concentrated in Zealand for a descent on Scania, and in support a French army of equal strength had entered Denmark under Bernadotte little dreaming that he was destined one day to ascend the throne of Sweden. But a portion of the British squadron, which was frozen up in the harbour of Gottenburg, having sawed a way through the ice, made its appearance in the Great Belt and forbade the further progress of invasion; and in the next month De Saumarez, entering the Sound with a fleet, set all such projects at defiance. Toohekoff had meantime been directed to conduct his division by Koivisto and Lintulaks on Vasa or New Karleby at discretion, and thus cut off the retreat of Klingspor, but—disobeyed orders. The Savolaks brigade, under Count Cronstedt (who must in justice be distinguished from the *admiral* of the same name), had meantime retreated before him, disputing every inch of the way from St. Michel to Kuopio where it arrived on the 8th of March. Seduced by the charms of pursuit, Toohekoff, detaching no more than two battalions and a single squadron in compliance with his instructions, continued to follow up the enemy, till a few days later the order being reiterated, he obeyed in person with six battalions and 200 Cossacks, leaving three battalions and one squadron in Kuopio. The delay naturally resulted in the failure of the entire combination. The first detachment joined Raievski at New Karleby on the 2nd April, Toohekoff himself with the second on the 9th at Old Karleby; but by this time Klingspor had escaped the snare, though narrowly. Alarmed and confused at the prospect of being surrounded by myriads of foes, in the first days of April he quitted Jacobstad and pursued his way with somewhat less precipitation to Brahestad where he stayed till the 16th of the month. Here a fifth brigade was organised from battalions stationed in the north (the fourth had been formed at Tavastehus) and placed under the command of Colonel Sandels, who was soon to vindicate the appointment by eminent services. The Savolaks brigade, relieved from the pursuit, reached Uleoborg on the 29th of March, having

been in communication with the main body since the 25th. As Klingspor left Brahestad on the 16th of April, a change occurred in the *personnel* of his staff which gave a different complexion to the campaign. Between the advancing Russians and the Swedish brigades which marched in echelon south of that town a series of obstinate combats took place, in one of which Löwenhjelm, Klingspor's chief of the staff, was made prisoner. He was succeeded by General Adlercreutz, an able, energetic and popular officer who in the course of a few hours gave proof of his superior capacity. Klingspor was now in the act of placing the Siikajoki stream betwixt himself and pursuit; but the furious attacks which had been made on his rear during the day induced him to continue the retreat to Uleoborg notwithstanding that his forces were stronger numerically than the enemy. Next day being Easter Sunday the Russians, according to their wont, lay idle and the others followed their example. But on the 18th the Swedes began the passage of the Siikajoki, though to facilitate the escape of their baggage it was necessary to offer battle on its southern bank. Klingspor had already gone to Uleoborg leaving Adlercreutz to superintend the retreat; who, crossing the river, which, being close to the sea, is 300 yards broad, on the ice with two brigades, left General Döbeln, one of the bravest officers in the Swedish service, with a third to delay the pursuit.

After a smart engagement, perceiving that the enemy sought to turn his right flank by the frozen sea, Döbeln threaded the thick pine woods which backed his position, and, passing the Siikajoki, retreated towards Uleoborg in rear of the two brigades which protected the movement. The Russians stormed after, and, when the left brigade of the two faced about to retire, they rushed across the river to seize the vacant post, and surround the remaining brigade, near which Adlercreutz was calmly scrutinising the situation. Perceiving that the enemy were at the same time reinforcing their left wing on the sea for the purpose of turning his right, the Swedish chief of the staff, perhaps mindful of Austerlitz, determined to force their centre, and, throwing the first brigade across the stream, attacked, and effected his purpose. This success caused the instant flight of the advanced wings of the enemy, who retired leaving the Swedes masters of the field. Nevertheless Klingspor, fearing that his stores at Uleoborg might be seized by a Russian corps marching on the sea, ordered a retreat to that town on the following day; whilst Tóochkoff, seeing that the illusion as to his great strength was dispelled, retired and halted for reinforcements. The victory of Siikajoki, though insignificant

from a material point of view, was a moral event of the first magnitude in lifting the cloud of depression and disgust which had settled on the Finnish soldiery during their uninterrupted retreat. Its effect is recorded by Runeberg in the *Tales of Ensign Steel*; where the old baggage-driven Spelt, the laziest, dirtiest and most despised of the whole train during the retreat, is represented as ready on the morning after Siikajoki to start when all the rest were asleep, his horse's head turned south, heading the procession in which he had formerly occupied the last place and transfigured as to personal appearance. "Who hath washed and combed thee, and, above all, who hath roused thee up, who before wast asleep all day?" asks the young ensign, who banters him. "Young gentleman," the old man replies, "when we leave our native land we journey slowly; and it is better to sleep than view one's countrymen flee with disgrace. Why should I have washed my old face? The blush upon my cheek would have been all the more apparent, &c." But now all this was altered, and therefore his changed appearance.

On the 27th April another success of greater consequence actually moved the diffident Klingspor to assume the offensive. Bulátoff's brigade, which had come from Kuopio in pursuit of Cronstedt, having been left by Toochkoff in an isolated position at Revolaks, some twelve miles above Siikajoki on the river of the same name, was attacked by Adlercreutz with the Savolaks brigade and routed with the loss of 800 men out of 1,500, of its equipage and artillery, Bulátoff himself being made prisoner. Upon this Toochkoff retired from Brahestad to Old Karleby, where he arrived on the 3rd May, slowly followed by Klingspor, whose brigades in the first week of that month were écheloned as follows: the 3rd and most advanced at Himango, twenty-five miles from the enemy; the 4th at Kalajoki; the 2nd at Brahestad, with head-quarters; and the 1st at Siikajoki. In this position the Swedes remained stationary for the next six weeks, because the thaw setting in had made the roads impassable. Meantime the 5th Brigade, under Sandels, had won striking advantages. Defeating the feeble corps opposed to him, he pushed forward with great rapidity, capturing the Russian magazines as he went, and at length entered Kuopio in triumph having inflicted a loss of 1,000 men upon the enemy.

It is now time to consider events in another portion of the theatre of war, where the fate of Finland was practically decided by the treachery or imbecility of three commanders of fortresses.

It has been said that the hope of reconquering Finland depended on the retention of Sweaborg, and other points on her southern coast, whither the English and Swedish fleets might carry

succour on the reopening of navigation in the spring, Sweaborg being the pivot on which the enterprise would necessarily hinge. Buxhöwden had recognised this truth in remaining in the south with the bulk of his forces whilst despatching a weak brigade in pursuit of Klingspor. To what extent the Russians used a golden key to open the gates of the enemy is so far mysterious that it is doubtful how much of the funds accorded for the purpose by the emperor's government found a way into the pockets of his generals. That such funds were furnished is admitted by the Russian commander in a letter to Arakcheieff, the minister of war. Yet, we reiterate, throughout this campaign a conviction of the hopelessness of the struggle against the Titan of nations seemed to paralyse the resolution of too many Swedish officers, who were also depressed by a consciousness of the stupid maladministration of their King. Thus it came to pass that the surrender of the fort at Hangö Head on the 8th March was followed by the capitulation of that on the Isle of Swartö ten days later, and, in the course of another six weeks the fall of the magnificent fortress of Sweaborg struck dismay into the hearts of all patriotic Swedes; for all three had succumbed scarcely striking a blow in their defence. The capitulation of Sweaborg is perhaps the most astounding instance of combined treachery and incapacity which the world's annals can adduce. The command was held by Admiral Cronstedt, a distinguished naval officer, who nevertheless was confessedly out of his element ashore. The fortress, which contained a garrison of 7,000 men, with 2,100 heavy cannon, 900 of which were mounted on the ramparts, was assailed from Helsingfors, on the 17th March, by a Russian force under Von Suchtelen which counted no more than 10,000 men with forty-seven field-pieces of light calibre. The ice by which the various islands on which it stands was surrounded forbade a formal siege, whilst the level expanse which divided it from the land, as well as the open water yawning around its ramparts, made an assault extremely hazardous. To reduce the place by starvation was the sole expedient which remained. Nevertheless, persuaded by one Jägerhorn, his chief adviser, who was doubtless suborned by the Russians, Cronstedt on the 6th April agreed to surrender his charge provided the Swedish fleet had not arrived to relieve him by the 3rd May. Now this was confessedly the earliest date at which the ice *ever* breaks up in those latitudes and most foresaw the result. No fleet appeared by the specified time. On the three succeeding days the garrison marched out, laying down their arms and surrendering not only 2,000 cannon with vast accumulations of warlike stores, but also a flotilla of eighty-eight vessels.

constructed for in-shore service. Admiral Cronstedt received a pension from Alexander and deserved it.

Shortly after this shameful catastrophe, on the 14th May, the promised English auxiliaries, consisting of 10,000 men, arrived at Gottenburg under the command of Sir John Moore. But the obstinate king refused to allow them to land unless they were placed under his immediate command; and when Moore, in obedience to his instructions, intimated that in that case he must return to England, ordered that officer to be detained in Stockholm. Nevertheless, to use the words of Sir John Burgoyne, the English general "escaped," and, setting sail from Gottenburg on the 8rd July, reached the Downs on the 15th, starting next day to join the British army in Portugal; where in the January of the following year he met the heroic death which history records.

During the months of April and May the Russians occupied the island of Gottland and the Aland archipelago, but were expelled from both with great loss shortly afterwards, and in June active operations on the mainland were resumed. Had King Gustavus been a man of ordinary capacity, or had he condescended to listen to the advice of others, he might still have rescued Finland, for he had 50,000 regular troops in Sweden, in addition to 30,000 militia, also the 10,000 English before his own folly dismissed them. He was advised to carry the mass of his regulars across to Finland whilst the militia, stiffened by the presence of the English troops, defended the southern coast. Nevertheless, encouraged by the general insurrection of the Finnish peasantry against the invaders, he turned a deaf ear to wholesome counsel, and adopted a system which frittered away his strength by isolated descents on the coast. The victories of the Swedes, the presence of the Anglo-Swedish fleet, and the rising of the Finns caused Alexander to throw reinforcements into Finland which raised Buxhöwden's army to the figure of 34,000 men; though not more than 14,000 could be employed in operating against the enemy in the north, the remainder being required for the protection of the southern provinces. Half under Raievski were to operate against Klingspor, half under Barclay de Tolly against Sandels at Kuopio; and, if Klingspor advanced south, Barclay de Tolly, leaving an adequate force to hold Sandels in check, was to move by Koivisto and Lintulaks upon his line of retreat. Klingspor (who had been created a field-marshal for the victories of Siikajoki and Revolaks really won by his chief of the staff) waited long for orders from Stockholm to advance, but the first courier who arrived brought a general order by the king prescribing the attire of artillery officers

at a ball ! On the 2nd of June, however, he seized the Russian depôt at Perho, when Raievski, fearing to be cut off from Barclay de Tolly, retreated to Lillkyro, a village due west of Vasa, leaving a rear-guard at New Karleby which, stormed by Klingspor on the 24th, became his head-quarters for several weeks. By failing to pursue the defeated enemy still further he involved in disaster a Swedish expeditionary force which, on the 25th, had gained momentary possession of Vasa.

To the eastward, Barclay de Tolly with 7,000 men advanced from Nyslott against Kuopio, and on the 18th of June expelled therefrom the brigade of Sandels, who was outnumbered by more than two to one. This able officer, crossing the Lake of Kalavesi, took up a strong position on the opposite shore at Toivola, and, when Barclay, in obedience to orders, commenced the flank march in the direction of Vasa, attacked the force he left behind near Kuopio, seized an immense convoy, and threw all Barclay's dispositions into such confusion that the Russian leader retraced his steps in all haste to Kuopio, leaving his instructions unexecuted and Klingspor's flank unscathed. Had the latter, indeed, possessed sufficient courage and skill, he would now have assumed the offensive against the inferior forces of Raievski. On the contrary it was the Russian who, despising the pusillanimity of his opponent, endeavoured to renew his exploits of the preceding winter. The attack was delivered in two columns of about equal strength. Having strengthened Vlastoff's command to 4,000 men, he caused him to attack the Swedes who, under Otto von Fieandt, were defending at Perho the road which leads from Lintulaks to Old Karleby. He himself advanced from Salmi, whither he had retired to facilitate the hoped-for junction with Barclay, towards Lappo, an important point, where the roads from New Karleby, Vasa, Tammerfors, Tavastehus and Kuopio conjoin. But Adlercreutz obtained permission from his chief, who was still dawdling at New Karleby, to seize this important point, and advanced with four brigades, about 6,000 men in all, against Raievski, who could lead but 5,000 to the encounter, when the Russians strove to draw in a portion of their right column which had already victoriously driven Von Fieandt back in the direction of Old Karleby as far as Dunkars. And at Lappo on the 14th of July the hostile forces came into collision. The Russians were badly placed with their backs to a stream, their position being on the prolongation of their line of retreat, which was to their right. Adlercreutz, however, who does not seem to have been well posted up in the situation (perhaps the dense pine-forests which clothed the spot made exact

reconnaissance difficult), profited nothing by these errors, for, instead of assailing their right, thus menacing their line of retreat, he threw the weight of his attack on their left, which was ensconced in the village of Lappo. The result was that the enemy, after being dislodged at the cost of immense slaughter on either side, was able to effect his retreat unmolested in the direction of Salmi. The moral influence of this victory on the Finns was, indeed, excellent. Long tables, we read, were extemporized on the blood-stained field, whereat officers and men vied with each other in writing home to their friends graphic descriptions of their victory. But it is not thus that success is turned to its full account; and, when we add to this that Klingspor thought fit to reside at New Karleby whilst his chief of the staff was winning laurels in the field, and that not till the end of July did he think proper to advance his headquarters to Lappo, we obtain a fair insight into the causes which led to his final discomfiture. However, the possession of Lappo secured communication with his wings, which were at this juncture stationed respectively at Kauhajoki on the right and Lintulaks on the left. Raievski, on the other hand, who continued his retreat to Alavo on the 18th, found himself permanently separated from his right column at Saarijärvi, opposite Lintulaks. At this time an instructive episode of partisan warfare is recorded. Sergeant-major Roth, with forty volunteers, quitting the camp at Lappo and passing round the Russians at Alavo, betook himself to the Ruovesi lake, along which the enemy's supplies were conducted from Tammerfors, destroyed his magazines, broke the long wooden bridges by which the high road traverses its sinuosities, and finally, establishing himself in an islet, intercepted his water transport and convoys. Soon, Raievski, short of provisions and finding his retreat by Tammerfors on Tavastehus thus intercepted, was under the necessity of regaining it by a circuitous route, and, breaking up from Alavo on the 24th, marched in the direction of Jywaskylä. He was relieved of his command next day by Kamenski, but the retreat was nevertheless continued; and thus the Russian front at the end of July extended from Kuopio by Saarijärvi and Jywaskylä to Abo county, which was occupied by Bagration's division. The Swedes on their side occupied a line which, starting from Toivola, opposite Kuopio, passed by Lintulaks, Salmi, and Kauhajoki, whilst on their extreme right the Aland islands were held by 4,000 men under Gustavus IV.

On the 17th of August the Russian advance, 2,500 strong, was attacked and routed at Alavo by Adlercreutz at the head of 4,000 men. The Swedish outposts were in consequence pushed as far as

Herranen and Etseri, but this was the furthest point south which they were destined to attain. For, on the 21st, their left wing, under Von Fieandt, attacked at Karstula by superior forces, was again driven back to Dunkars, when Klingspor, justly alarmed for the safety of his communications with the north, withdrew from Alavo to Ruona and Salmi; wrote to the King beseeching him to send transports to Vasa for the conveyance of the army to Sweden by sea, and with this project in view directed Von Fieandt, if pushed back to Old Karleby, to march south instead of north, first having destroyed all bridges on the road which leads to Uleoborg. About the same time his right was strengthened by 2,500 men who, sent from the Aland islands by the King, landed under the command of General von Vegesack near Christinestad. At the beginning of September, therefore, the hostile armies stood as follows:—6,000 Swedes, under Vegesack on the right at Lappfiärd, against 2,000 Russians at Kauhajoki under Ushakoff; Klingspor at Salmi with 5,000 against Kamenski's 9,000; 2,000 Russians under Vlastoff pursued 1,000 Swedes under Von Fieandt along the road from Lintulaks to Old Karleby; whilst in the interior 2,000 men under Sandels, supported by the insurgent peasantry of Karelia, strove to make head against four times that number under Tsochhoff and Dolgoruki. It came to this that the Russians were the stronger at every point except on their extreme left, where Ushakoff had succeeded in thrusting himself at Kauhajoki between Vegesack and Klingspor; that if Klingspor were dislodged from Salmi by Kamenski's superior numbers, Vegesack's retreat was cut off; whilst at the same time the Swedish commander-in-chief's own retreat was in imminent danger of being intercepted at two different points if he marched to the rescue of his lieutenant. This was, nevertheless, the course which he adopted. On the 2nd of September he received the King's answer to his application of the 22nd of August for transports to convey the army to Sweden. Gustavus, instead of granting the request, commanded his bewildered general "to drive the enemy back across the frontier, over which they should never have been allowed to pass." The unfortunate field-marshal was reduced to desperation. But Kamenski, before this, had advanced to Ruona, where the most advanced brigade of the Swedes was posted. Adlercreutz had therefore been despatched on the 31st of August with all available forces to make good the position. On the 1st of September he was attacked at Ruona, but in spite of inferior numbers succeeded in resisting till nightfall when he retreated to a more contracted position at Salmi where his communications with Lappo were safer. Strange to relate, Kamenski

had adopted the same course and was retiring under cover of night towards Alavo, despairing of success, when the active Cossack leader, Kulneff, informed him of the true state of affairs. Delighted with the change, he countermanded the retreat, and turning round, came into contact with the enemy near Salmi on the succeeding day. Adlercreutz also, having been instructed of the enemy's retreat, had wheeled about his rear-guard in order to assume the offensive, and the encounter took place in a plain which extended between the positions of Ruona and Salmi. The Russians proving victorious, their opponents retired to the latter, where, forming up, they awaited the onset of the foe. At this juncture, however, Klingspor's order arrived for retreat, for on that very day he had received his answer from the King. Accordingly Adlercreutz began to retire on Lappo, where he arrived on the 8rd, having lost no less than 1,000 men in the preceding combats. This was an irreparable loss in so small an army, but it was nothing to the moral depression which affected the Finnish soldiers when they discovered that their recent victories, whose importance they naturally exaggerated, were to result in a renewal of the hardship and humiliations of the preceding winter. According to their notions a retreat was not imposed by necessity, and they hesitated not to ascribe it to the cowardice of their chief. Such, indeed, was their demoralised state at this point of time, that it is doubtful if ultimate success came within the bounds of possibility.

Judging from a historical point of view, it is indisputable that Klingspor should have defended the position of Salmi which he so hastily abandoned till the safety of Vegesack's corps had been assured; and that by yielding it to the Russians he surrendered a decisive strategic point with unnecessary precipitation. It contributed to his own safety as well as that of his right; for, whilst he held it, the Russian leader at Lintulaks feared to pursue his advantages over Von Fieandt. All these advantages were now transferred to the enemy, and the Swedish army incurred the risk of being surrounded, backed on to the sea, and forced to capitulate. Nor did the stupefaction which affected Klingspor, and to a certain degree Adlercreutz at this crisis tend to improve matters. Instead of marching straight on New Karleby, he went due west to Lillkyro—a movement suggested, we must suppose, by a desire to rescue Vegesack and the depôts at Vasa, but which exposed him to almost certain destruction. Luckily Kamenski did not press his advantages to the uttermost. His troops were exhausted, so he rested them till the 9th. Meantime a report came in from Von Fieandt to the effect that, in accordance with orders received,

he was moving south on New Karleby, having sent an officer's detachment north for the purpose of breaking all bridges on the road to Uleoborg, whither the retreating Swedes proposed to escape! Adlercreutz had forgotten in the prevailing confusion to cancel his previous order! But there was still time to remedy the mischief.

On the 11th September, Vegesack reached head-quarters at Lillkyro in safety, and, on the following day, the whole army retired to Wöro on the road to New Karleby, much agitated by news that two Russian columns were rapidly moving to intercept them at Juutas, near to New Karleby, and at Kronoby, between the latter town and Old Karleby. For Kamenski, whilst leisurely following the Swedes in their devious march on Lillkyro, had sent Kossakovski in pursuit of Reuterskjöld's weak brigade, which covered the direct route from Lappo to New Karleby; whilst Vlastoff, relieved from anxiety for his rear by the occupation of Salmi, had approached Old Karleby without serious opposition. The army of Finland was, by this time, nigh surrounded; and no resource seemingly remained but capitulation. Accordingly, Kling-spor burnt his papers and fled; whilst, on the night of the 13th, the question of negotiating with the enemy was discussed with the permission of Adlercreutz at Swedish head-quarters. The brave Döbeln, prostrated by sickness, was lying on a sofa in the room where the staff were assembled. Starting up on hearing the word "capitulate" mentioned, he cried out fiercely, "Bring me a horse, and I will arrange the affair," and set off in the middle of the night to catch up his brigade which was on the march to Juutas. This happened at Oravais, whither the main body of the Swedes had retreated, and whence half their forces had been despatched rearwards to secure their line of retreat. Thus 5,000 were employed in opposing the 3,000 Russians who threatened their rear, and 5,000 remained to resist the 7,000 whom Kamenski led against Oravais. The heroism of Döbeln saved the army from destruction. His apparition at Juutas acted like magic on the defenders of the all-important junction. He was in the habit of wearing a black bandage across his temples to conceal an old wound which never completely healed. "Is the black bandage there?" asked the worn-out soldiers; "yes, then all is well," and, inspired with renewed confidence, they beat back the fierce onslaughts of the enemy. Evening found them still in possession of Juutas, and the Russians repulsed. The Swedish army was saved, though further north at Kronoby, the same danger remained to be averted.

On the following day, the 14th September, Adlercreutz was attacked at Oravais, where he was posted on a ridge, his right flank resting on the sea and his front covered by a stream. Some distance in advance, and separated by a wooded interval, lay another brook, behind which the Swedish outposts were stationed. Kulneff attacked them early in the morning with 2,000 men, and one of the most dogged and sanguinary conflicts of the whole campaign occurred. A lieutenant of artillery, Count William von Schwerin, though but sixteen years of age, bought immortality in the annals of his country and Runeberg's verse by the gallant way in which he handled his two guns at this point, but paid with his life. Kulneff had disobeyed orders in making this isolated attack, and it was not till the arrival of Demidoff's brigade, 2,000 strong, when the combat had already lasted some hours, that the Swedes were forced back to their main position. They were still numerically stronger than the enemy, whose reserve of 3,000, under Kamenski, had not yet arrived on the scene; and when Kulneff, in spite of this inferiority, endeavoured to outflank their left, Adlercreutz determined to repeat the manœuvre by which he conquered at Siikajoki—namely, by forcing their weakened centre. This was effected in gallant style, the Russians being victoriously driven back to and across the stream where the fighting had taken place in the morning. But Adlercreutz had not reckoned with Kamenski, who, arriving with his 3,000 men at this moment, stopped the pursuing Swedes at the stream, and finally, charging over the bridge, broke their centre in turn, for they were disordered by a too eager pursuit through the dense wood which extended in front of their position. Leaving their wings behind, they rushed pell mell back to the main position of Oravais, where, aided by fog and darkness, they succeeded in maintaining themselves for three hours, notwithstanding that their ammunition was in most cases expended. The left wing rejoined the main body by a detour; but the right, driven into a small promontory by the sea, was destroyed, the survivors either cutting a way through the enemy or swimming across the bay to their comrades at Oravais. Adlercreutz, at about 10 P.M., issued orders for retreat; nor was the movement interfered with by his antagonist, whose troops were thoroughly exhausted by the fatigues of the day. On reaching New Karleby, the pleasing news greeted him that Gripenberg's brigade had beaten Vlastoff's column at Kronoby, and thus kept open the line of retreat by Old Karleby.

Thus ended the battle of Oravais, the most sanguinary engagement of the campaign, and decisive of the issue of the war. Two.

thousand dead remained upon the field, and the Swedes lost a fourth of their effective strength. Looking back at the past, we fail to perceive that any good object was attained by the Swedes in accepting battle; for, being almost surrounded, their chief should have tried to save his army by a rapid retreat whilst still in good fighting order, since at any moment he might have found himself exposed to the necessity of cutting a way through his toils. Again, he weakened himself by quitting his position to engage the enemy at the outposts when Kulneff made his unauthorised attack. Had an engagement so obstinate been risked for the retention of Salmi, the attendant sacrifices would have been justified by the importance of the object in view; but the strategic situation having been weakly surrendered, the halt at Oravais was but the opportunity for the Russians to crush an army which faulty generalship had delivered into their power. Klingspor continued his march north with an army reduced to the most pitiable condition. The soldiers were in rags and unprovided with shoes in a climate where September brings a bitter foretaste of approaching winter. The bonds of discipline were dissolved as the wretched herd of sick and wounded men worked their painful way towards the pole. All the superior officers were disabled, and so dejected were the men that it was with the utmost difficulty that they could be induced to confront their pursuers. Supplies were precariously drawn from the fleet, which strove in spite of autumnal tempests to follow the march of the army along the coast. Fortunately, their opponents were but little better off, so that, on the 2nd of October, an armistice was concluded at Lohto with eight days' notice of rupture. Immediately after its conclusion Klingspor resigned the chief command and was succeeded by General Klercker. Gustavus had continued to waste his time and resources in isolated descents on the coasts of southern Finland from the Aland islands.

The armistice of Lohto being repudiated by Russia, 'Tooohkoff was in consequence directed to attack Sandels on the expiration of the eight days' notice, when, having pushed back his inferior numbers on Uleoborg, he was to turn the position of Klercker behind the Raumo stream. Sandels was therefore assailed at Virta bridge on the 27th October, when a heroic contest took place for its possession, which resulted in victory for the Swedes, the last which illustrated their patriotic struggles in Finland. Sandels, nevertheless, retreated on Uleoborg, when Klercker, denouncing the armistice, followed his example. But the difficulties of conducting a campaign at a season of the year so advanced and in those high latitudes soon became insuperable,

and on the 19th of November a fresh armistice was concluded at Olkijoki, valid till the 12th of January 1809. Tootchkoff was in the act of advancing to renew his attack on Sandels when intelligence arrived of this convention, in accordance with which the Swedes were to evacuate Finland. The two commanders breakfasted in company instead of engaging in the murderous conflict which a few minutes before seemed imminent.

Thus ended the Conquest of Finland, strictly speaking, though the war did not come to an end until late in the succeeding year. A great factor in the success of Russia was the consciousness on the part of the Swedes that in the long run it was out of their power to withstand her might east of the Gulf of Bothnia. Their belief was incontestably well-founded. Yet it is fortunately seldom that any state is served by so many weak, incapable, and venal officers as were found in their ranks during this campaign. The base surrender of Sweaborg and the pusillanimous inactivity of Klingspor are almost unique in history. The pig-headed obstinacy of Gustavus who could never concentrate his efforts on a single decisive point, contributed much to the mournful catastrophe. At first, when duty and interest motioned him to the strenuous defence of loyal Finland, he dreamed of subduing Norway and Zealand, and, because his senseless demands were not gratified, he affronted Sir John Moore, and thus sacrificed the co-operation of the English contingent. At a later period, fixing his abode in the Aland islands, he contented himself with dodging aimlessly about the Finnish coast, whilst immolating in petty enterprises which led to no result troops whose presence might have given victory to the army in the field.

But this career of folly was drawing to its close, almost its last manifestation being an embargo laid on British shipping, because we hesitated to increase the yearly subsidy granted to Sweden. The situation of that kingdom was now too critical to be remedied by half measures. She seemed likely to have the whole of Europe on her hands at once as enemies. The Russians in the Aland Islands were preparing to pounce upon defenceless Stockholm; other divisions were ready to support them; whilst Denmark from Zealand and Norway was menacing invasion. The dethronement of the King being the first condition for improvement, on the 13th March 1809, Gustavus was made a prisoner in his palace, and his uncle, Charles XIII., shortly afterwards ascended the throne. Meantime, Alexander was urging on his favourite project of extorting the formal cession of Finland at the gates of Stockholm, whilst the sea was still frozen, and before the Anglo-Swedish

fleet could arrive in those waters. Twenty thousand men were collected at Abo to seize the Aland group, and thence operate on the Swedish capital; 5,000 at Vasa were to cross the ice to Umeo, whilst the same number were to march by Torneo round the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. The Tzar, however, had to relieve his Commander-in-Chief twice ere he accomplished his hazardous enterprise. Buxhöwden was succeeded by Knorring, and Knorring by Barclay de Tolly. The two first months of the year 1809 were employed by the Russians in collecting supplies, but in March (the winter was uncommonly late this year) Knorring crossed the ice and took possession of the Aland Islands, Döbeln, who had sworn to defend them to the last man, being ordered to withdraw by the chiefs of the revolution in Stockholm. On the 17th, he crossed to Grisslehamn, on the Swedish coast, in the midst of a terrific snowstorm, which soon enshrouded the *débris* which the column left behind, with the unfortunate soldiers who dropt down in the ranks from sheer exhaustion. He was pursued next day by Kulneff with his Cossacks, and there can be little doubt that Knorring could have followed and, perhaps, ended the war at a blow as prescribed by the Emperor. But he was apprehensive of a sudden break-up of the ice, which a southerly gale might at any time occasion. Döbeln was able to extort from these fears an armistice, by which the Russians evacuated Aland, whilst the Swedes undertook not to re-occupy those islands while negotiations were pending. Barclay de Tolly had, in the meantime, led his brigade from Vasa across the Gulf of Bothnia to Umeo—a perilous transit across mountains of ice, raised by alternate thawing gales and frosts—but returned to Finland on receiving notice of the recent armistice. In the north, one more disgrace soiled the honour of the Swedish arms. By the capitulation of Kalix, Gripenberg, under the impression that his retreat was intercepted by Barclay de Tolly, capitulated to a Russian force of equal or inferior strength.

Alexander, on hearing of the armistice, was much incensed at so gratuitous a sacrifice of his plans. Displacing Knorring, and appointing Barclay de Tolly in his stead, he commanded the immediate resumption of hostilities and the re-occupation of the Aland Islands. The latter order was carried into effect, but the cold season having passed by, the troops were necessarily restricted to operations by land. With a division strengthened to the amount of 8,000, Shoováloff left Torneo on the 30th April, reaching Umeo on the 31st May. But the arrival of the Anglo-Swedish fleet had already made him apprehensive of a hostile disembarkation in his rear. Nevertheless, on the 16th August, peace

negotiations having stranded on the question of the cession of the Aland Isles, Kamenski, who had relieved Shoováloff, advanced from Umeo in the direction of Stockholm, when the projected attack on his communications was forthwith carried into effect. But the Swedes, defeated at Säfwar, re-embarked after a few days, though Kamenski deemed it advisable to retire as far as Piteo, where, on the 2nd September, an armistice was arranged to continue as long as negotiations for peace were in progress. On the 17th, the Treaty of Frederikshamn was signed, whereby Sweden ceded Finland to Russia and consented to adhere to Napoleon's continental system.

On the 27th March 1809, Alexander I., assembling the States of Finland at Borgo, guaranteed them the continuance of their political privileges, the exercise of their religion, and the undisturbed possession of their property. Their form of government was that established by Gustavus III. in 1772 and 1789 for the whole of Sweden. On the first occasion, the convocation of the Diet was made dependent on the King's pleasure; on the second, the States were deprived of the faculty of initiating legislation, whilst the decision in matters of peace and war was vested in the Crown. Alexander I., who was at this period coquetting with Constitutionalism, permitted this *régime* to remain in force. By the Constitution of 1809, which resulted from the deposition of Gustavus IV., it was re-enacted that the Swedish Diet should meet once in five years, but it was not till more than half a century later that Finland obtained this concession, nor did her Diet actually assemble on a single occasion between 1809 till 1868. Nicholas completely ignored her political privileges, and consequently, at the time of the Crimean War, her sons made no secret of their sympathy with the Western Powers. The liberality of Alexander II., at the time of the Polish insurrection in 1863, brought some amelioration in her political position, but to this day there is no freedom of the press in Finland; the Secretary of State for the Grand Duchy at St. Petersburg is not responsible to the Diet at Helsingfors; still less has there been any attempt to modify the Constitution of Gustavus III. into one more conformable with Liberal ideas. Such was the train of events which brought about the so-called "Home Rule" of Finland. May the friendship and protection of the Danish Empress avail the country much in its patriotic struggle against Russification.

The Early Career of Field-Marshal Lord Strathairn,

G.C.B., G.C.S.I., ETC.

By A. L'E——.

(Continued from page 411.)

CONSTANTINOPLE.

IN recognition of Colonel Rose's eminent services in Syria, Lord Palmerston took the first opportunity of bringing him into the regular Diplomatic Service by appointing him Secretary of the Embassy at Constantinople. This appointment was dated 2nd January 1851. Soon after this the Ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, went on leave, and Colonel Rose succeeded him as *Chargé d'Affaires*, and had to deal with the consequences of the "Holy Places" question, in which, to speak in general terms, Russia all through felt that *her* claims were untenable. As was only natural, the Porte keenly resented and vigorously opposed the bare-faced attack made by Russia upon her rights, and, as usual in cases of national difficulty, the Sultan sought the advice and assistance of the English Embassy, of which Colonel Rose was then in charge.

In accordance with his instructions, Colonel Rose took all necessary steps to safe-guard the rights of the Porte, and had frequent communications and interviews with Prince Menschikoff. The tone of the latter convinced him of the danger of the Russian demands. His apprehensions upon this subject were confirmed by a remarkable intercepted letter, written by a Bulgarian priest in the Russian and Turkish dialect, disclosing a plan for creating a revolution in Bulgaria in the Czar's favour. Soon after this discovery, Colonel Rose received an urgent message from the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs requesting his immediate attention on a matter of importance. His Excellency and the Grand Vizier then informed him that they had just received a demand from Prince Menschikoff, requiring the Porte to sign a secret treaty relating to the Holy States. Colonel Rose having been asked to

state what assistance he was prepared to afford as agent of the British Government, replied that he would immediately send off an express message to Belgrade, or Vienna, or a steamer to Malta, with the intelligence to Her Majesty's Government.

"Oh!" replied the Grand Vizier, "special messengers and steamers are too late. We must sign the secret treaty by sunset this evening, or Prince Menschikoff will demand his passports. We wish to see the British fleet in Turkish waters."

To this Colonel Rose observed that his powers as Chargé d'Affaires did not extend to ordering up the British fleet, but he undertook to point out without delay to the Admiral the extreme gravity of the situation, and the serious responsibility that must devolve on him were he to decline to appear in Turkish waters as requested. The same evening, not long after sunset, the Porte's chief dragoman went to Colonel Rose, at Therapia, to inform him that Prince Menschikoff had presented his demand for the signature of the treaty, and that the Sultan's Ministers had refused to sign it. The Porte, however, fearing that Russia might attempt to carry Constantinople by a *coup de main*, despatched an express war-steamer to the ports in the Black Sea, and learned that at Sebastopol ten days' rations had been issued to the Russian troops, who were ready to embark on board the fleet. The fears of the Porte were consequently confirmed that Russia intended to effect her purpose by force.

A consultation between Colonel Rose and the Turkish Ministers ended in the necessity being recognised of defending Constantinople forthwith; and as Admiral Dundas declined to send the fleet without the consent or express orders of Her Majesty's Government, Colonel Rose was asked in his military capacity to advise as to the best means of resistance. He replied that he had lately come from Malta, where the Governor, an excellent Engineer officer, had shown him the introduction of a new system for the defence of that place by the substitution of batteries of vertical fire in place of the *fleur d'eau* batteries of horizontal fire; that the enemy could have no view of the retired batteries, as the guns were only run up for firing, and afterwards recoiled, and that the position of the heights commanding Constantinople and the Bosphorus were better suited even than Malta for the fire of these batteries.

Colonel Rose's suggestion was adopted, and he, with the able assistance rendered by Admiral Slade, R.N., then acting as Naval Adviser to the Porte, drew up a complete plan for the defence of Constantinople by retired batteries. Temporary fortifications were traced, artillery and infantry told off for their respective stations,

and arrangements made for placing submarine mines in positions through which the Russian fleet would have to pass for the projected attack. Fire-ships and war-vessels of the Turkish navy were also placed in the little bays of the Bosphorus, to be let loose on the Russian fleet if required. No enemy, however, appeared, and the Turkish authorities had reason to believe that the Russians received from their secret agents at Constantinople full information as to the welcome prepared for them, and that, perceiving the hopelessness of carrying Constantinople by a *coup de main*, they deemed it prudent not to expose themselves to the risk of regular operations.

Colonel Rose's action before the outbreak of the Crimean War proved him to be one able to bear a sudden load of responsibility. Although his conduct was disavowed by the Government at home, and his appeal to the British Admiral rejected, it is not the less certain that his consent to call up the fleet allayed the panic which then endangered the very life of the Ottoman Empire, while, by his practical knowledge of engineering (the ground-work of which, no doubt, was acquired at the Berlin College of Cadets), he was enabled to improvise the defence of Constantinople and to prevent it from falling an easy prey to Russia.

THE CRIMEA.

So far the services of Lord Strathnairn have been considered in Ireland, Syria, and at Constantinople. To come to the Crimea it must be stated that a detailed account of the important rôle played, and the various duties performed by him during the Crimean War, would fill a good-sized volume, while space at present will barely admit of their being dealt with in a *catalogue raisonnée*.

On the outbreak of the war, Colonel Rose was appointed Queen's Commissioner at the head-quarters of the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, with local rank of Brigadier-General (8th March 1854). His duty was to be the organ of communication between the French and English commanders in all matters relating to the two armies, but especially in carrying communications to and from the French and English generals. On receiving his appointment, General Rose sketched a strategical plan best calculated, in his opinion, to ensure the success of the Allies. It pointed out the advantage of invading Russia at the seat of her naval power, Sebastopol, in order to effect a safe and rapid transport for reinforcements and materials of war, while, on the other hand, Russia would be subjected to the insuperable difficulties of land transport, by bad roads, and in the Southern provinces by mere tracks from their base in Russia to the southern-

most point of her possessions in European Turkey. This plan of operations, the wisdom of which soon became apparent, was submitted to Lord Raglan, and in the routine of red-tapeism it was passed to Lord Clarendon, who forwarded it to Lord Cowley, Her Majesty's Ambassador in Paris, who, in obedience to official etiquette, laid it before the Emperor Napoleon III. It so happened that General Rose passed through Paris when the Emperor had received the Memorandum alluded to. Napoleon invited him to the Tuileries, and, in a friendly conversation, said that he highly approved of General Rose's suggestions.

General Rose joined the French head-quarters at Kadi-Koi on the Bosphorus. He was the first English officer who, after the long wars between France and England, from the end of the past and the beginning of the present century, had joined the French army as the friendly representative of the British nation. The *politesse* of the French is proverbial, but General Rose was literally taken aback by the marked good-will and hospitality with which he was received by Marshal St. Arnaud, and the officers of his staff assembled at the head-quarters' mess, of which he was at once made, and continued to be, a guest during the campaign.

Even at this early date, months before a shot had been fired, General Rose determined not to act simply as a connecting link between the allied generals. Mars he would be—not Mercurius merely. His mind was made up to go to the front and take an active part in the fray. The opportunity for distinguishing himself soon appeared. On the landing of the allied armies at Varna, the French ammunition was stored in an old martello tower, surrounded by wooden buildings. The latter caught fire, and the magazine close by was in imminent danger when General Rose, who had acquired experience of fires in Constantinople, suggested the best mode of arresting the flames. He, accompanied by a French officer, scaled the martello tower, ascertained with their hands where the flames had produced the greatest heat upon its walls, and, when the French and English fatigue parties arrived with engines, the water was concentrated upon the endangered points and the fire quenched.

The French were not likely to overlook this deed of valour. On the following day, Lord Raglan informed General Rose that Marshal St. Arnaud had recommended him for the Officers' Cross of the Legion of Honour, which distinction was subsequently merged in that of the higher grade, the Commanders' Cross, General Trochu expressing his high admiration of the brilliant service rendered.

At the battle of the Alma, General Rose was almost ubiquitous, now delivering messages to Lord Raglan under a galling fire, now joining Colonel Cler, with the 1st Zouaves, in the attack on the Telegraph. The latter thanked him for "*la place glorieuse que vous avez eu la courage de prendre dans mon régiment au moment suprême de la bataille d'Alma.*"

Shortly before opening fire against Sebastopol, General Canrobert was surprised by a violent cannonade from the "Bastion Centrale," on "La Maison Brulée." With his usual courage he was starting for the redoubt in distress, only allowing two officers to accompany him for fear of drawing down the enemy's fire by taking a larger party. On General Rose requesting to join them Canrobert demurred. Rose represented that if the English officer attached to the French staff did not go to the post of danger, he could never again look his brother officers in the face; on which General Canrobert, taking him by the arm, said, good-humouredly, "Allons donc, Rose, ensemble." As the party went round the ditch a shell burst, one splinter bruising the French General, another hitting General Rose under the eye, knocking him down senseless, and causing a considerable loss of blood. Coming to himself, he found he was being tended by two Zouaves, while General Canrobert stood over him thinking he was dead. This incident was reported officially to Lord Raglan, and published in the *London Gazette*.

The next occasion on which General Rose took a prominent part in the Crimean campaign was at the battle of Inkerman. The important events of that day afforded him an opportunity of rendering a service to the French and English armies, which General Canrobert characterised as most important to the great cause at issue on that eventful day. For his services at Inkerman, General Canrobert took upon himself personally to recommend General Rose to the English Government for the Victoria Cross, and the following passage from his letter must be quoted:— "General Rose was wounded by my side in the trenches, and I recall to mind with pleasure that the brave General Hugh Rose ceased not to solicit from the General-in-Chief the honour of taking his glorious part in the most dangerous duties, particularly at the battle of Inkerman, where he went alone, in spite of the most destructive fire (*le feu le plus meurtrier*), to reconnoitre the ground between the right of General Pennefather and the left of the French troops engaged, and he thus contributed to the operation that proved so useful—the combination (*co-ordonnement*) under the enemy's fire of the English right and the French left. On this

occasion the gallant general officer had his horse wounded under him."

On account of General Rose's rank it was held that he could not, under the strict interpretation of the warrant, receive the Victoria Cross; but for his eminent services he was promoted to be Major-General, the order in the *London Gazette* running thus:—"The General Commanding-in-Chief has much gratification in publishing to the army the command of the Queen for the promotion of the under-mentioned officer (Brigadier-General Rose) who, while holding the rank of Brigadier-General in Turkey, has conducted himself to Her Majesty's satisfaction, and rendered distinguished service in the great and brilliant victories in the Crimea." Major-General Rose was also made K.C.B. (16th October 1855), and Lord Clarendon, writing to Sir Hugh Rose, said: "I must express to you my entire approval of your conduct in the difficult position in which you have been placed, and more particularly of the clear and able reports which you have, from time to time, transmitted to me of the military events and operations which come under your cognizance."

Six months after Inkerman, General Rose performed a signal act of service, when a mixed committee of British and French officers of the scientific branches had given their opinion in favour of suspending the siege of Sebastopol. In the conviction that such a measure would be most damaging to the reputation of the allied armies, General Rose addressed a memorandum in French to Marshal Pellissier, advising that to suspend the siege would be synonymous with giving it up. He demonstrated that the task of removing immense parks of siege artillery would be impossible, while to spike the guns in the face of an unsubdued enemy would cause a blight that nothing could efface. This memorandum was forwarded to Lord Clarendon by a telegraphic despatch in cypher, and, in return, the Foreign Secretary conveyed to Sir Hugh Rose the entire approval of himself and of Her Majesty's Government of the advice he had tendered.

At this period General Rose advised Marshal Pellissier to apply to Sir Edmund Lyons for two sea mortars, which did admirable service at a critical moment. The occasion was this. General Rose, in visiting the new trenches thrown up by the French after the capture of the Mamelon, and in advance of it, towards the southern harbour, observed that excellent views could be obtained of the Russian men-of-war. Knowing the superiority of the 13½-inch naval mortars over the common 18-inch mortars, he expounded his views to the French Marshal, and they were placed in the new

redoubt. The following day the officer of the *vigile* on the Mamelon reported that a shell from one of the mortars had gone right through a Russian man-of-war, a *gabbare* or two-decker, and had completely blown her up. The discouraging fact thus conveyed to the Russians—namely, that their retreat was cut off by the allied artillery—was the main cause which decided their speedy retreat.

At the close of the campaign Marshal Pellissier brought to notice the incessant and very useful services performed from its commencement by General Rose, and, writing personally to him, he explained himself in these words, apropos of the regrets and esteem which the French army felt for him: "I am happy," he said (5th June 1856), "to have to express to you these sentiments which spring from the distinction of your military services during the war; of the cordiality which you showed to everyone, and the care you have taken to maintain that excellent understanding which contributed so much to the successes we have obtained."

. The writer of the foregoing paper is indebted for his materials to a valuable and graphic record of Lord Strathnairn's services, compiled from official sources by Colonel Sir Owen Tudor Burne, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., &c., formerly Military Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to the late Field Marshal, and now a Member of the Supreme Council of India. The work, which has not been published, exhibits Sir Hugh Rose as a brave soldier, an illustrious commander, and a diplomatist of the first rank. The present skeleton sketch of his early career treats only of his successes with sword and pen up to the end of the Crimean War—his achievements in India being foreign to its purpose. The *Times*, writing of his services in the East, crystallised public opinion in the sentence, "If he had been a Roman general he would have been decreed a triumph"; and had he died in the fulness of his fame on retiring from the Indian command, there is no doubt that he would have been buried in St. Paul's beside others of renown. This notwithstanding, his name as Sir Hugh Rose is imperishably engraven in the Valhalla of British heroes.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW TERROR.

RICHARD WHITBY was one day riding with his affianced bride, Eleanor Wake, in that picturesque suburb of Meerut which had been the scene of Wake's tragic encounter with the fakir. Fine trees over-arched the road, whilst the underwood of the grove was full of agile monkeys gaily jumping from branch to branch. Near at hand was the large pond, with the antique necropolis and Hindoo temples erected on the waterside.

Whitby looked rather disturbed and annoyed as, pointing to a massively-built shrine, he said to Eleanor:

"I am afraid we have not yet heard the end of the business of your brother killing the fakir in that temple. Lawyer Sims is not going to let the matter drop, for evidently his energy and industry are stimulated by the hope of making lace of rupees. Heaven knows what he has further ferreted out, but he is coming to see me this evening, 'having obtained important information.'"

"Oh!" cried Eleanor with swift anxiety; "you will screen Henry, for my sake? It is true that the men of our family have been spendthrifts and gamblers, and we are now landless and penniless in consequence of their reckless conduct; but still our name has never been dishonoured, and if my brother is found guilty of murder and theft we can never hold up our heads again. Promise me that you will be guarded in what you say to the lawyer."

"I will do all I can for him—that is as far as a man of honour can. Wake's illness at this juncture is particularly ill-starred, if he had only gone away to a distant part of India, in a new regiment, with a new name, and in so different a social position, all trace of his identity with this matter might have been lost; but, if he remains here, I fear that Sims may discover that Ensign Wake

of the Tipperary Rangers, and private Brown of the 200th are one and the same man."

"But you will be cautious—if my brother is tried, the disgrace will kill me."

"I am but a poor diplomatist, dearest," he answered; "but I will try to be as secret as the grave, for your dear sake."

Some hours after Richard Whitby might have been seen closeted with the indefatigable and formidable attorney, who, in this interview, did not find the gallant captain either enthusiastic or communicative. Whitby answered his questions with military brevity, and exhibited a curt reticence almost amounting to discourtesy.

"You see, my dear Sir," said the suave lawyer to Whitby, "in dealing with Asiatics, it is almost impossible to get at the real facts of a case. They are always inveterate liars, but when they come to mix up the supernatural with their falsehoods, no man on earth can unravel their meaning. I am instructed that Henry Brown, of the 200th Regiment, after dancing at a soldiers' ball, still dressed in uniform, started on a journey with an old woman, who bears a bad character and is a reputed witch, and that he was also accompanied by some natives of greater respectability. I am further instructed that by the incantations of this presumed witch several of the travellers have disappeared, and that the English soldier is in some way connected with their mysterious fate—at least, this is what the natives assert. Further, that Brown, still in British uniform, was present at a dacoity in which some valuable jewels and a magic crystal have been stolen, and the family to whom these things rightly belong are most anxious to recover the talisman. I am instructed that the possessor of this wonderful charm cannot be killed while wearing it, and that it confers wealth and prosperity upon whoever obtains it; also that this stone controls evil spirits and demons. But, lastly—as if to show the absurdity of these old wives' fables—I am told that the English soldier murdered the native who had the crystal in his possession, thus proving that its magical powers are not what they are represented to be."

Whitby laughed.

"My dear Sir, all this seems an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing!"

"That is true," answered the lawyer, blandly; "but the story, wild as it is, is corroborated by these facts: I have evidence to prove that Brown was at the said soldiers' ball; that he did leave Meerut in company with some natives, and armed with a rifle, and dressed in uniform, he was seen in various villages; therefore,

although there is a great deal that is absurd and fantastic in the native version of the affair, you may be sure it has a substratum of truth."

"Possibly," retorted the soldier, bluntly; "but to sift truth from falsehood is your trade, not mine; and I regret that I cannot elucidate the mystery for you."

"If they would only drop the supernatural," said the lawyer, pensively; "but, what with demons, omens, charms, witchcraft, talismans, and spells, it is not a case to bring before a British jury, I am afraid."

"Still less," said Whitby, "would it commend itself to a court-martial."

"Magic or no magic," said the disconsolate lawyer, "Private Brown has unaccountably disappeared, and neither the officers nor the men of the 200th Regiment can or will give me any information about him. All the satisfaction I have obtained is that 'Private Brown, having bought his discharge, his name is no longer borne on the strength of the regiment.' There is an insinuating young scapegrace of an officer called Burke, who, I am sure, *has* screened him, even if he does not know his whereabouts at present; and I can get nothing from the lazy Captain of the company to which Brown belongs, or belonged, for he simply refuses to be 'bothered' about the matter; while as to the irascible old Colonel Rawley, he was absolutely startling in his profanity, quite the language of the old school; moreover, he affected to think that I had fabricated an infamous charge against him and his regiment."

"Then," answered Whitby, "all this would seem to be in favour of Private Brown, for if he were a bad character his officers would be only too glad to hand him over to the civil authorities, but, if he is discharged—and from your statement this seems to be the case—you must look for him elsewhere."

"Well, Sir, I came to you as a last resource."

"I am afraid I can't help you," retorted Whitby, in so pointed a manner that the discomfited attorney had no alternative but to take his departure, feeling that the case was as much involved in mystery as before.

As soon as his unwelcome visitor had left, Whitby mounted his horse and galloped over to Captain Coote's bungalow, which was in the British infantry lines, to discuss with Eleanor the absurd turn which events had taken. He found her anxiously expecting his arrival, for she was tortured by suspense and nervous fears for the safety of the brother she loved so dearly.

"It is all right, Nell," he said, answering her look of inquiry;

"there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and Sims now accuses your brother of——"

"Of what?" said the sister in terror.

"Nothing—only witchcraft," laughed Whitby, "or wizard-craft I suppose it would be in his case, and of stealing, while wearing Her Majesty's uniform, a patent magic crystal, warranted to preserve its owner in battle or otherwise, and to make him healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"Nonsense, Dick! you are joking."

"No, honestly; Sims tells me he has been 'instructed' to prefer this grave charge against Wake."

"Oh, this is too ridiculous! Before, they said he had taken a paper; *now*, that he has stolen a crystal—what next?"

"Oh, but you don't understand; the paper was only a means to an end. It was through this paper he got the crystal, and through the crystal he has entered into partnership with a witch, and by-and-by he will be rolling in money."

"Oh, Richard, do talk sensibly! All this is past belief."

"Well," he said, gravely, "that may be folly, but there is a farther charge. He is also accused—in connection with the witch—of having caused the disappearance of several respectable natives who had been travelling with him, and also of having joined some dacoits."

"What are dacoits?" she asked.

"Armed robbers—brigands, if you will—who live by plunder."

"But that charge cannot be true," she said; "it is too dreadful."

"It certainly is not very probable," he answered, "because dacoits are most unlikely to fraternise with an Englishman; however if there is black art in the matter, it places the affair beyond the limits of my experience, and I cannot pretend to understand what it means. Of course, Wake was delirious after his fever, possibly he was bewitched, for he raved about gold, and gems, and treasures hidden in caverns, and also about Thugs, by one of which worthless race he affirmed that he was perpetually haunted."

"He did not know what he was saying," said Eleanor. "He was quite off his head—you know *that*, Richard?"

"Yes; but there was a certain method in his madness, though, for it was wonderful how he clung to one set of ideas, and repeated them over and over again, almost confirming some parts of Mr. Sims' story."

"That is always the case when the mind is affected," she said, "people get hold of a fixed idea and are continually recurring to it."

"Very likely," he answered; "I thought at the time that the whole thing was most singular, showing a very lively imagination, and certainly quite as wild and incomprehensible as Mr. Sims' charges."

"If you will come with me to the hotel, Richard, I will see my brother and tell him what Sims says, and I can also take Florence Rawley with me, for I know Henry wishes to see her 'particularly.'"

"Yes," returned Whitby, "that was another of his fixed ideas, as soon as he was at all convalescent, he repeatedly called for Miss Rawley, asserting that he had something for her."

"Well," said Eleanor, "will you go to the Rawleys' and ask Florence to come with me to Ali Bux's hotel?"

Whitby departed, and Eleanor, now left alone, felt very ill at ease, a state of mind which she had partly concealed from her lover. She recalled her brother's mysterious scheme of making a large fortune, and she reproached herself that Florence and she had credulously advanced him the means to start on his unexplained expedition. The attack of fever had been so sudden that Wake had not been able to give any definite account as to where he had been or what he had done; and now that he was better in health and more rational, he had been strangely reticent about his journey.

Eleanor Wake, though young in years, was old in many a long and bitter experience. Her brother and herself were the sole representatives of a once wealthy but now totally ruined family. They were the grandchildren of the celebrated Jack Wake, of Wake Castle, Cornwall, whose sporting deeds and frantic extravagances were, after seventy years, still legendary in that county and in society generally. Their father had been as hospitable, jovial, and hard riding as the noted Squire, but had added to his extravagances the darker vice of gambling. He was dead; and land, houses, money, all were gone! Eleanor's mother, broken in health as well as in fortune, had become companion and housekeeper to her wealthy bachelor brother, who gave his sister the refuge of his house, but would not receive or do anything for the "gambler's children." Henry Wake, while yet in his teens, had run through what little patrimony had remained to him, and, as we have seen, ended by enlisting, while his sister Eleanor had found a protector in a married cousin, Mrs. Coots, and thus, in her existence of twenty-one years, Eleanor, who had been the household angel of a disorganised home, had seen much of the stern side of life. Her amiable but weak mother had turned to her for advice and conso-

lation ; her agreeable, reckless father had always been kind and gentle with her, although politely indifferent to his wife and son. Her brother's wildness was the result of bad training and the evil example of a reckless father who had little or no love for him. Naturally affectionate and unselfish, she was always ready to excuse the youth's many faults. The fact was her sisterly love blinded her to his utter recklessness and want of principle. Young Wake, who was exceedingly handsome, possessed a charm of manner which might have thrown a glamour over the judgment of a more acute observer of character than his young loving sister.

In the cool of the evening Florence and Eleanor, accompanied by Richard Whitby, arrived at the slovenly-looking little hotel, kept by a native, where the ex-private had taken up his temporary abode. The two girls alighted from the carriage, and Whitby, having promised to call for them in an hour's time, drove away. They mounted a stone staircase and entered a large white-washed room, the furniture of which looked dilapidated and ill-kept. On seeing them, Wake jumped up from the couch on which he was lying, with an exclamation of pleasure. In consequence of the fever, he was gaunt and thin, looking like the spectre of his former self ; his large dark eyes gleamed wildly, yet sadly, and his black hair, which had been cut very short during his illness, made his pallid face appear all the more ghastly.

"Oh, Harry," said Florence, who had not seen him for some time, "how ill you look !"

"Do I ?" said Wake. "Well, I suppose it was touch and go whether I pulled through or not ; and perhaps I have lived," he added, with a bitter laugh, "like many a better man, only to spite my heirs."

"Why, what an odd speech !" said pretty, smiling Florence. "Who are your heirs ?"

"Who ?" answered the young man. "People who, like most heirs, would sooner I was dead than alive."

"Then," said the girl, sweetly, "we are not amongst the number. We are delighted that you are alive and getting strong again. You ought to get away on sick leave, that you may be quite well when you join your new regiment."

Wake crossed the room, and, opening a small cheffonier, took out a parcel, which he handed to Florence.

"There, Miss Rawley," he said, "fair exchange is no robbery. You gave me your bracelet when last we met, and I have brought you this from Delhi in return."

The girl opened the small packet, which contained a glittering necklace of turquoises set in gold.

"How lovely!" she said, with sparkling eyes.

Eleanor drew near, and, looking at the costly ornament, said:

"It is very beautiful; but where did you get it, Harry?"

"On Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver," he answered, mockingly.

His sister looked earnestly at him, searching his countenance keenly.

"Then you *have* found Tom Tiddler's ground! Where is it?" she said.

"About thirty miles north of Delhi, I believe, though, you know, geography was never my strong point. My confounded illness has hindered me, or I should now be one of the richest men in England, Eleanor! I have found a treasure the value of which is almost priceless; with it I shall buy back Wake Castle and all our once broad acres in Cornwall. It would be far better to be Wake, of Wake Castle, and follow the Exmoor staghounds, than to be Private Brown in the hot barracks of Meerut!"

The words he uttered so excitedly awoke a sympathetic echo in his sister's soul; for to recover their old home and estates, and regain their former position in the world was the dearest wish of her heart.

"But what right have you to the treasure of which you speak?"

"As much as anyone else," he answered. "It is treasure trove, and he who finds keeps; it belongs to no one in particular."

"Not to the Newaub of Doobghur?" she asked, looking at him scrutinisingly.

"No," he answered. "I have as good a claim to it as he has; he is no more the lineal descendant of Ali Kareem—who hid the treasure—than I am. The Newaub was too afraid of the demons who are supposed to guard the treasure to go and look for it himself, so I went and found it."

This answer but half satisfied his anxious sister. "Did you not find a crystal?" she asked,

"No! I believe not. I found what I hope is a large diamond. Was it a crystal? What do you know about it?"

"Only this. Mr. Sims the lawyer has complained to Richard Whitby that you have illegally obtained possession of a magic crystal."

"The devil!" laughed Wake; "what a sell! I thought it was a valuable diamond."

"Did you?" she continued gently. "And Mr. Sims further

says, that you have taken up with a witch, joined a band of dacoits, and murdered some respectable natives ! ”

“ Then,” said Wake, suddenly blazing out with anger, “ that lawyer is a d——d liar like all his tribe. I have found an ancient treasure, it is true ; but I found it by my own right hand, without aid from witches, dacoits, or anybody else ; and, what is more, as soon as I can travel I shall go, collect my fortune, send it to England, and then horsewhip the lawyer. Who knows but that I shall become as rich as any of our ancestors ? Now, Miss Florence, you shall decide. Have I not as much right to this wealth as a cowardly nigger, who hadn’t the pluck to do it himself, but sent a sneaking Thug to murder me ? Only that was a game in which *two* could play, so I shot the beggar ! ”

“ I don’t understand these things,” Florence answered ; “ all I can say is that I wish you well, and if you *could* buy back your old home I should be charmed.”

“ As far as I am concerned,” said Eleanor, warmly, “ I prefer honest poverty to ill-gotten gains. If your fortune has been honestly acquired I am glad, but I would sooner die a beggar than deprive anyone of their possessions.”

“ Get money, my son,” said Wake, derisively, “ get money—honestly if you can—but get money. Thank Heaven ! my conscience, like my constitution, is very robust and no fantastical scruples will prevent me from acquiring the hoard of a long-defunct Moslem.”

The girls now rose to leave. Florence ran nimbly down the stairs, but Eleanor lingered awhile to say a few words of caution to her brother Henry. “ You had better leave this place as soon as you can,” she said ; “ that lawyer is still seeking you, and, as he will be well paid, he will leave no stone unturned to establish the Newaub of Doobghur’s claim to the treasure.”

“ Well, Nell ! do not let Richard Whitby know what I have done, or intend to do. He is always on the side of the natives, and would not uphold me.”

“ Don’t meddle with it any more, Harry,” she said ; “ leave it alone. I have a presentiment that it will bring misfortune to you.”

The obstinacy which was a great feature in Wake’s character now vehemently asserted itself. “ I will get that treasure and send it to England,” he said savagely ; “ in spite of Whitby, Sims, the Newaub, or even the British Government ! That a fellow should find enormous wealth for the mere trouble of picking it up, and then allow himself to be robbed of it, is absurd.”

"Well, then, at least take care of yourself, dear," she said, "you have enemies."

"I can take care of myself, Nell," he retorted defiantly; "and am more than a match for them all. I will go this very night, if I can, and before thirty-six hours are over I shall have unearthed the rest of my spoil, or I am a Dutchman!"

"Then you will not be at my wedding next Tuesday," she said.

"I could easily come back if you wish it; it is only a sixty miles' ride across country."

"No," she answered. "On second thoughts I feel that, much as I should like your presence, you would be better away. I am afraid of that lawyer! Richard says that he does not know that you are now an officer, and have resumed your own name, but this seems due more to luck than to good management. If you get away to the Punjaub before Sims has time to find you out, all clue will be lost, and you will be able to start a fresh life, with an unclouded name and with untarnished honour. Everyone has heard the story of Jack Wake of Wake Castle, and the fact that you belong to an old county family will be a good introduction into your new regiment, and to your brother officers."

"If I succeed in shipping my treasure" he said, "I don't know that I shall be particularly hot upon serving Her Majesty. I should send in my papers directly."

She pondered sadly. "Would that be wise, after we had so much trouble in obtaining your commission?"

"Of course to live like an officer would be Paradise," he answered, "compared with what I have gone through as Private Brown; but what would suit me best would be a good hunting stable in the old country. Remember that Whitby is to know nothing of my affairs. If I succeed, he will want to put a spoke in my wheel; and if I fail, he will say 'I told you so,' and leave me to paddle my own canoe."

"You are unjust to Richard," she said angrily, "you do not know him yet; he is the soul of honour and disinterestedness."

"I know he is a very good fellow," answered her brother; "he is all right for you, Nell, but too good altogether for a sinner like me."

She gave him an affectionate kiss, and hastening down-stairs to rejoin her companions, who were waiting in the carriage, she returned home in a thoughtful mood.

CHAPTER XI.

A MESS DINNER.

It was now the month of March, and the weather in Northern India was becoming unpleasantly warm, for the hot wind, as yet uncooled by tatties, sent fierce, sultry blasts into the houses. Some of the English inhabitants were preparing to fly either to the cool breezes of the hills, or were homeward bound to England. However, in spite of the approaching hot weather, the ordinary routine of life went on, and amongst these common-place incidents were the weekly guest-nights, held at the various mess-houses at Meerut.

On Tuesday the 2nd of March, the 200th Regiment were entertaining visitors, and Captain Whitby and his brother were included among the strangers. Their mess-table was handsomely decorated with fruit and flowers, fine china, and old silver plate, while the numerous wax lights which glittered in the silver candelabra were protected by glasses from the breeze caused by the prettily-painted punkah which waved to and fro overhead. The officers were dressed in crisp, white garments, with thin red jackets, and, in spite of the state of the atmosphere, were determined to enjoy their dinner, and make the best of the inevitable heat. Solemn black-bearded Mussulman kitmughars, in snowy linen costumes and turbans, which looked refreshingly clean and cool, stood behind the officers' chairs. On weekly guest-nights the regimental band was stationed on the terrace, and commenced its musical performance with the National Anthem, while the decanters were passed round, and the first and last toast of the evening, "The Queen," was drunk.

Among the notable features of the scene was the stern face of Colonel Rawley, who was looking more than usually disagreeable; Captain Maunders, however, seemed at peace with all mankind, whilst eating an excellently-cooked repast. The dinner passed off without any marked incident; but all through the meal young Burke, who was usually the life of the regiment, looked pale and melancholy, and was astonishingly silent. When dinner was concluded, he rose and strolled out upon the terrace in front of the bungalow, where the band was performing, and puffed his cheroot calmly into the balmy eastern evening air. As the natives of India seldom or never acquire a taste for European music, and as there was no other public, and the soldiers were in barracks, the admirable band seemed playing for him alone. The click of the billiard-balls, and an occasional remark of "two by honours and

the odd trick," were the only sounds that came from the interior of the mess-house. Soon, however, the silence was broken by Captain Maunders and a smart dragoon, who emerged smoking upon the terrace; but they were only abusing the service.

Shortly after, just as Desmond Burke had thrown himself into a lounging-chair, Richard Whitby approached the spot. Whitby looked at Burke for a moment, and then said:

"Why, Burke, what has happened? You certainly have a most rueful expression of countenance, which is not your style at all, and does not become you."

"Oh!" answered Burke, with a heavy sigh, "I'm down on my luck altogether. The C. O. is beastly disagreeable, Florence has cut me dead, and Unlimited Loo has treated me abominably."

"But how has it all happened?" asked Whitby, interested in spite of himself by the Irishman's pitiful complaining tones.

"There never was anything like a woman for starting the devil of a row," answered Burke. "It all began at that confounded soldiers' ball, of all the vile entertainments I ever was at, *that* was the most odious. I never had such an evening in my life. The thermometer must have been standing at 150°, and they had taken down all the punkahs in order to make room for putting up fanciful paper decorations, coloured lamps, &c. The wives of all the non-commissioned officers requested the honour of dancing with me. 'Mrs. Corporal Timmins, Sir, would be much obliged if you would dance the next polka with her,' said my colour-sergeant, and then I was compelled to be whirling a buxom lady (whose dancing had not been learned in the most listless of schools) about the room till I was ready to drop. Then the corporal would insist on my pledging him in rum-and-water, adding fire to my already intensely overheated idiosyncrasy. So what with drinking rum-and-water, dancing with Mrs. Corporal Timmins, and having been snubbed by Louisa, who was in a bad temper, how on earth was a fellow to go and make love to the girl he really cared for? Then, too, I did not choose to make my Colonel's daughter look conspicuous, or to excite the gossip of the barrack-rooms. But Florrie, poor little soul, didn't understand. She is honest as the day, but high-spirited, and won't stand being—as she thought—neglected. So when I went to see her the next day, she pitched into me right, left, and centre."

Here the Ensign took a sip of brandy-and-water, and, delighted at having found a sympathetic listener to whom he could pour out all his woes, went on:

"What could a fellow do? What could he say? She was

quite unreasonable. She accused me of being engaged to Unlimited Loo, and said it was the 'gup' of the station. What *could* a fellow say? 'Florrie,' I answered, 'you know that's all bosh! I do not make love to Louisa on my own account, but for my friend Carew; now, Carew is a very rich fellow, and he has been in love with Louisa for years, and is going to educate her, this is all gospel truth,' said I, 'and if you don't believe me, faith—well, go and ask her herself.'"

And the Irishman, as he got excited, lapsed into the true Milesian accent.

"And did Miss Rawley go?" asked Whitby.

"She did; and that bold girl Louisa lied like fun. 'Yes,' said she, 'of course I am engaged to Desmond Burke, and what business is it of yours, Miss Rawley?' Now, of all the audacious and shameless lies, to say *that* of me! It is true that I have carried on with her a little, but it was only to make the running for Carew. So I denied it flat to Florence, but she wouldn't believe me a bit, and then off I went to Unlimited Loo. 'Now, Louisa,' I said, 'you shouldn't have got a fellow into such a devil of a scrape, for Miss Rawley will never forgive me, and although, you know, I think you a deuced fine girl, you would never engage yourself to a poor ensign like me.' And she said coolly, 'Only give me the chance, Desmond.' (Think of *that*, now!) 'I admire handsome men, and there is not another fellow in the garrison as tall and good-looking as you are.' The fact was, she blarneyed me, and what could a fellow do? If a handsome girl makes hot love to him, a man loses his head a bit: so, of course, I told Louisa *she* was the only woman I ever loved, and we gave ourselves out as engaged, but it was only for a lark. We didn't mean it; at least, I didn't."

Whitby walked up and down in an angry manner.

"I never heard of anything worse than your behaviour, Burke," he said.

"That's what Carew said," answered the imperturbable Irishman. "He came over to my place with two big pistols, and wanted to fight me. 'Well,' said I, 'if it's fighting you want, I'm your man, but it's all a mistake entirely. Come and ask Miss Page. It is true I have made love to her a little, but it was on your account, Carew, not on mine.' So over we go to the old Major's bungalow, and when Louisa heard that Carew wished to shoot me, she was dreadfully frightened. She's a good-hearted girl, and tried to make it all straight. She assured Carew she would consider herself engaged to *him* instead of to me. Carew is an awful

good fellow; a little touched, perhaps, but he has lots of money, and a fine place in Essex; so it's a good thing for Louisa. I am the only one who is left out in the cold. Florence won't speak to me, or look at me; the Colonel treats me like a dog; and to get out of the way until it has all blown over, I shall go off on leave; still, it's precious disagreeable, and I shall try to exchange from this regiment."

Whitby walked away.

"What a wonderful girl that Louisa is," he thought. "She turns all the fellows' heads. There is no doubt but that Wake is also wild about her. But what a shame to have made such mischief. Now, I can understand why poor Florence has looked so miserable for the last two days. I must get Eleanor to try and put this matter right for them, for it would be a pity that two young lives should be spoiled by the machinations of a heartless flirt."

Ensign Burke and Florence Rawley had had unusual opportunities of knowing each other intimately. The 200th Regiment had come round the Cape not many months before, and in the long voyage of some seven months at sea they had been thrown daily and hourly into each other's society. Miss Wake and her chaperon, Mrs. Coots, had also come out in the same troop-ship. There were other ladies also on board, and in that small world there had been the quarrels, the love-makings, the jealousies, and the friendships which the abnormal existence on board ship brings forth. Burke had only joined the 200th just before that regiment sailed; he had become exceedingly popular with officers and men. Light-hearted, energetic, and gay, he had been the life of the company on the voyage out. "Old Rawley," as he was irreverently called by his subalterns, took a fancy to the young Irishman. Colonel Rawley's blustering and aggressive manner had made him more enemies than he deserved. But these outward defects had not prevented Burke from appreciating the sterling merit of his chief, and he would say, in answer to the grumblings of seniors and juniors, "The C. O. is a brick! There's not his equal in the service."

"Nice lad that," the old man would say of Burke. "By gad, Sir, those were the sort of boys we had in the Peninsula; always ready for work, and thinking of their men before themselves."

The old soldier, feeling sometimes that the day would come when Florence would no longer have a father, and knowing that she had no near relations to take care of her, was anxious to see her settled in a home of her own, and, although regretting that his daughter did not contemplate a more brilliant marriage, still was determined

to leave her free to do as she liked, the more especially as he had formed so favourable an opinion of the attractive young man who courted her.

As Whitby strolled leisurely towards the mess-room, Captain Maunders walked up to Burke, who was still sitting in a very disconsolate attitude.

"Have you heard about that fellow Brown of our company?" he asked. "I always knew he was a gentleman, and now it seems that he is the grandson of the well-known Jack Wake of Cornwall, and the pretty Miss Wake, whom Whitby is about to marry, is his sister."

This was news to Burke, but he merely said, "Oh! now I can understand why Miss Rawley and Miss Wake took such an interest in his welfare."

"Of course they would," said the Captain. "Well, it seems he has got a commission in a good regiment—the Tipperary Rangers—and I hear he is heir to a rich uncle, who will probably make him a fine allowance. The Sergeant-Major tells me that he has left Meerut with a large retinue of servants, horses, and camels. Gad! the fellow must be as lavish with his money as his grandfather was, who ran through an enormous fortune in no time."

"I should think Wake was glad to leave the 200th," answered Burke. "I always liked the fellow myself, and I think he will make a good officer."

"I hear, too," continued Maunders, "that Sims is still poking about the barracks. I suppose Wake's creditors think they will get paid now that he has a commission. Gad! I expect that lad will be more likely to run up fresh debts than discharge old ones."

Burke, who was himself always in a state of insolvency, said, "For my part, I hope he will diddle the Jews and the lawyers," and then he relapsed into utter despondency, for what hope in life was there left for a young man who had quarrelled with his best friends, was estranged from the woman he really loved, and was experiencing that most depressing of all sensations—the knowledge that he had made a fool of himself!

Alas, how easily things go wrong,
A word too much or a kiss too long,
Then comes the mist and the sweeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Time did not heal the quarrel between Florence and her lover; on the Rawleys' side there was outraged feeling, while young Burke played his cards very ill. He longed for reconciliation, but, with

the stupidity and inexperience of youth, he allowed himself to be further entangled by the cajoleries of a scheming woman of the world. Yet the faithful little Florence, though she grew sadder and paler day by day, was too proud to let Burke know how keenly she felt his desertion. The doctor who was called in recommending change of scene, Miss Rawley left the station of Meerut, to pay some visits in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CANTONMENTS OF DELHI.

RICHARD WHITBY and Eleanor Wake were married in the station church at Meerut by the military chaplain, and all the fashionable society of the place assembled to witness the ceremony. Miss Rawley was the only bridesmaid, and John Whitby officiated as best man to his brother.

The house to which Whitby took his bride was in the cantonments of Delhi. It was a pretty thatched cottage, standing in a well-kept garden, gay with flowers, for he was a great lover of floriculture, and attended to his plants and shrubs with his own hands. The verdure of his grass and the fine bloom of his flowers was due to artificial irrigation.

The interior of the bungalow had been made equally bright and cheerful by the magic of a woman's presence. The windows were draped with snowy muslin tied up with coloured ribbons, while the remainder of the furniture of the first home of the young couple was inexpensive but in good taste. The ornaments, conspicuous by their number and newness, consisted mostly of wedding presents.

The slender figure of Eleanor flitted about, looking after her household affairs, or arranging flowers in the rooms. Her face, wreathed with happy smiles, looked bright as a beam of sunshine, as, with a vase of flowers which she had just filled, she entered her husband's own special den.

"What is it, Dick?" she exclaimed anxiously, for she saw he looked vexed. "What has my brother Henry done now?"

"Poor Nell!" answered Whitby, with rather a wan smile, "what it is to have a black sheep in the family. But it is even worse than that; it is my misfortunes this time, my own wrongs and grievances, and what I feel most is that you will suffer with me."

"Don't think of me," she answered; "I do not mind anything that we share together."

"Well," said Whitby, taking an open letter from the table, "when I proposed to you I hoped to have got a good staff appointment which would have doubled my pay; and see! that great little Lord Dalhousie, as Sir Charles Napier called him, says 'I'll never let *that* fellow have anything.'"

"And does '*that* fellow' mean you?" she asked.

"Yes, Nellie, it does."

"Why is it?"

"It is rather a long story, but you must have patience. To begin; Lord Dalhousie is as autocratic as the Czar of all the Russias, and in this case, I think, has behaved badly to my regiment, the 88th Native Infantry, which was one of the finest in the service, composed of picked men drawn from Oude, who were enlisted for 'local,' and not for 'general service.' That means that they would not cross the sea, of which, from motives of superstition, they have a great horror. About three years ago, I was quartered in the fort of Calcutta. Lord Dalhousie, seeing what a fine body of men the 88th were, wished them to go to Rangoon. It was represented to him that they could not be ordered there. 'However,' said his Lordship, 'the men must be made to go.'

"I was particularly popular with my men, as I knew their language better than most officers. So the Colonel told me to find out if they would sail, and the different captains spoke to their men in order to ascertain their sentiments, but it was only too evident that the men of Oude had no desire to go to Rangoon by sea. Although this was known, a parade was called, and the Colonel asked them if they would embark; company by company they refused. This was communicated to the Governor-General, who was furious, and is reported to have said, 'If they would not go on foreign service, he would make them suffer for it.'

"In the hot weather we received orders to march to Dacca, a distance of several hundred miles, a journey which had hitherto been always done in boats. We left Calcutta in April, and by the month of October, at parade, one officer and one private represented our once magnificent regiment. The rest were either in their graves, in hospital, or away on leave. I barely escaped with my life, but took sick leave to England, where I partially recovered, but I shall never again be the man I once was; and as to the 88th, why, we have now only raw boys and recruits—most of our veterans are no more. If the 88th Regiment had committed a military offence, they should have been disbanded, and not irregularly punished.

"The odious wretch!" said Eleanor, with fiery eyes. "But why," continued Eleanor, "should Lord Dalhousie bear malice against you in particular?"

"Well, as far as that goes, he says he will never employ any officer of the 88th, added to which, he has been misinformed that I could have influenced the men to go to Rangoon, had I chosen to do so, but that is too absurd. My men, the men who are now dead, would have done anything in this world for me, and God knows I would have died for them, but in this matter they stood upon their rights. They had been enlisted to serve in India; why on earth should I persuade them to act against their conscience and prejudices, by crossing the sea? Not that anything I could have said would have influenced the regiment as a whole, though I might have persuaded certain individuals."

"It is a shame," cried Eleanor.

"Well," said Whitby, bitterly, "we shall be so much the poorer for it. Here I am at thirty-eight, a captain in a marching regiment, and I fear I shall not rise higher for years."

"I don't mind, Dick," she said cheerfully. "We are quite rich enough, and you know I have never been used to much luxury."

"I do not care much for money," said Whitby, "except to give you everything you could wish for. You are worthy to be a queen Eleanor, and not the wife of an unknown officer in a Native Infantry regiment."

"Don't think I am discontented," she answered; "I have your love, which makes me the happiest and richest woman in the world."

Their conversation continued in this lover-like strain, and Whitby, for a time at least, forgot his frustrated ambition, and the piece of official oppression or blundering which had embittered the last few years of his life.

One night in the week a military band played on the broad and level parade at Delhi, on which occasions the crowd of pedestrians, the numerous equestrians, and the many carriages made a gay scene. To this gathering Mrs. Whitby's carriage was slowly making its way, and in it were seated Captain Whitby, his wife, and Florence Rawley, who had come on a few days' visit to her cousin. As they neared the band they saw, to their intense surprise, Miss Page ride past, accompanied by Ensign Burke.

"How well Louisa Page rides," exclaimed Whitby, "and what a splendid horse she is on. One can plainly see she has got a firm hold of that foolish Burke."

This remark was not very pleasant to Florence.

"I am sure Mr. Burke does not admire her much," cried Eleanor, trying to get over the awkwardness of the remark.

She felt that Florence had been hurt by the mocking glance of her smiling rival, the more especially as young Burke seemed unpleasantly cheerful in her society. He had bowed gaily to Mrs. Whitby, but seemed a little disconcerted at seeing Florence in the carriage.

"Where is Mr. Carew?" inquired Miss Page of her cavalier, after they had passed the Whitbys.

"There he is, riding in the crowd," said the Ensign, pointing in a certain direction, where the stout squire was to be discerned seemingly shunning observation. "He prefers comfort to display," continued Burke, "and has turned out in an easy-going coat, and a loose suit of white material, instead of the tight frock-coat and high hat which society expects of him. Do you want to see him very much?"

"Oh no," she said carelessly.

"I'm afraid that my society does not content you," said he. "I wish I had the power to make myself agreeable."

"Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Burke. Do you know many of the officers of the 88th?"

"I've spoken to one or two of them. Are you much interested in them?"

"Oh, not particularly; but one likes to know who everybody is. But is it true that Mr. Carew is as well off as persons say?"

"I really don't know," said Burke; "but I wish I could say truthfully that he is comparatively poor, or with an embarrassed estate."

They had stopped their horses to listen to the band and two or three more officers came up to talk with them, as Miss Page's arrival at Delhi was an immense attraction, and had, indeed, formed the principal topic of conversation at the three messes of the garrison, single ladies of personal beauty being at a great premium in India.

Miss Page and her father, accompanied by Ensign Burke and his cousin, Mr. Carew, the traveller (popularly known as the "T. G."), had come to Delhi sight-seeing, to view the much-vaunted Kootub, and other marvels of the city of the great Mogul. The learned squire held the theory that Indraput, or Indraprestha, was the cradle of the human race, and the scene of the tragedy in the Garden of Eden.

The musicians commenced the last waltz imported from Germany, and the lively strains put a termination to the somewhat senti-

mental conversation of the group surrounding Miss Page. But there was one spectator who had been watching Miss Page and her circle of adorers, with anger in his heart and a look of discontent on his handsome swarthy face. This was Wake, who had been staying at his sister's house, but had not known that the Pages were in Delhi. He was on foot, and approached the two riders who were near the band.

By this time the versatile Burke had transferred his attention to a Mrs. Maude, a pretty lady, to whom, with ready wit, he began to pay those compliments for which her soul craved.

"I hope you have been enjoying yourself for the last half-hour," Wake said pointedly to Miss Page.

"Oh yes, thank you!" she answered sarcastically. "I've been very much delighted by the music; I think this is such an excellent band."

"I thought you seemed to be devoting more attention to conversation than to music!" he sneered.

"I think I distributed my favours very impartially between the two; but you speak as if you thought I had no business to talk while the band was performing."

"No, I am not so utterly deficient in good manners myself as to impute rudeness to you. The fact is that—you force me to explain myself—I was desirous of putting an end to your flirting with the men with whom you were smiling and talking so pleasantly."

"Would you not have me endeavour to make myself agreeable? Would you like me to be always silent and morose? You are very exacting."

"I know I am very stupid, and perhaps offensive to you; but the fact is I cannot bear to see you so happy when I am away. I am always miserable when I am not in your presence; and, Louisa, I can restrain the words no longer. You have long known how much I dislike——"

"Good-evening, Miss Page," interrupted the pleasant and (to Louisa) welcome voice of Carew. "Here's Captain Barker, most anxious to be introduced to you."

"Confound it!" muttered Wake to himself; but there was no help for it, and he was compelled to press back the words which were rising to his lips, and join in an ordinary conversation. He was not, however, very successful, and Captain Barker, of the 88th Native Infantry, told him he looked so melancholy that he had better come and have a peg at their mess, to revive him.

Soon after the band marched off, and Miss Page made this the

excuse for leaving, and she cantered away, accompanied by Carew and a bevy of beaux.

Mrs. Whitby also ordered her carriage to be driven off; there was nothing else to be done, and accordingly the Whitby party went home.

On arriving at their bungalow, Wake and his brother-in-law seated themselves in the verandah, lighted cheroots, and were served with iced soda-water by a kitmutghar. Miss Rawley retired to her room, and veracity obliges us to say that she wept tears of mortification and wounded love.

Mrs. Whitby's handsome, statuesque face was very pale, but there was a look of quiet determination on her small, well-cut mouth. She saw by her brother's moody face that the behaviour of Louisa Page that day at the band-stand had deeply annoyed him. She knew, too, that Florence was vexed and humiliated for the same reason. Eleanor thought it was bad enough that Florence had lost her lover; but it was mortifying to the last degree that Burke should flaunt his indifference to her and his admiration of her rival in the eyes of the world. So the idea entered Eleanor's mind that she would see if she could not bring that arrant flirt, Louisa Page, to reason.

"Harry," she said to her brother, "I can stand this no longer! I am going to that woman."

"What woman?" he asked crossly.

"Louisa Page," she answered.

"You will gain nothing by that move, Eleanor."

"But surely she can be expostulated with?" she continued.

"She cannot realise what she is doing."

"Oh! she knows well enough what she is about."

"Do you mind my going, Harry?"

"Go if you like, but you will do no good."

Eleanor then turned to her husband.

"Richard, dear," she said, "I am going to pay a visit, but shall be back in time for dinner."

"A duty visit, I fear, from your severe look, Nell," said her husband.

"It is a matter of duty more than pleasure, certainly," she answered. "Good-bye, dear." And then she stooped down and kissed the forehead of her brother, who looked sullenly savage.

Mrs. Whitby drove away in her pony phaeton, she was starting on an expedition of a singular nature, and one very antagonistic to her reserved and retiring disposition. Eleanor Whitby was not sparkling nor witty, but she looked as if she could be both; but

from shyness she seldom spoke, and even hardly ever advanced beyond a monosyllabic reply. But her silence and repose were her greatest charms, for though she said but little, she always listened courteously and intelligently. This air of boldness was the outward disguise—due either to nature or education—of a loving, self-sacrificing temperament—she was still young, and she had been trained in the old-school way, and had been taught that a woman should never act or think independently. She was honourable and possibly at that time a bit narrow-minded. However, she was now going to interview and rebuke that forward young person Unlimited Loo! This was a great effort to her, but she considered it was due to the brother she loved devotedly, and the friend to whom she was sincerely attached, to speak some words of remonstrance to the giddy “garrison hack.”

Miss Page was staying in a detached house at some little distance in the very heart of the Eastern city of Delhi. There was a charm in the strange beauty of the city of the great Mogul which inspired Eleanor (who had passed the greater part of her life in a prosaic country town, and had never travelled out of England), with thoughts half chaotic, seeming to take her from a matter-of-fact world to a realm of romance. This feeling was increased when she reached the quaint old palace, surrounded by battlemented walls, in which the Pages were staying. Eleanor Whitby's carriage passed under a lofty Moorish archway, and as she drove up to the door of the dwelling, a shot whizzed past her face. She jumped up with a cry of surprise and terror, when from behind the bushes of an orange-grove some people rushed forward excitedly, and she recognised Miss Page, Ensign Burke, Mr. Carew, and the stout figure of Captain Maunders, amongst some ladies and gentlemen with whom she was not acquainted.

“Mrs. Whitby!” was exclaimed almost in a chorus; “how fortunate that you were not hurt!”

“We were at pistol practice,” explained Miss Page, “and not expecting visitors at this hour,” she added rather pointedly, “we were firing in the garden, and I am afraid that exceedingly wild shot was due to me.”

Eleanor was rather pale, but she looked very collected. The truth was, she was hardly as alarmed at the stray bullet—the danger of which she had not realised—as by the certain evil of what she feared would be an exceedingly unpleasant interview.

“Have you come to call on me?” Miss Page asked rather brusquely.

“I have,” returned Mrs. Whitby.

"Then," retorted Louisa ungraciously, "you had better come into the house."

The fact was, her own sex did not speak well of Louisa Page, and she returned their scorn with interest. She openly said she hated women, and loathed girls, and it was undoubtedly true that she had not a single female friend.

Miss Page led the way into an enormous and nearly empty hall; from that she entered a gigantic drawing room very sparsely furnished. She conducted Mrs. Whitby to a couch and stood herself rather defiantly by a window, and watched Eleanor with anything but an amiable expression of countenance.

The colour rose on Eleanor's pale face. "You must think it strange that—that I—come to see you," she faltered, her confusion preventing her expressing herself clearly.

"I do think it strange," answered Louisa.

"There are circumstances which connect us," said Eleanor, recovering herself.

"Unfortunately for me, it is so," answered Louisa.

"If it is unfortunate, the misfortune was of your own making," said Eleanor, rather bitterly.

"Yes," cried Louisa, "I have been a fool! If I could only undo the folly of four years ago, when I was no more than a child, how thankful I should be."

"But," said Eleanor, "you cannot undo your marriage, and therefore I think it very wrong of you to be making so many people miserable."

"My marriage was not legal," cried Louisa, "and I mean to repudiate it."

"That is a mere subterfuge. You know it was perfectly legal, and no power on earth can annul it."

"If that is true," cried Louisa, recklessly, "I will undo it myself, and go off with some one of the many good fellows who would be only too glad to take me on any terms."

"Then you would be doing not only what is very wicked, but very foolish," said Eleanor. "You would not be a wife, and you would place the man you eloped with in a false and wretched position. You would be miserable, and you would make him the same. He could leave you at any minute, too."

"What of that?" said Louisa, defiantly, "I would then take up with somebody else."

"I do not believe you are in earnest, talking in this way? Why should you nourish this feeling of animosity against my brother, whose greatest fault is loving you too well?"

"That his greatest fault!" laughed Louisa, sardonically. "A youth who drinks, runs into debt, disgraces his family, and finally enlists as a common soldier!"

"I admit that Henry has been wild and foolish, but are *you* without blame? He ran into debt to spend the money upon *you*, he took to drink (for a time) because you left him, and he enlisted in order to follow you to India."

"Oh!" she sneered; "of course he is a perfect saint, while no colours are black enough to paint *me*."

"But do I not speak the truth?" asked Eleanor.

"You are charmingly candid certainly," she answered, "but listen to *my* side of the story. When I was a silly, romantic school-girl, Henry Wake, at the age of nineteen, persuaded me to elope from school with him. My friends, his friends, were furious! We had not a sixpence between us. We lodged over a cheese-monger's in London, in the dog-days. I have hated the smell of cheese ever since. Harry drank; I cried; and Heaven only knows what would have become of us had not my father taken me away from what I found to be a hell upon earth. No; I will never, never return to Henry Wake. He is always in some low scrape or other, and he frightens me out of my wits; so if you come to me, to preach ideas of wifely duty to that black sheep, who hasn't an elementary idea of decent conduct, you are only wasting your breath, and you had better go away."

Eleanor was not much astonished at this outburst. "But there is another thing I wish to speak to you about," she said. "Do you know that my friend Florence Rawley was engaged to Desmond Burke? Poor Florence! she is not like you, she is breaking her heart about this affair. Mr. Burke says he does not care for you, but still he neglects her to be seen daily with you in public places."

"Oh," said Louisa, "I am not going to catch husbands for other girls. Let them catch them themselves. Of course, Desmond, or any other man, would be bored with that bread-and-butter Miss! I'm not his keeper, but, if you particularly wish it, I will tell Burke to go and call on Miss Rawley."

"If my brother only knew what you really are, he would soon lose his infatuation for you! It is you who have driven him into all the mistakes he has made; seeing the mischief you have done, and are doing, I shall think it my duty to inform the world that you are a married woman who renounces her duty to her husband."

"Very well, Mrs. Whitby," Louisa said defiantly. "Do so, by

all means, and I will inform the world that I refuse to live with a murderer and thief! It was your brother, Eleanor Whitby, the ex-private, Henry Brown, who murdered the fakir and stole the documents belonging to the Newaub of Doobghur, and you and your husband knew it, and you are conniving to hide a criminal from justice! You, who are so exceedingly virtuous, have perverted poor Richard Whitby, who was once the very champion of legality and British uprightness! Go, and do your worst; but I will make India too hot for you, unless you hold your tongue about me and my affairs."

Eleanor rose and left the room without even saying farewell. As she drove homewards she felt utterly discomfited and humiliated, and she feared that she had blundered, and only made matters worse by her interference.

(To be continued.)

Memoir of Major-General Joseph Gorham.

By L. D'A. J.

THE services of this brilliant and distinguished officer began in the year 1744, and closed at his death in 1790 or 1791, shortly after his promotion to the grade of Major-General, the period being a most eventful time in the colonies of North America.

The very existence of these colonies was in danger. A disastrous expedition of 1000 men from New England had, in 1742-8, co-operated in some naval attacks on Carthage, and none of those men returned. The French had carried on an aggressive warfare since 1741 by hounding on various tribes of Redskins to massacre peaceable English settlers at great distances from their own territories. They had persevered in this policy, and even introduced religious elements into these butcheries. Their religious teachers, Jesuit Fathers, taught the Redskins that the English had killed Jesus Christ, the son of Mary, a French lady, and, in order to gain His favour in heaven, it was necessary to kill as many Englishmen as possible. The French broke their terms repeatedly; the word of a Frenchman was valueless. Even the bearer of a flag of truce, invited by them to a parley, was killed under direction of French religious men.

The colonial policy of England now first took form in assisting the New England colonists, and provincial troops were largely raised for the expedition to Cape Breton Island. Most of these went to attack Louisbourg, a strong first-class fortress in good order, but some were engaged in outpost duties, protecting the communications, and guarding the frontier in Acadia, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and were stationed also at Annapolis and Casco, the sole military posts of the English at that time. The eventual capture of Louisbourg surprised the French in France; "that a comparatively small number of men, chiefly farmers of New England, should achieve such a success was astounding." But the French did not know that among these farmers were some men of high descent as leaders, even of the same stock as the

Danish chiefs that conquered half of England and all northern Frankland. Of such descent were the Gorhams, Shubal, John, and Joseph, as testified by presumed lineage, by the old family arms, three crowned lions rampant *or*, on an azure field (Royal Arms of Denmark), and by the assertion of the chroniclers of St. Albans that theirs was a most illustrious race, Cenomanic and Norman (meaning Danish).

There is little record of the services of Joseph during this campaign, whether at Louisbourg or on outpost duty. His brother John had served since 1741; and after 20th February 1744, was Lieutenant-Colonel, his father Shubal (senior) being Colonel of the same, 9th Massachusetts Regiment; but the lists of extra commissions, issued by Pepperell after the declaration of war, 3rd or 28th June 1744, are incomplete, and do not include Joseph's name. His own letter of 20th March 1761 is the chief authority for his service having begun at that time. His long friendship with Melatiah Bourne may indicate that they served in the same regiment, the 7th, or he may have been always with Rangers.

The letter of Governor Mascarene, dated Annapolis, 20th September 1744, states that he has only a company of 170 men, Rangers, under Captain Gorham, sent from Massachusetts. Probably these were under Joseph, for his brother John had brought these men as a garrison, left them on the outbreak of war, went to Boston to raise more men, and took them to Louisbourg.

In February 1745 John, and probably, also, his brother Joseph, was with troops at Casco Bay. The expedition from New England arrived at Louisbourg on 30th April. The attack on the Island Battery at Louisbourg, on 26th May 1745, was certainly led by Shubal Gorham, who was then aged seventy-seven; a remarkable case of military spirit. Louisbourg was taken on 16th June, and the troops left soon after October 26th, 1745, leaving 2,000 men as garrison, besides others for outpost duty in Nova Scotia. The signatures of Colonel Shubal Gorham and Lieutenant-Colonel John Gorham are attached to the Council documents at Louisbourg of 2nd October 1745. Shubal died soon afterwards, and his son John succeeded him in the command of the 9th Regiment. Shirley's proposal to attack Canada with 20,000 men was dated Louisbourg, 29th October 1745, but the Government in England opposed this.

It appears that John and Joseph remained with Rangers and other troops at Annapolis, and raised more men in Boston for this service. In August 1746 the French made a fresh advance, which was opposed by the occupation of Minas by Colonel Noble, appa-

rently under the orders of Colonel John Gorham. This detachment was surprised by the French on 31st January 1747, and Grandpré capitulated to La Corne on 12th February. Colonel John Gorham took a letter of Governor Mascarene from Annapolis Royal, dated 7th February, but merely met the defeated troops returning from Minas (Horton). Further advance of the French was, however, checked for a time. The Treaty of Aachen, 18th October 1748, had restored peace, and troops were disbanded largely in 1749. In 1749, the Rangers were withdrawn from Annapolis to Chebucto (Halifax), and on 14th June 1749 Colonel John Gorham became member of the first Halifax Council, a post he filled until 1752. He probably returned to New England in 1755, after fourteen years' service with Provincial troops.

On 15th August 1749 the treaty with the Chinecto and other tribes was signed. Among the signatures is that of John Gorham, which much resembles the writing of Joseph. In September 1749 Lieutenant Joseph Gorham is sent with his Rangers to Canso, and probably in this year becomes Captain permanently. Captain John Gorham is, at the same time, ordered to establish himself for the winter at the Head of the Bay. He receives reinforcements from New England on 17th October, and scours the country between the Head of the Bay and Minas. In 1750 the French built Fort du Quesne; in 1751 How was invited to a parley, and killed under the influence of Abbé la Loutre; in 1752 the French destroyed a British settlement on the Great Miami, in Ohio; and in 1753 they built a fort on British territory and attacked Virginia without reason for breaking the peace.

In fact, it was a state of perpetual frontier massacre and conflict; the troops garrisoned a few forts, but the Rangers were required to do all the outpost duty and active defence. Such was the nature of the military duties which the Gorhams undertook for many years. Their forefathers had frequently commanded expeditions in whale-boats against the Redskins and the French; once, in 1690, they had even arrived at Quebec, though uselessly.

In March 1754, there was a British advance from Virginia under Washington; but not until May 1755 did any troops come from New England to the rescue of Nova Scotia, where the French had already built Forts Beauséjour and Gaspereau on English territory. The English had, however, built three forts—at Windsor, Minas, and Chebucto (Halifax); and the Bay of Fundy war commenced under John Winslow, from New England, and Monckton, a colonel of regulars in Nova Scotia. Winslow's men, about 5100, in thirty-three transports, went to Annapolis, and took

Fort Beauséjour (Cumberland) on 16th June; afterwards they occupied the abandoned Fort Gaspereau. Among the French prisoners were 800 French inhabitants of Nova Scotia in arms against the British Crown, to which they had sworn allegiance. The disaffected French were hence sent to their native country, and Joseph Gorham destroyed their former villages near Minas. Some poetical genius has been wasted in a pseudo-humanitarian lament about this inevitably necessary deportation and destruction.

On the 9th July Braddock led his troops from Virginia into an ambush during an advance against Fort Du Quesne; his distrust of provincial troops and Rangers brought about a severe defeat, followed by torture and massacre, under the French superintendence, or indifference, of Montcalm and his native allies. The news of this defeat was brought from Pisquate to Nova Scotia by Joseph Gorham on 12th August 1755, who commanded two whale-boats of reinforcements. On 22nd and 26th September both he and his brother John were at Halifax, endeavouring to effect some transfers of men by correspondence with Winslow. Shirley, after the defeat of Braddock, led the expedition to Niagara, and built a second fort at Oswego, before retiring.

In March 1756 the French attacked Halifax; it was defended by the ships of Captain Spry, and by Rangers; some of which were captured.

The great European Seven Years' War commenced on 1st May 1756; in June, Lord Loudoun brought 3000 men from England to New York; Albany was made the head-quarters. The Royal American Regiment of 4000 men was being raised in Virginia with difficulty; though the militia there consisted of 20000 men, and might, with good management, have been increased to 40000. In August, Montcalm took the forts of Oswego with their garrison of 1,650 men. On 6th August 1767, he took Fort William, and, after the capitulation, allowed his native allies to kill and plunder, in defiance of terms and of humanity.

Pitt now instituted a more enlightened policy of help, under which the provinces became willing to supply men for the war. At the same time, native allies were assisted with weapons—even, at request, with scalping knives: for the principle that it was better to be scalped than to scalp others had ceased to be fashionable in the field of danger, and was reserved for declaimers whose own scalps were very safe. Yet actual scalping was forbidden.

In 1758 the tide of good fortune, energy, and better management turned in favour of the English. On 8th July, Abercrombie's force was severely defeated in an attack on a strong position at

Ticonderoga; his own letter explains the want of forethought displayed, and the consequent loss of 2000 men; but this was, perhaps, the last of the prolonged series of English misfortunes. On 26th July, Amherst took Louisbourg; the siege operations had begun on 6th June, and terminated with the assault brilliantly led by Wolfe. The capitulation of De Drucour included the surrender of Ile Royale, Isle S. Jean, and their dependencies. In these operations Captain Joseph Gorham and his Rangers had taken some part, though details are not forthcoming; it appears that the New Hampshire Rangers, under Captain Rogers, were also there. After the capitulation, Amherst returned with his 4500 men to Boston; his column went on to Albany, and then reduced some French forts on the line of advance towards Quebec. Amherst had also arranged that Captain Joseph Gorham should take charge of some transports, and conduct his Rangers, as well as other troops, in a projected expedition to Quebec by river. Brigadier Forbes took Fort Du Quesne (Pitt) on 24th November 1758; the year thus ended favourably.

Early in 1759 Guadeloupe was taken by a British Expedition, perhaps from Barbados, the old settlement in the Carib Islands.

The great British advance against Canada now took place; two columns were commanded by Prideaux and Amherst. Wolfe appears to have had a third; and Gorham commanded some transports going by river. On the 24th of May, Amherst wrote that Captain Gorham must have been too late for the projected business; a matter afterwards explained by the occurrence of a very severe storm, which shattered many of the transports. On 24th July, Johnson's column (formerly Prideaux's) took Fort Niagara (afterwards Fort Erie), and in the same month the French had been forced to abandon Crown Point Fort at Lake Champlain. On 9th August, Captain Joseph Gorham is near the Isle of Orleans, the transports conveying his own Rangers and men being less damaged than the others. At this time, also, a nominal siege of Quebec was going on under Wolfe with a few troops, while waiting for Amherst's and Johnson's columns to join him.

Eventually, the battle of the Heights of Abraham took place on 18th September; the taking of Quebec following on the 18th September. In the great fight Gorham's Rangers acted with the light infantry in attacking the right wing of the French, with good effect.

This great consummation had been delayed for seventy years by the want of English co-operation with the colonists. In 1690 Lieut.-Colonel John Gorham, uncle of Joseph, had taken part

in Phipps' expedition, which arrived at Quebec in insufficient force and without supplies. From 1690 to 1744 the parent country had protected the sea-board, and exercised some domination in withholding sanctions, &c., but had never assisted the Colonists against the French and Redskins in the perpetual conflict; in 1745 the proposal of Shirley was opposed from sheer whimsical factiousness. The result in 1759 and 1760 was effected chiefly by provincial troops, who constituted two thirds of the force, and under their own officers, though, owing to some mistaken account, it has been imagined that Wolfe and his troops from England did everything, and that English assistance was given at the right time. Seventy years had been wasted, many lives, and much effort.

Townshend took command at Quebec after the death of Wolfe; and, curiously, Montcalm, who had connived at burnings alive and butcheries after his own successes, requested to have his last hours in quiet to make his peace with God. Joseph Gorham, still captain after fifteen years' steady service, went to England, taking a letter from Amherst dated 4th October 1759, acknowledging his important services, and recommending that he and his Rangers should be put on the establishment of regular troops; perhaps he also took a letter from Townshend to his brother the Secretary for War. Apparently John Gorham, brother of Joseph, went with him to England; though the services of the former in this campaign are unrecorded. Before 7th February 1760 Gorham made a definite proposal in London, which was referred back to Amherst, in America. Amherst made a second recommendation on 28th April; and a third on 26th August, dated from Fort William Augustus. Perhaps Joseph Gorham made two voyages to England about this time.

After the completion of the conquest of Canada, Amherst writes from Quebec on 4th October 1760, stating that, pending instructions, he dismisses all the Provincial troops, and disbands all Rangers except two companies. In November 1760 Joseph Gorham had returned from England and was at New York (he is probably the same Joseph Gorham that sailed from Bristol in the sloop *Polly*, described by a New England genealogist as a Bristol mercantile man proceeding to New York as an emigrant).

On 20th March 1761, Joseph Gorham writes two letters from New York (still in the Public Record Office in London), one to Townshend, the other to Bradshaw, both in London, announcing the temporary establishment of his Rangers, pending reference. In May (1760 or 1761, date wrong?), he takes a letter from

Amherst to the Governor of Halifax, dated New York, 30th April, on the same subject. The eventual permanent establishment of Gorham's Rangers as regular troops under Joseph, as Major-Commandant, dated from 25th September 1761. The operation had taken two years of dilatory officialism!

Latterly Gorham had largely increased his men, in order to take part in the Great Secret Expedition of Monokton, which eventually conquered and occupied two-thirds of the Island of Cuba. The first detachment, under Lord Rollo, included 115 Rangers, with other troops, sailing from New York on 3rd May 1761, took Dominica on 6th June; but the mass of 6,667 officers and men, including two companies of Rangers, left New York on 19th November 1761 under Monckton himself. In June 1762, about 1328 men are despatched from New York as reinforcements, besides four independent companies of New York, and a few men of Gorham's Rangers under a lieutenant of his. On 13th August 1762, the Massachusetts Regiment went, as the last troops despatched, except, perhaps, some few for maintaining the occupation of Cuba. Soon afterwards, on 21st October, some troops leave the Havana for New York, where they arrive on or before 30th November 1762.

Before 16th December 1762, Major Gorham and all his officers had returned to New York from this successful expedition; but his men, as well as those of the independent companies, had been drafted into other corps at the Havana. Apparently much of the enormous expenses of the expedition, due to high prices, or rather famine prices, had fallen on these officers, for they returned in a destitute condition. Such was war on the English side—a perpetual self-sacrifice;—a dilatory officialism, combined with brutal injustice and carping jealousy, spoiling everything but the glory of the achievements. Gorham, however, went to Boston at once to raise recruits in New England.

During the past year, Martinique had been recovered, apparently twice taken on 16th February and 18th September, and the town of La Havana was taken on 7th June; but a campaign against the French in Acadia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton Island, and Prince Edward's Island was being simultaneously maintained.

On 10th February 1763, the Treaty of Paris was signed, peace followed, and troops were disbanded largely; among them Gorham's Rangers. Major Joseph Gorham, soon to be placed on half-pay, proceeds to England again to represent his claims after nineteen years of excellent service, and after contributing to the two great achievements in Canada and Cuba. In England he was probably

promised some next vacant lieutenant-governorship. On 7th August 1764, he leaves St. Helen's in the *Polly*, other passengers to Halifax being Dr. Evans, William Spry, a lawyer going out as Judge of a new Admiralty Court at Halifax, and Anne and Emily, two sisters of William; they arrive at Halifax on 25th September, and Major Joseph married Anne Spry at Halifax on 30th December 1764, thus settling in connubial bliss.

At this time he had one house in Halifax, and a farm estate and house, named Gorham Hall, near Lunenburg; in October 1765, he received a grant of 25,000 acres of land in the Upper country (near Minas?) Curiously, about the same time, William Spry, the new Judge, received a grant of about three square miles at Amelia Harbour, Nova Scotia, but this was, perhaps, due to episcopal influence in England.

In 1766, Joseph Gorham goes again to England, leaving Halifax on 13th January, and evidently presses for the shortly-to-become-vacant lieutenant-governorship of Nova Scotia, in fulfilment of promises. His brother-in-law, the lawyer Spry, was, however, secretly trying to get this governorship for himself, and depreciating Gorham in England. Another was appointed, while Major Joseph Gorham was made member of the Halifax Council with fresh promises. He arrived with the new Governor on 22nd November, and became councillor on 20th December.

It appears that in January 1766 one or two nephews and a niece, perhaps children of his brother John, were staying at Gorham Hall, Lunenburg, after coming from Boston; but in January 1767, Joseph Gorham, with wife and son, go to Boston on urgent business, and remain in New England for about three months. The tea-tax difficulties began on 29th June 1767, and some English troops arrived in Boston on 1st October 1768; the ferment resulting probably induced Gorham to send his wife and two boys with William Spry to Pilgrim, Barbados, before 7th June 1769; where Spry had been made Governor. In 1770, Joseph Gorham became Lieutenant-Governor of Placentia, a fort in Newfoundland, liable to French naval attacks; but, apparently, this was a non-resident office, like many other such at that time, requiring only occasional visits, the expenses of which were disproportioned to the salary. He still lived at his house in Halifax and apparently engaged a clergyman of the Church of England to perform services there, and instruct the Micmacs in Christianity. Records show that his brother, John Gorham, had in February 1748 similarly engaged a clergyman of the Church of England for performing services in New England, at some place near the

Little river in Connecticut, or at Gorham Town, the Seventh Narragansett Town on the river Penobscot. The Gorhams had married descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, Carver, Howland, &c. Some of their children had Biblical names, Jabez, Shubal, Ruth, Abigail, &c. of Puritan times, and transmitted them; but the Gorhams, themselves, had never left the Church of England since 20th June 1635. At that time John Gorham and Thomas Gorham signed a declaration of conformity and of allegiance at Gravesend before sailing for the Plymouth Colony, then termed Virginia, in the barque *Phillip*, under Richard Morgan as sailing-master.

In May 1772, Joseph Gorham became Lieutenant-Colonel, and in June he vacated his seat as member of the Halifax Council, but he retained his Lieutenant-Governorship of Placentia till death in 1790 or 1791. His colonelcy was created perhaps in 1785, though antedated to 16th May 1782. He had two sons, Joseph William, born 25th September 1765, and Amherst, born in September 1767, both in Nova Scotia; also one daughter, Charlotte Spry, who married twice. Both the sons served in the British army for a few years, and the descendants through the daughter's second marriage still exist in England and English territories.

In 1776, when the great outbreak against English officialism, injustice, and taxation took place, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Gorham levied Rangers and Fencibles, repaired Fort Cumberland, near his own estates, put it in a state of defence, and commanded there. His dignified letter of reply to a summons to surrender is historical. The attack of Captains Eddy and Allan took place on 10th November 1776; another in January 1777; and the investment was relieved at one time by troops from Halifax. On one occasion he defeated an attack, and made prisoners of the besiegers. His staunchness to the royalist cause was, however, accompanied by considerate treatment. His enemies at Halifax made charges against him, for which he was tried by court-martial at Halifax in November 1777. It seems wonderful that he escaped their malice; for any Governor's wink or colonel's bias can easily procure a conviction by a mere majority of a court, whose members might receive advantages or staff appointments at the will of the convener. Perhaps at this crisis Joseph had not any false friends to give pretended help; for he returned to duty at Fort Cumberland, and defended it for six years more of turbulent times. In May 1779, he repelled an attack, having, at that time, 24 guns, while Maclain fought at Penobscot. In 1782 he repelled another attack. But the year 1783 gave peace, with the independence of

most of the provinces. On 28th April 1790, Joseph Gorham became Major-General, and, perhaps, died within a few months of that time, closing a most eventful career, at the age of about seventy-five.

The pedigree of his family is remarkable; his branch, the eldest branch of it, had resided in Northamptonshire from 1200 to 1635; at Gorbambury in Hertfordshire from about 1100 to 1200; in Le Maine from 1040 to 1100, where their possessions at various times included Livaré, Heroé, Avaugour, Vieuvy, S. Bertevin, and S. Mars, also part of La Dorée, Futaye, Colmont, and Château Neuf, their castle or family seat being first at Brécé, afterwards at Goron, and lastly at La Tannière. This seigneurial strip of eighty square miles from Pont-Main to Colmont was, perhaps, an enlarged Chastelenie de Pont-Main, independent of Mayenne, assigned to Breton-Danes in 950, after the recovery of Le Maine by the troops of Harold Blaataud from Denmark.* They also held Montaut in Bretagne on the border in 1040; the earliest genealogical date being the marriage of Roger of Brécé, Seigneur de Montaut, to Danielle, youngest daughter and fourth child of Edmond de Goué, of Fougerolles.—(Le Paige.) Hugues Garrahan was one of the companions of William the Bastard at Hetheland in 1066, according to Du Moulin's list, in others he is probably mentioned as Seigneur de Brécé, as his was one of the earliest of true surnames. The gifts from this family of land, &c. to Marmoutiers Abbey were probably of an expiatory nature. Gorm, perhaps their forefather (who married a daughter of Alain the Great, and had one son named Daniel, perhaps, also, another named Juhel), according to Lobineau and Villeneuve, was the commander of the Danes who sacked Marmoutiers Abbey in 907, conquered Le Maine and Bretagne, and ruled the latter for five years until 912, under the Bretonised name of Gurmaelon. These Danes were chiefly or entirely English Danes from East Anglia and Northumbria, according to Du Moulin. Their adoption of Frankish and Breton wives, language and customs led to the erroneous belief that they were Frenchmen. Errors of this class survive most surprisingly; few know that many of the companions of William were descendants of English-Danes.

* The Seigneurie was reduced in 1064 by William the Bastard, again in 1070, when Goron Castle was destroyed; also about 1100 in the wars of Fulk of Anjou; again by Geoffrey in 1185; last in 1178 when William de Gorram was imprisoned at Dôl by Henry II. of Anjou and England:—the small remainder passed through female heirs in 1288 on the death of Sir Robert.

The Education of Naval Officers.

By CHARLEY BROOKE-HUNT ("NIMROD").

THE report on the above subject, recently published in a Blue Book, advocates a great step in the right direction towards a thorough reform of naval education; but I take it that it may be improved upon in various ways.

The age from fourteen to fifteen years* is certainly the right one at which candidates should be allowed to enter the navy, as by that time their mental powers would be fully developed. They would then have been enabled to obtain a good, sound, all-round education at some large public school, which would doubtless benefit them hereafter; besides that, the knocking about which they would meet with there would prepare them a bit for the roughing they would have to go through eventually. It is a well-known fact that the mixing up of some hundreds of boys together at these schools makes them become manly and independent, and brings out all the leading traits in their characters; added to which life-long friendships are often made.

Far be it from me to deprecate the benefit that preparatory schools have hitherto done for those who have eventually entered the Royal Navy through their instrumentality; it cannot be over-estimated; for the proprietors have generally been enabled to work their pupils well up in the particular subjects that they would have to be examined in, possessing for their guidance all the previous papers; while at some of these establishments pupils have had the advantage of learning to row and swim. However, there is no reason why at other large institutions they should not have these facilities also. Everybody has heard of the reputed saying of the great Duke of Wellington, that he owed most of his victories to the officers who had been educated at public schools; and there is

* The age at which cadets are entered now is from twelve to thirteen and a half years.

certainly no reason why this saying should not equally apply to those naval officers who have been similarly educated.

The education given to the naval cadets on board the *Britannia* is one gigantic system of Cram ; nothing else. A boy may pass successfully the greater portion of his examinations, and be plucked at the final one, through really no fault of his own, when all the time and money spent in endeavouring to fit him as an efficient naval officer will have been practically wasted. I have met many of such youngsters in after life who have been so placed. You can no more do away with favouritism in such cases than you can do away with personal canvassing in political elections, which every conscientious man ought to be opposed to ; but it is a well-known fact amongst the initiated that favouritism and interest in high quarters has assisted many a boy to pass out of the *Britannia*.

It is, of course, a great thing for the relatives of these youngsters to get them well fed and crammed for about eighty guineas a year, and nobody, I fancy, would grudge them this privilege, provided their minds were really improved by what they learnt ; but, as it is now, no sooner have they passed out of the *Britannia* than they find that all the theoretical knowledge obtained there avails them but little, as they have to commence learning the practical part of their work and carrying out their numerous duties on board sea-going vessels. This is, in effect, what the Earl of Dalhousie—who, as Lord Ramsay, had previously held the appointment of commander on board the *Britannia*—stated in the House of Commons some years ago, during a debate on the Naval Estimates. Sir George Trevelyan was by far the best Secretary of the Admiralty who ever held this important post ; and I believe that I am justified in stating that, had he remained in that position for a longer period, he would have advocated the ages for the entries of naval cadets being altered in accordance with the present Report.

Individually, I am in favour of the abolition of the *Britannia*, but, as the Committee do not allude to this matter in their Report, I have not dwelt upon it.

The examinations ought to be made competitive, as is almost universal now in every profession, and should be held at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich ; then the candidates having been previously examined by the medical authorities there, or, as now, in Northumberland Avenue, would be eligible to compete. You would thus ensure none but thoroughly healthy boys proving successful, whilst doing away at the same time with those presenting themselves for similar inspection who were totally unfitted for a naval life. That system of nomination, which acts so preju-

cially against obtaining the best material for the service, would then cease to exist.

After passing their examination into the service, the cadets should, as recommended by the Committee, be appointed to the *Britannia*, which vessel ought to be moved to the Solent or in proximity to Portsmouth Harbour; it would thus give these young gentlemen the opportunity of seeing one of the finest naval dockyards in the world, and gaining a certain amount of practical information concerning the structure of our modern ironclads, and systems of gunnery and torpedo warfare. Probably, when once they had eaten of this valuable and unforbidden fruit, they would be the more eager to obtain a further quantity of it.

I believe that the *Britannia* was removed to Dartmouth, and there practically buried from the outer world, because the site where she lay off Haslar Creek was considered by the authorities to be unhealthy; but everybody ought to know that, at the present time, Portsmouth, with all its vast improvements and extended area, is one of the healthiest ports in the United Kingdom, besides being easy of access; there you see everything naval, which you do not at Dartmouth.

Another great thing in its favour is the Naval Hospital at Haslar, so handy, and to which patients can be easily and comfortably moved.

During the year that the cadets are on board the *Britannia* at Portsmouth, they should be well worked up in the subjects of nautical astronomy, navigation, trigonometry, and everything pertaining thereto; and in the summer time they should take cruises in the brigs of war, which should be ordered to assemble at Spithead for their annual expeditions. The cadets would pick up the practical knowledge of seamanship in all its forms, which all the theoretical teaching in the world would not give them, and would thus become fitted to take charge of a boat or a top when eventually appointed to a sea-going vessel. Discipline on board all vessels should be naval, and not scholastic. Gradually the post of Naval Instructor should be abolished; and their places filled by naval officers equally well qualified for this appointment, who should be granted an increase of pay direct from the Admiralty; those young officers who were under instruction would then cease to contribute towards the cost of their education, which would be included amongst the Navy Estimates.

After the year has elapsed, the cadet should first be examined in seamanship at Portsmouth, and then appear before the education authorities at Greenwich, when, if he satisfied them, his promotion.

to the rank of midshipman would follow, and he would be sent to sea.

The reason of my advocating all the early examinations being held at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, is because it is already the custom for the later ones to take place there, and it would tend to keep everything more essentially naval. I deprecate mixing up service and civilian matters together.

Every officer is fully aware what an immense amount of good this College has done for naval education, and how much it has been made to resemble a kind of temporary home, with its various forms of amusement, comfort, and instruction; and I believe that the staff could not be surpassed for efficiency.

Each examination should be final; and when a midshipman reaches the age of twenty, with his five years in the service counting as sea time, he should be eligible to pass for his examination as sub-lieutenant, in seamanship and gunnery at Portsmouth, and the remainder of the necessary subjects at Greenwich. His commission as a sub-lieutenant would then follow, in which position he would remain for two years, when after seven years of active service he would be entitled to his lieutenancy. This time is quite long enough for anyone to serve before obtaining that rank.

The present Board of Admiralty, like its numerous predecessors, has, I believe, the efficiency of the Royal Navy in all its branches thoroughly at heart, and, therefore, it is to be hoped that they will at once grapple with the question at issue, which has recently been sifted by the Committee over which the Earl of Dalhousie so ably presided.

I take it that this is not a political subject at all, but simply one that is for the future benefit of the Royal Navy at large; it has been gently smouldering in the grate for a long time, and now has, at last, broken out into a flame, which can only be stopped spreading by a thorough reform of the "education of naval officers."

The Skobelev of India.

By CHARLES MARVIN.

DEATH has been busy during the last five years among the foremost figures of the Russo-Indian conflict. Russia has lost General Skobelev, General Abramoff, and General Kaufmann—three commanders who would have led the Russian hosts upon India in 1878, had the Berlin Congress ended in a renewal of the war; and on her side England has lost Sir Charles MacGregor, Colonel Burnaby, and Sir Douglas Forsyth. With the exception of the latter, whose career properly belongs to the Kashgarian period of the conflict, the officers cited all died in harness; all, excluding Burnaby, had their lives cut short by hard work and hard fighting; and even had Burnaby survived the fatal battle of Abu Klea, his constitution was so worn out that it is doubtful whether he would have been fit for another campaign. Of the six names cited, two stand out specially prominent—Skobelev and MacGregor. The one spent the most brilliant period of his life in planning the expulsion of England from India; the other devoted himself heart and soul to foiling those plans, and preparing for the life and death struggle which both of them believed to be inevitable. The one died in the midst of his planning, followed by a display of grief unique in the annals of Russia; the other died unrequited, ignored by the country he had served so well, and, with the honourable exception of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, treated with no more consideration by the service press that claims to represent the British Army than the hundreds of commonplace generals who, in fulness of time, get knighted, die of old age, and receive, as a matter of course, a passing routine reference in the obituary column. The most exacting admirer of the Skobelev of Russia cannot complain of the absence of adequate appreciation of that hero on the part of any section of the Russian nation. On the other hand, the bitterest enemy of the Skobelev of India

must confess that no justice at all has yet been done to the memory of Sir Charles MacGregor. His name is unknown to the bulk of the British public, and I question whether in both Houses of Parliament half-a-dozen men could be found, who could pronounce a decent impromptu eulogy upon his career, even if aided by the admirable obituary notice published by the *Times*.

Yet the story of his life, told by a Kaye, would excite the enthusiasm of England, and secure for MacGregor the prominent position to which he is worthily entitled among the heroes of the Indian army. Three times wounded during the many battles he was engaged in during the Indian Mutiny, twice wounded during Sir Hope Grant's march upon Peking, and twice again in the Bhotan War, he experienced sufficient hard knocks to supply the amplest materials for a writer anxious to place his hero in the thick of every fight; and if in the Abyssinian campaign, the Afghan War, and the expedition to the Murree country he escaped further injury, it was not because he did not expose himself whenever danger was to be breasted. Besides participating in so much fighting, he undertook, on his own account, and on behalf of the Government, innumerable reconnoitring of the Indian border, which must have been attended by many an exciting adventure and escapade.

Finally, in excess of a ride through Beluchistan, from the Persian Gulf to the Helmund—from the base of the future British operations for the defence of India to the river where Muscovite and Englishman will engage in a death-struggle—a ride infinitely more arduous than Burnaby's ride to Khiva, he performed, on his own account, at his own cost, a survey of Persia, Afghanistan, Turkmenia, the Caucasus, and South Russia, which must always rank as one of the grandest operations of the kind ever performed by a British officer. If I mention that Burnaby's ride to Khiva was only a matter of 800 miles, while MacGregor rode 3,000 miles through country more or less unknown, I shall succeed, I hope, by the comparison (by no means meant to be invidious to poor Burnaby), in awakening some interest in the career of a man who was ever ready to lay down his life for the Empire.*

* In my *Reconnoitring Central Asia*, a slight attempt has been made to do justice to this great exploit, which, I hope, will never be forgotten by young Indian officers anxious for distinction. With regard to the local effect of MacGregor's journey along the Turcoman border, I expressed the following opinion in that work in 1883:—"It is not too much to say that if MacGregor and Baker had never put in an appearance on the frontier, Russia would have been spared a whole series of Turcoman campaigns. The visit of these officers cost Russia millions of money, and hundreds of lives. This is a historical fact which has never been properly examined,

And not only his life, but what, to too many military men, is far more precious—his career also. No man ever questioned his bravery in battle—the burly giant was always in the thick of the fray, like a true MacGregor, cleaving with the strength and skill of a Highlander a passage through the enemy. For cool, calculating, dare-devil reconnoitring he was peerless. Himself a gazetteer on horseback, there was not a better geographer in the whole British army. Alone he would penetrate to the wildest districts, and there, amidst the out-throats Asia produces so plentifully in certain parts, would map the country as calmly, as patiently, and as thoroughly as if he were working in the map-room of the Royal Geographical Society. When he rode through a country he left nothing for anyone following him to do. He did the Murray's Guide business once and for all time, taking as much trouble to examine, and sketch, and exhaustively describe a point where a General might have to fight fifty years hence, as where he believed he himself would have to resist the enemy in the course of his own career. How totally different he was to the common run of military men may be readily perceived by comparing, say, Captain Marsh's *Ride Through Islam*, with MacGregor's *Travels in Khorassan*. The tremendous amount of hard work, for nothing at all, MacGregor did during this survey, and on other occasions when he utilised his furlough for his country's good, would stagger some of the nagging Radicals, who think that they alone know what labour is, and that military life is all fun and finery.

Ready to expose his life in peace, as well as in war, MacGregor did not hesitate for a moment to place his brilliant career in jeopardy when, in 1884, he felt it his duty to warn the leaders of public opinion in this country of the imminent dangers of the Russian advance. Having worked out, with the precision of a rule-of-three sum, how long it would take the Russian forces to and it is worth looking into for a few minutes, if for no other reason than showing what immense harm our Burnabys can do a rival power. From 1873 until Skobelev took Geok Tepé, not a year passed without some English officer or other moving along the Turcoman frontier, from Sarakhs to the Caspian. All these officers were strongly opposed to the Russian advance, and although they never helped the Turcomans with money or weapons, they encouraged them, in their brave, soldierly language, to fight on in the hope that England would some day come and help them. Such language, held out year after year, could not but have the effect of buoying up the Turcomans and causing them to fight with greater vigour. It is no exaggeration to say that the journey of MacGregor, Baker, and other officers of the Burnaby stamp did more to arrest the Russian advance than all the solemn deliberations of English cabinets, the sackfuls of diplomatic correspondence, the miles of parliamentary speeches and questions, and the myriads of newspaper articles published between the capture of Khiva in 1878 and Skobelev's conquest of Geok Tepé in 1881."

reach the Indian frontier, and what would be the actual resources on which we should have to depend to repel them, he took a step which could have only been justified by the existence of a Gladstone as Prime Minister and a Ripon as Viceroy. Acting on the supposition that both these men were indifferent to the safeguarding of the Empire, and being acquainted—as head of the Intelligence Branch, and, therefore, the one official paid by the State to know better than anybody else the progress of the Russian advance towards India—with the secret Russian designs on Sarakhs and Penjdeh (realised the following year), he printed off the result of his calculations, and placed confidentially in the hands of a number of statesmen and politicians of both parties, and persons in touch with the public, a copy of the work, that they might be acquainted with the perils the Government were ignoring, and persuade England to adopt measures to avert them.

It was a risky step to take. Many a British officer, as brave as MacGregor on the battle-field, would have shrunk from such a sacrifice. If one considers how ardently MacGregor longed to lead the Indian army against Russia if war were ever declared, and reflects on the peril he ran of provoking the anger of the Government in India and the Government at home by the issue of this book, it is impossible for any real Englishman not to feel, I think, that MacGregor, in thus risking his career on behalf of his country, displayed moral courage of the highest order, and patriotism far too rare in these times.

By a mistake, or through indiscretion, one of the recipients of the book drew attention to it openly in a series of articles, entitled “Indian Warnings,” in the *St. James's Gazette*. This led to questions in Parliament, and although the matter was hushed up, it could hardly have been a pleasant one for MacGregor, who, moreover, the following year, had to experience the chagrin of seeing a relatively unknown and inexperienced man chosen instead of himself to delimit the Russo-Afghan frontier. It may be thought a thoroughly Gladstonian act to avoid a General better adapted, by his knowledge of the country, his topographical skill, and his sense of the requirements of Afghanistan, for the task than anyone else in England and India; but, after all, perhaps it was as well for MacGregor, as the blame of the conflict that occurred the moment General Lumsden reached the frontier would have been doubtless placed on his shoulders by those who are always readier to find excuses for the foreigner than stand up for the honour of their own countrymen. One thing, however, is tolerably certain; had MacGregor been sent instead of Lumsden, there would have

been no Penjdeh. Instead of leaving the point of the greatest peril in the loose charge of a young inexperienced officer, MacGregor would have been on the spot himself, and we may be sure, from the immense pains he always took to anticipate every contingency, and to command success, that Komaroff and the Cossacks would have never hunted him ignominiously from the Afghan settlement as they hunted poor Yate and the dry swords of his convoy. The MacGregor blood would have never tolerated the sight of England's allies being slaughtered in the trenches, while an English officer looked on, a neutral spectator of the conflict. He would have realised too keenly that the attack on Penjdeh was an onslaught on England, rather than on the Ameer, and he would have "gone for" the Russians in a manner that would have put the shame of Penjdeh on very different shoulders. In point of fact, the power of local resistance and neighbouring tribal help, during that perilous period when nothing was done by Lumsden, would have been so developed that the Russians would not only have been repulsed from Penjdeh, but swept back in disorder to Askabad and the Caspian. That is, if Penjdeh had been attacked at all. The probability rather is, that MacGregor would have gone so much out of his way to organise the Afghan position, that Komaroff would not have thought it worth while to expose himself to hard knocks.

This was MacGregor's last chance for distinction. As soon as the Viceroy, Lord Ripon, was replaced by a real statesman, the organisation of the Indo-Afghan frontier was taken seriously in hand, and MacGregor was appropriately placed by Earl Dufferin in charge of it. His health, however, had already begun to break, and he was invalided home, in the hope that a rest would restore it again. But, although physically of immense strength, he had exposed himself, like Skobelev, to so much service that his constitution was quite shattered. Skobelev died in his fortieth year. MacGregor was six years older when he died at Cairo, February 5th, and could have fairly hoped, had his life been spared, to have won the highest possible position in the British army, ere old age and infirmity crept upon him.

Cut off in the prime of life, before he had had an opportunity of displaying his unquestioned powers of brilliant generalship, the Skobelev of India failed to secure for himself the imperishable popularity that fell to the lot of the Skobelev of Russia. But it would be a mistake to suppose that his influence ended, and his work perished, with the departure of his gallant spirit at Cairo. Even as the plans and opinions of Skobelev have guided Russia

in all her operations in Asia since the death of the hero of Plevna in 1882, and still determine the course of her military policy in the East, so also do the plans and opinions of Macgregor still influence the Government of India, and will continue to do so for many a year to come.

Sir Charles MacGregor was no vulgar Russophobist. His writings are devoid of the frenzy of Ashmead-Bartlettism. The policy he laid down was a policy based on mathematical military facts, not on mere platform feelings. When his life is written, and I earnestly hope this will be early taken in hand by someone competent to place MacGregor in his real heroic self before the public, his journals and correspondence will doubtless reveal as completely as the few published papers of Russia's Skobelev have done, that the leading spirit of Indian defence possessed, in common with the leading spirit of Russian aggression, the qualities of a great statesman as well as of a great general. Such a work would render invaluable service to the great cause for which he sacrificed his health and life—the defence of India. If the few masterly memorandums, penned by Skobelev, have exercised an enormous influence in convincing the Czar, the Russian Army, and the Russian public, of the practicability of expelling England from India, I am convinced that some of MacGregor's notes on Indian defence would, if published, put an end to all doubt as to the absolute necessity for safeguarding the camping-ground of Herat, at any cost, against our Northern rivals. So long as he was alive, and still a General in the army, there were reasons why his name should not be too prominently associated with his views. Now that he is gone, bequeathing to England as good a legacy as Skobelev bequeathed to Russia, the publication of his opinions—not necessarily those, the publication of which would be detrimental to the defence of India—is a duty that those who loved him, admired him, and represent him now he is gone, owe to his memory, to India, and to the Empire.

“On Leave.”

ON the evening of February 1st, by command of Her Majesty, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. R. Cathcart had the honour of performing at Osborne before the Queen and the Royal Family. The following pieces were acted: *Uncle's Will*, by Theyre Smith, and *Sweethearts*, a dramatic contrast in two acts by W. S. Gilbert. Both by the public—with whom Mrs. Kendal is so great a favourite—and by the profession this kindly act of the Queen's has been regarded with much pleasure, and leads all to hope that, in this her Jubilee year, Her Majesty will patronise the drama as she did in days of yore. The selection of pieces was excellent, and in both of them Mrs. Kendal is seen at her very best. The great charm of Mrs. Kendal's acting is its perfect refinement, and the fact is at once recognised that it is a lady who is acting, and in no piece in which she plays is her bearing and manner more charmingly displayed than in *Uncle's Will* and the *Overland Route*. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal had the honour of being received in the Drawing Room after the performance, by Her Majesty, who expressed herself extremely gratified with the performance. They stayed at Osborne overnight, and returned to town on Wednesday morning. A few days afterwards the Queen forwarded to Mrs. Kendal a beautiful brooch, the design being the Royal Crown, composed of diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. The gift is in remembrance of Mrs. Kendal's visit to Osborne on February 1st.

Dr. F. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, went by command of the Queen to Osborne, with Messrs. Foster, Hilton, and Montem Smith, and four boys (all members of the Abbey choir), and performed before Her Majesty the Jubilee Ode written by Dr. Bridge. The Queen expressed herself pleased with the work, and also with an organ solo which Dr. Bridge played at her request.

For some years past there has been established at “Wyberlye,” Burgess Hill, a military college on a small scale by Mr. J. F. Cornish, F.R.G.S., with a competent staff of masters, and so

successful has been the plan of education adopted there, that out of sixteen entries for various competitions in the last scholastic year no less than fourteen candidates were successful. In order to accommodate a larger number of pupils, it is proposed to convert the present college into a limited company, to be hereafter called the Sussex Military College. The house it is proposed to adopt for this scheme is that of "Wyberlye," Burgess Hill, well suited by construction and situation in its enclosed grounds for the purpose. This accommodates at present fifteen pupils; alterations to give room for forty pupils can easily and at moderate cost be effected, as the house, in the opinion of Mr. Woodman Dickinson, the architect, lends itself to alteration. The recommendations and special features of this military college are well worth studying—the aim of this institution being to unite the best features of public school life with all the advantages that are to be reaped from a crammer's instruction. The Prospectus is now issued, and I would advise those who intend placing their sons in the army to make themselves acquainted with the admirable system of education adopted at the Sussex Military College.

The Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the financial position of the Volunteer Force has just been issued. In these hard times the Volunteers must be thankful for small mercies. The total increase in the Estimates for the Volunteers which their recommendations involve amounts to about £110,000 per annum. The Committee freely admit that the Volunteers have made good their claim for increased aid from the public funds, and recommend that the grant of 80s. now paid for every efficient should be raised to 85s.; but they are strongly of opinion that efficiency with the rifle should be a *sine quâ non* for the earning of any Capitation Grant. This increase of the Capitation Grant is to be supplemented, first, by certain additional allowances for travelling expenses in cases where shooting-ranges are not easily accessible; secondly, by a small grant to assist all Volunteers to provide themselves with a great-coat and valise; thirdly, facilities are offered under the new scheme to officers for increasing the grants payable to their regiments, by qualifying themselves in tactics and signalling. These additions recommended by the Committee amount to about 10s. for every efficient in the force, and such moderate expenditure for maintaining the efficiency of our citizen soldiers should meet with general public approval.

Lord Wolseley, who presided at the presentation of commissions to the gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, in the absence of the Duke of Cambridge, debarred by

indisposition, in addressing the cadets, said that "The young men now about entering upon a profession second to none in the world, must not suppose that they had finished their education. He hoped he was not saying wrong in wishing that they might be called upon for active service, for a campaign was the real test of a soldier, and, if they were so fortunate, they would find that success in war was made up of diligent attention to apparent trifles. The highest essential for success on active service was zeal in the performance of a soldier's duty." I regret that a contemporary should have reported this kind and soldier-like speech in a ridiculous manner, heading it—"Take every Opportunity of being Shot."

A Court of Inquiry was appointed by Admiral Phillimore, consisting of Captain Cleveland, of the gunnery ship *Cambridge*, Captain Rawson, and Commander Arbuthnot, of the *Royal Adelaide*, to examine the sword-bayonets on board the *Indus*. Eight were taken indiscriminately, and, on being tested, with very little exertion they were bent in every direction. Four of these sword-bayonets were forwarded to Whitehall, with the Report of the Court of Inquiry, and *the Admiralty are now endeavouring to discover the official who passed them into the Navy*. Surely this ought not to be a very difficult matter.

Olympia.—The programme of the Hippodrome of Paris has been slightly changed, and several new features have been introduced into the first part. The most notable novelty was the appearance in the arena of a number of trained lions, which, securely confined in a spacious iron cage, are brought into the centre of the circle, and engage in a series of interesting and somewhat exciting performances, under the direction of their trainer, Mr. Seeth. The performance was witnessed with much interest, and its more dramatic incidents evoked considerable enthusiasm. Among the other new features was an animating race, entitled a "Junior Derby," by boy-riders on tiny ponies. The performance of the young elephants was as amusing as ever, and all the races excited the liveliest enthusiasm, especially the chariot races, which passed off without any *contretemps*. The visit to the stables, at the end of the first part, is evidently much appreciated, judging by the number of fashionably-dressed people who avail themselves of the privilege. Entering by the large harness-room, you cannot fail to be struck with the neatness with which everything is arranged, and the perfect manner in which the saddles, harness, and other paraphernalia are cleaned. This room is fitted up with strong portable standards and enamelled japanned brackets.

to suit the numerous saddles and driving harness. There are about a hundred and fifty stalls, in addition to loose boxes and other fittings, which were modelled, made specially, and fixed complete, at a moderate cost, in the short space of six weeks, a feat requiring unusual resources and energy. The result is very satisfactory, the fittings being neat in appearance, strong, and practically all that can be desired. Some of the stalls are made small on purpose for ponies, and, in addition, there is a series of permanent loose boxes. The whole of the fittings have been supplied by the St. Pancras Ironwork Company, and reflect much credit upon the firm. I may add that the divisions of the stalls are readily removable in order to make room at a future time for dog shows, and that they can be changed into loose boxes when required for shows of thoroughbreds and other valuable horses. The stables are kept beautifully clean, and the manner in which the horses and ponies are groomed reflects the highest credit on all concerned. The visit to the stables is one of the most enjoyable features of the programme, and both horses and ponies appear to appreciate the notice the ladies take of them.

The new musical variety drama produced at the Strand Theatre entitled *Jack-in-the-Box*, by George R. Sims and Clement Scott, may be pronounced to be a complete success. It has been written for Miss Fanny Leslie, who plays the hero, Jack Merryweather. Nothing seems to come amiss to this talented and versatile young lady; she sings well, is a capital dancer, a fair acrobat, plays the banjo, and is full of "go." The authors have written a drama of the good old Adelphi type, and out of familiar materials have concocted a strong sensational story with a good farcical element interspersed. The piece is carefully mounted and the characters generally well acted. Mr. Harry Parker, who takes the part of the broken-down Professor O'Sullivan, was frequently applauded for his clever delineation of the character, and ably seconded Miss Leslie. The duet and dance by these artists, "I should smile," was excellently rendered, and was encored. Miss Leslie's singing is both graceful and sympathetic, and throughout the evening was loudly applauded. At times Miss Leslie reminds one of Mrs. Keeley, who, in her younger days, played similar parts; and if she is careful to tone down her exuberance of spirits, she may attain for herself a prominent position.

Miss Calhoun, whose acting was so much admired at the Haymarket Theatre, has left England for New York, in consequence of her approaching marriage. And play-goers will regret to learn that the marriage will bring her dramatic career to a close. This ac-

complished young lady carries away with her the good wishes of all those who had the pleasure of knowing her.

Mr. Walter Allen has drawn a very amusing series of portraits of dogs entitled "The Dogs of the Jubilee of Her Majesty's Accession." There are six drawings; the 1st represents the Queen and the Royal Family surrounded by her faithful dogs; the 2nd, the Army; the 3rd, the Navy; the 4th, the Volunteers; the 5th, the Empire; and the 6th, the Ladies. These pictures are well worth visiting and show Mr. Allen to be capable of combining the skill of an animal painter, with an amount of humour such as we frequently notice in Ostade's paintings.

Another work by the same artist has just been completed, entitled "The Victoria Jubilee Overture, composed expressly for the occasion," in which (a witty writer says) will be introduced selections from the works of the immortal Bark (Bach), and airs by our friend's Paw (Spohr). These drawings are now on view at Messrs. E. C. McQueen and Sons, 181, Tottenham Court Road.

The Albert Palace is as attractive as ever, and is very well attended. Mr. William Carter and his choir gave a concert of Scotch music, with the assistance of a few soloists, headed by Madame Antoinette Sterling. The popular contralto received a rapturous greeting. The choir sang with spirit throughout, and Mr. Hiram Henton's capital orchestra was utilised with effect. Mr. William Holland's monster benefit will take place on Saturday and Monday, February 26th and 28th. Many novelties will no doubt be produced.

FURLOUGH.

MEMO.—By a typographical error in the account of the two life-boats that was given in the February number, the invention was attributed to Captain Wood. Such, however, is not the case. The gallant Captain with characteristic chivalry writes: "I had nothing whatever to do with the inventions (Woodite and the patent life-boat). They are *entirely Mrs. Wood's* own ideas and patents." Care will be taken that the mistake is not repeated in the notice we hope to give of Mrs. Wood's paper on "Woodite," which will be read at the *conversazione* at the Royal Institution on the 18th inst.

Reviews.

THE STORY OF CARTHAGE. By Professor ALFRED J. CHURCH.
London: Messrs T. Fisher Unwin.

Professor Church enjoys a wide reputation as a popular historian, and no better describer than he could be found for writing the story of the great merchant republic of antiquity. The volume deals in succession with the legendary and early history, the relations of Carthage and Greece, the internal history of the country, and the conflict with Rome that ultimately ended with the destruction of the republic. As in previous works of the series, the *Story of Carthage* is told in the most entertaining manner, and illustrated with innumerable maps and woodcuts. The account of the wars with Rome embody the latest researches, and do credit to the painstaking investigations of Professor Church. There is much in the volume that might be advantageously laid to heart by the statesmen of what Continental writers are fond of terming in derision the "Modern Carthage."

ON SPECIAL SERVICE. By GORDON STABLES. London: Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

It would be interesting to know how many books Mr. Gordon Stables has written on life at sea. Every season two or three books appear from his versatile pen, and yet he never seems to lose his hold upon his many admiring readers. In the book before us the heroes, after adventures at school, serve in a training-ship, sail for African waters in the good ship *Theodora*, help to capture a Portuguese slaver, go on a trip to Sierra Leone, chase a pirate, discover treasure in Peru, and return home to marry charming wives. The story is told in a simple, unaffected manner, and, like most of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's books, is got up in a gorgeous style.

JERUSALEM, BETHANY, and BETHLEHEM. By J. L. PORTER.
London: Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons.

This superb work on the Holy City, with nearly a hundred illustrations, redounds to the credit of Messrs. Nelson & Sons, who only recently issued in similar style an *edition de luxe* of Dr.

Thomson's well-known *Land and the Book*. Mr. Porter is the author of Murray's *Hand-book for Syria and Palestine*, and is the President of Queen's College, Belfast. In the present work he has not attempted to write a learned treatise on the topography or history, but to produce a book whose pictures, by pen and pencil, may direct the attention of readers of all classes to scenes of absorbing sacred interest. Landing with the reader at Joppa, the ancient as well as the present sea-port of Jerusalem, he travels with him to the Holy City, describing in a graphic manner the scenes on the way, and, after showing him all that is of interest in and about Jerusalem, takes him to Olivet, Bethany, and Bethlehem. The illustrations are so interesting, and so different from the usual formal dry sketches of the Holy Land, that even with a less skilful guide than Mr. Porter the book would have been a success.

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE. By G. A. HENTY. London : Messrs. Blackie & Son.

Mr. Henty is well known for his many military romances, in which, side by side with wonderful adventures and hairbreadth escapes, often improbable, he never loses sight of accuracy in history. On the present occasion his story deals with the campaigns of Peterborough in Spain. There are few great leaders whose lives and actions have so completely fallen into oblivion as that gallant Earl's. In their day they were overshadowed by the glory and successes of Marlborough; and the genius of Peterborough, being directed by no steady aim or purpose, has failed to gain him a leading place among English worthies. Yet a really good military work might be written upon what he achieved in Spain, and any officer, with leisure on his hands and literary aspirations, might do worse than prepare such a volume. The best account at present existing is Warburton's memoir, published some thirty years ago. It is on this that Mr. Henty has based his capital story. The illustrations are by Mr. H. M. Paget, a new artist we believe. They are strikingly clever.

THE CONQUEST OF PLASSANS. By EMILE ZOLA. London : Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.

On a recent occasion we drew attention to Zola's *Fortune of the Rougens*, wherein the cowardice of the bourgeoisie under the Second Empire was cleverly portrayed. At a time when the press resounds with the mutterings of war, there could be no better book to read to gain an insight into the conditions of French provincial

life that the Germans would come in contact with if they again invaded France. *The Conquest of Plassans* is a sequel to this work, and is devoted to the struggle between religion and free thought. The sub-title, *The Priest in the House*, conveys in a sentence the nature of the book, and, in connection with the recent controversy in the London press on priests and their intrigues in English households, the story is interesting, not only as regards its pictures of French life, but also in respect to its study of ecclesiastical forces at work here, as elsewhere in Europe. It is unnecessary to mention that Zola is very plain in all that he writes, and that Messrs. Vizetelly have issued the translation free from all abridgements. A second work, published this month by the same firm, is Zola's *A Love Episode*, describing a drama enacted amidst the remorseless whirl and bustle of Parisian life. Both are in Zola's most graphic style, and will add to his increasing popularity in this country.

A SANSKRIT VOCABULARY. London: Messrs. Hall & Co.

This bulky compilation has been undertaken with the aim of placing within reach of any ordinary student the main lines of derivation in Aryan etymology. The spelling of each word in Devanagari is followed by an equivalent in the English form of Roman character, upon a simplified mode of transliteration; short definitions follow, and then a copious selection of analogies from the European languages, classified in family groups. So diverse a vocabulary has not been presented before to the public, and it may be confidently recommended to students of Sanskrit as well as to those interested generally in philological lore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the Army and Navy will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1887.

The Nation in Arms.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LIEUT.-COL. BARON VON DER GOLTZ.

(Continued from page 480.)

EVERY use made of a foreign market, as a rule, injures, though indirectly, the enemy. Could we, by paying for them, have had the resources of England at our back, when France had no longer any communication open with that country through Belgium, Gambetta's resistance in 1870-71 would have been of but short duration. But here, too, there must be a uniform and prompt organization. In the late war, the agents of our great contractors competed with each other in London, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, as in the great industrial centres of Austria and Hungary, to the detriment of the State treasury.

In this department likewise the Mercantile Board will be able to give the military administration the best hints. But its constitution, as well as its whole functions, must be determined upon betimes; business connections which are only entered into on the outbreak of hostilities, render only late services. It is, at all events, necessary for the wars of the future that a scheme of the supply-system shall be drawn up on a large scale, like the plan of operations, dealing not only with the purchase, but also with the bringing up of enormous masses of provisions.

A very material support is furnished by the peace-magazines of great garrisons, now possessed by every division. If we assume that in them supplies for three, four, five, and six months for the division on a peace-footing are kept stored, they suffice also for the division on a war-strength for a considerable time. It is, perhaps, sufficient if a whole army corps is supplied, at all

events, for a few days. The Administrative of these magazines* has, of course, permanent connections in the country, which render it possible for it to buy up quickly and freely great masses of provisions. Besides, these connections are confined to a fixed district or province, and do not extend into the sphere of another administration; so that in this way all that injurious competition which was formerly indulged in by the private purveyors is avoided. These great peace-magazines will provide, as depôts, for the uninterrupted supply of provisions.

But their administrations can only be employed with advantage for the delivery of such supplies as they have ordinarily had to procure in time of peace. Their business connections only suffice for these purposes. They are not in a position to undertake to furnish valuable help from distant parts or from foreign countries.† For this business, agents and leading commercial guilds must be employed. In addition to the commission-agents, it were well, especially for orders from foreign countries, to appoint transport-agencies. It is not impossible that in certain cases it will be proposed that the goods be delivered by particularly capable general contractors, in the old fashion. There is, beyond doubt, great convenience on its side; but these persons will no longer be allowed to deliver their goods upon the theatre of war, but only in depôts or magazines.

If in one or the other way the sources whence the army shall draw its commissariat have been kept well-supplied, special measures will next have to be taken for the scene of hostilities.

So far as the consideration of the rapid concentration of the troops permit, commissariat-trains should be run between the trains conveying troops on the railways. And then, again, experience has taught us that trains conveying troops can at the same time carry with them not inconsiderable supplies of provisions, without any difficulty being thereby caused. It is, accordingly, possible to order the troops to have by them on their journey supplies for several days, and to take them with them also into the district where they are massing. Provisions for from three to six days would seem to be the proper amount. Here preserved provisions are especially in place. It is absolutely necessary for the troops always to have these with them; for in the confusion of mobilization, especially in small garrisons, it will be impossible to effect purchases with the slender money-resources at disposal. The

* Proviant-aemter.

† The Commissariat effectuated by these Boards is generally known by the name of "Konsortial Verpflegung."

more the troops are dependent upon their own cooking, the more necessary is it that they should be provided with the requisite amount of preserved provisions.* On leaving the railway, the supplies they have taken with them will be loaded upon hired waggons or upon carts requisitioned in the country, and conveyed to the front. Better it certainly is if the troops, instead of the ordinary market-carts, had good, light waggons, well-harnessed, and specially built for the purpose, as they travel faster, cause less delay in the columns, and carry more.

Thus, then, do the troops, protected against their first hunger, arrive in the massing district. It must be permitted—nay, made a positive duty—to make purchases here at will, wherever opportunity offers.† A superfluity serves at once to establish a dépôt. As the trains and the transport-columns are not yet at hand, carts hired or requisitioned take their place at first, in order to work the communications between the magazines that are being organised. When they are no longer needed, they are made over to the train authorities, in the rear of the army. One good quality of such rude and improvised conveyances is that they can be used up until they give way, and then, when they are not required any longer, left anywhere. Often another takes possession of the wreck and makes some use of it. In the late war, when the regulation ambulance and transport-waggon were wanting, the Quartermaster-General of the IInd German Army often successfully availed itself of such improvised conveyances. This department procured at once for each army-corps a park of 400 waggons, and afterwards frequently repeated this measure.

The military administration, moreover, despatches its officials, furnished with considerable sums of money, and accompanied by experienced merchants or agents, to effect purchases in the country round about the district where the troops are massing, for the organisation of dépôts—provided the roads of communication permit of such an arrangement. If the railways are not convenient for the purpose, transport by water must be utilised. A small barge, such as is used on the Spree, can load 1,000 cwt. A great army, of modern dimensions, consisting of 800,000 men and 300,000 horses, requires in three weeks, besides hay and straw,

* Though good preserves may keep for years, it is all the same advisable to renew them from time to time either by consuming or replacing them, if they are to be agreeable to the taste. The fatty substances always suffer to a certain extent by age, and then are readily nauseous.

† If it seems to be possible for a time for the quartermasters to provide the commissariat by ready-money payment, it will, of course, be forthwith resorted to.

2,000,000 cwt.; 2,000 such barges would be required for the purpose. Such a number was in 1870 certainly available for the purpose upon the water-ways in connection with the country in which the troops were concentrating, viz. the Rhine, the Main, the Ludwigs canal, the Upper Danube, and the Moselle, without, however, being utilised to the fullest extent. Tugs accelerate the transport.

As the field-bakeries are not adequate, private bake-houses of all kinds are set to work on a large scale, and are furnished with an increased number of hands.* Either flour is served out to them, and bread manufactured for pay, or the baking is done independently, by order of the military administration.

Cattle are bought up on the spot, for they suffer much on transport. It happened in 1870, that the cattle fell off so much, in consequence of bad fodder, that they produced only 41 per cent. of meat, as against 59 per cent. of bone. If they have to be brought up from a distance, special arrangements must be made. Stable-room will rarely be found where wanted, especially not at the railway stations. Transportable barrack-stables, which can rapidly be put together, are useful, but the organisation of experienced butcher-columns is necessary. Moreover, it is not advisable to keep great herds together for any long time; they easily engender and spread pestilential diseases. It is better to distribute them soon in small quantities among the troops and columns. Some cattle-depôts must be established at convenient centres, in order that from them what is not found at the scene of hostilities may be conveyed to the front.

The armies and army corps make like arrangements for their several spheres as does the administration of the army for the whole. The officers of the General Staff who hurry ahead in order to assist at the disentrainment of the troops, are accompanied by officials from the Quartermaster-General's department.

Like the troops, so do the depôts advance at the commencement of the forward movement. All means of conveyance must again be resorted to. All depends upon practicable transport-roads being opened. The most important are the rail-roads, which have been again opened for traffic, after extensive improvements have been effected in the country where operations are being conducted. The greatest progress has been recently made in the laying of small-gauge lines, the trucks for which are taken from

* For this purpose the administration of the Hind German army employed women frequently with great success. Female hands are in such moments easier to procure than male.

neighbouring mines. The laying of tramways on good wooden sleepers may be serviceable in an open country, poor in railways and trunk-roads. On the other hand, steam-power upon good artificial roads permits of great weights being transported all at once. Freight-cars drawn by locomotives may also be employed. A wide field is open for the inventive brain of our engineers. All the train behind the army procure means of conveyance and transports of every sort and kind. The further towards the front it is, the lighter and more mobile must the organisation be. The last limb of the army equipment is the well-horsed commissariat.

If we accordingly view the organisation of the Commissariat train as it might be described generally, we get the following picture:—*

At the rear, in the country, there are the reserve-depôts scattered about in all the provinces, which procure the supplies for certain divisions of the army. They forward, on the railways, their goods to the great collecting centres (Sammel-magazine). As soon as one load has been despatched, a fresh one, as, for instance, supplies for two days, is at once packed and got ready for forwarding.

Collecting-centres will generally be at great railway-junctions,† which, however, lie in our own country, at a great distance behind the army, and thus in perfect security.‡ The places must, besides, be of such a nature that they offer no impediments to the extraordinary traffic which is being carried on. Towns with narrow streets, and fortresses with narrow gateways, are not suitable. Much open space is imperative. Roomy buildings are good. Such are made the principal depôts for the armies. Not merely the supplies brought up from the reserve depôts are stored in them, but also those that have been brought up by agents, as also those that come from the State manufactories. Herds of cattle can also be accommodated at the collecting-stations, and bakeries and workshops established. Supplies sufficient for five or six days must always be kept in store.

From these stations the requisite supplies will be forwarded to the front, so far as the railways can be utilised. Where they stop, or where safety ends, are train-depôts,§ to which, of course,

* Cf. also Meckel, *Taktik*, p. 25 seq.

† If possible, on the water-ways as well.

‡ For the IInd Army, in 1870, during the investment of Metz, the town of Neunkirchen, on the Rhein-Nahe-Railway, was fixed upon as a collecting-depôt.

§ For the army of investment before Metz, the station Remilly was such a depôt.

spacious and well-situated railway-stations must be assigned. In these, again, supplies for two or three days will be stored, while at all times fresh relays are on the way from the collecting depôts, so that one day's provisions may always be assured to lie between these two points. From the magazines of the train-depôts the provisions will be despatched to the front in every possible way. If the army is far distant, there intermediate magazines will be organised. Thither come the commissariat waggons, in order to fetch the necessaries for their respective corps. They will not, however, as a rule, follow them into their quarters, or into the camp, but take up their place between the troops and the magazines, whence so many empty convoys return and as many go forward as are required by the troops. They cannot, however, be divided up in such a manner that some go right up to the regiment and battalions in order to unload. These latter must, accordingly, have their provision-waggons, which meet the train-columns at a certain rendezvous in order to fetch their necessaries. Frequently here is just the hitch. The movement is impeded by the proximity of the army. Country waggons that have been pressed into the service under little surveillance are not of much service. Army conveyances are beyond doubt preferable, but they increase the baggage-train, unless, as is quite possible, by dispensing with the market-carts, a saving in incumbrance can in other ways be effected.

The French army has a small train for for each regiment, consisting of strong, well-horsed "fourgons," which, with two high wheels, can easily surmount ditches and other obstacles, and appear to be very serviceable. Such small, rapidly-moving trains, belonging immediately to the several regiments, are, together with the preserved food, the best means of making armies temporarily independent of the great commissariat system and its cumbersome waggons.

Some difficulty is always experienced in the unloading of railway-trains and other conveyances. In the immediate vicinity of the railway-stations proper warehouses for storing the supplies are often wanting. Trifling as this circumstance appears to be, it is all the same very important. In 1870, great quantities of supplies were spoiled by the rain all alongside the railway from Strassburg to Frouard, and from Bingen to Metz. There frequently arose the necessity for unloading the trains, only in order to get the rails clear and to empty the trucks. Tents and materials for building barracks are indispensable, yet it must be observed that the damp, which rises from the ground, is often quite as bad

as that which falls from the sky. Waterproof bottoms must also be provided. Hands are difficult to procure. The commissariat troops are employed on sentry and escort duties. The active army rightly hesitates to tell off troops for subordinate duties. Labour is, moreover, in the highest degree disagreeable to the soldier. He feels that he is not there for that purpose, that his duty is only to fight. Besides, his deficient experience makes itself felt. The work done by men told off from the regiment is, as a rule, very little. A company of porters, on the other hand, organized in 1870 for the clearance of the choked and over-worked railway section Nancy-Ars sur Moselle, did excellent service. Such matters also must be pre-arranged.

The sketch I have here given depicts only in mere outline the baggage-system of a modern army. The working is not by any means strictly confined to the lines I have drawn.

Goods trains, fleets of barges drawn by tugs kept ready in the proximity of the collecting-depôts, form movable magazines. If a halt is made at the front, a block must necessarily take place in the supplies, if the forwarding is vigorously kept up. The intermediate depôts grow by degrees into great provision centres. In the front, among the troops, small retail magazines are established, from which the soldiers immediately draw their supplies.

In addition to the regular means of transport, irregular conveyances are employed, which are raised where required and abandoned when no longer wanted. Besides what he receives from the magazines, the soldier avails himself of the means which the land affords, sits at the table of the host in whose house he is billeted, and investigates his cellar. All obtainable supplies are seized or bought up. When there does not appear to be anything left, and force is no longer of avail, money will always procure something. When the quartermaster's department of the IInd Army established markets in Beauce, situated north of Orleans, where troops had been continuously quartered since the beginning of October, and, as no foraging could procure anything, offered high prices and thus aroused the desire for barter and sale, it was suddenly discovered that there was no lack of provisions, but only of casks to carry them away. Sewn up in window-blinds, in beds and furniture-coverings of all sorts, and in baskets and boxes, the peasants brought in the oats that the army needed, and at last the supply enabled prices to be lowered.

The whole working of the commissariat of an army is characterised by great freedom. The system is perfected by careful consideration, and by the regardless utilisation of all the means at

hand. This regardlessness must not only extend to the money question, but also to the pressing into the service of the army all officials and private persons who can be of any assistance in aiding in the great task. Even the best quartermaster's department, dependent entirely upon the activity of its subordinates, must inevitably come to grief.

He who calculates, according to his direction, the needs of the army in the field by pounds, and provides for it according to the most careful dispositions, certainly scarcely ever will run the risk of a portion of the supplies he has furnished being spoiled. But the army will suffer by this arrangement. Even the most correct measures do not, in this case, any more than in the employment of the troops in the field, guarantee with complete certainty the desired result. Experience teaches us that it is never compassed. Twice and three times as much as an army needs must be supplied, if it is to be kept from want; double and treble in respect of the good quality of the provisions, double and treble in respect of the quantity. He who relies entirely upon foraging is lost, even in the richest of countries. He who builds his commissariat only upon his supplies from the rear, will have but little success, even when he has the very best railway communications and a well-organized system of carriage at hand, and the country in his rear is prosperous and wealthy. All must co-operate: coercion in the enemy's country, and free purchasing by authorities; buying by the troops in their own country and in the theatre of war; requisitions and provision made by agents and merchants; utilisation of railways, canals, and trunk-roads, the train-transport, the commissariat waggons, the provision-carts of the troops, and rapidly-laid small-gauge lines and tramways. Permanent and independent field-bakeries, which are severally distributed among the troops in order to provide for them, extensive peace and newly-built field-bakeries, private and joint-stock bakeries all work together to the common end.

If we have the fixed intent to utilise all these means in war to their fullest extent, and perfectly freely; if the preparations—which it is impossible, considering the shortness of the time, to carry out promptly after mobilisation has taken place—be made with foresight and prudence in time of peace, *then, but only then*, is it possible to be equal to the task of supplying the needs of the martial hosts of the present time, when all generalship strives continuously towards a rapid course for the military operations.

“The strength to endure privations is one of the noblest virtues in a soldier, and where it does not exist, there is no army of real

warlike spirit; but this privation must be merely temporary, caused by the force of circumstances, and not the result of a miserable and poor system, or of a parsimonious abstract calculation of absolute necessity."*

An intimate bond of union between leadership and administration, and the co-operation of the general staff and the quartermaster's department, is always indispensable, in order to render the measures which have been adopted really serviceable to the troops. The French were lacking in this respect in 1870. The commander-in-chief's department made its dispositions of the troops and communicated them to the quartermaster's department, and left it to provide for the provisioning of the troops. In spite of the high position of the officials, an intimate interchange of opinions between them and the generals was wanting. It is well if the commander-in-chief makes his plans first, without inquiring into the commissariat question. But then a confidential discussion should take place with the quartermaster. It must be his principle, to make the impossible possible. But that will very frequently be only able to be done if he is properly backed up by the *ober-kommando*, by the troops, and the train-officials.

The quartermaster of an army must be in the confidence of the general. For here, too, everything centres in the choice of the person. Men who make difficulties only in order to lend importance to their position and their person are dangerous in such a place. Such persons are everywhere, in peace as in war, of bad effect. They are the ruin of the armies, who have to suffer under them. Massenbach's chief fault was this unfortunate propensity; hence the great share he had in the catastrophe of 1806.

At the head of the commissariat department of an army an official who is only experienced and faithful is not sufficient. A shrewd head belongs there, that knows how to grasp things whenever they offer an opportunity. But the quality must also belong to it of gaining influence in intercourse with high military men. A winning, but yet firm nature, aids best to this end.

If the arrangements made behind the army suffice for the commissariat, they will also serve for supplying the troops with ammunition, clothes, and equipment; for the weights and masses, the forwarding of which is here necessary, are as nothing when compared with the food supplies for men and horses.

It will generally be possible to keep up the ever diminishing

* Clausewitz, *Von Kriege*, ii., 1888, 4th Edition, Berlin 1880.

supply of ammunition by bringing up such-like stores by railway from the principal depôts, without further intermediate links than the emptied ammunition-trains of the army corps, as the experience of 1870-71 shows us. But prudence demands, besides, that a field-ammunition-park should be formed, in order that no hitch may be caused if the railway is torn up. In the main, it will be able to be brought up to the scene of action without horses being specially detailed for the work; as, for the transport upon the country-roads, horses can be hunted up or be taken from abandoned conveyances, and, in case of necessity, from the horse-depôts. With regard to clothing, in the case of long wars, where the troops have their own small workshops, difficulties arise as to the deficient unity of the measures adopted. We have hitherto helped ourselves well over difficulties of this kind with the hope that a good uniform brought from home must last over the short space of a campaign. That was shown, in the Franco-German war, to be partly deception. The bad state of the soldiers' clothes and boots threatened, especially in the campaign on the Loire, to become a calamity. In December 1870, some German soldiers might have been seen plodding along the miry roads, in the depth of winter, barefoot, whilst many had only wooden shoes and linen trousers. In the division of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, after the fatiguing marches which had been made since the middle of November, there were many weak companies in which forty men and more were quite without shoes. "Lastly, I observe,"—at that time the chief of the general staff of the IInd Army reported to the great head-quarters—"that the shoes of the troops are in such a state as hardly to be capable of repairs: with a few rest-days we shall endeavour to mend matters a little. Many articles of clothing intended for the corps are warehoused, for instance, for the 10th Corps in Lagny,* without its having as yet been possible for us to have them brought up to the front." When the above-mentioned corps marched, in January, through Le Mans, after its victorious battle, it was found in a plight that vividly reminded one of the description of the troops of York before Paris. There was scarcely a soldier that was clothed in the regulation manner. Heaps of civilian's garments were seen in the ranks. With the exception of the ominous French red breeches, which might easily have called forth a Prussian rifle-bullet, everything that was found was made use of. Each soldier had carefully retained a single piece of clothing, in order to show that he belonged to the regi-

* Before Paris.

ment, if it was nothing more than the helmet, on which generally a part of the rim was wanting. Remarkable was this tatteredness, as a contrast to the fine military bearing and fresh looks of the soldiers. They were well fed. But had the operations lasted much longer the deficiency of clothes would have become a serious matter. It cannot, moreover, be denied that such a state of things must in process of time have unfavourable effects upon order and discipline. We have, in a former place, pointed out the advantage of small economies practised by the troops in time of peace.

During a war, great central workshops are essential. Napoleon established them even at the scene of hostilities. The industries of the enemy's country can frequently be turned to good account; as, for instance, was done in the spring of 1871, at Tours, by the 10th Army Corps.

Hand-in-hand with these arrangements go the establishments for the treatment or transport of the sick and wounded. The field-hospitals only provide them with shelter at first; they are then handed over to the care of the army hospital corps, which organises permanent hospitals at the rear of the army, whilst following up its advance. It is an established principle that every sufferer who can bear the journey shall be taken further back towards the rear, where there is greater quiet and security. Along the lines of communication, train-hospitals are built for receiving and treating the sick and wounded who are passing through; hospital and medical trains move upon the railways, taking back more and more into great hospitals at home such as are in need of medical treatment. Good arrangements of this kind, and especially the prospect of speedy aid, strengthen the soldier and give him fresh courage, besides calming him in the hour of peril. Suitable places for those recovering, who will soon be drafted again into their regiments, must also be provided. Good supervision of the sick and those temporarily away from the army, who are stopping behind it, must prevent numerous forces from being idly withdrawn from the front. For sick horses in 1870 great depôts were established upon the rear-lines, and in them numerous beasts were again made serviceable, which would otherwise have been lost.

It can readily be understood how difficult it is to exercise surveillance over these confused arrangements in the rear, and what a careful organisation is necessary. Enforcing administration in the parts of the enemy's country that have been occupied, organising and guarding magazines, hospitals, and depôts, the establishment of secure train-roads upon all the rear-lines of com-

munication by garrisoning a number of points along them, guarding country on either flank with garrisons and detachments of troops, all go, so far as safety enjoins it, hand-in-hand with the organisation and control of the whole transport, escort, and railway service. The supreme command of the army needs special authorities for these branches, the "General Etappen Inspection," under the control of which the railway system is placed. "Inspections" are to be found in each of the several armies, "Commandanturen" upon the various train-roads of the corps. Commissions regulate the traffic on the railways. The starting-points and termini of the lines that are exclusively given over to the service of the army demand special attention, and require to be furnished with strong garrisons and extra depôts. Here, too, only the needs of the armies, and the natural conditions obtaining at the actual scene of hostilities, must decide these matters.*

If large tracts of the enemy's country have been occupied, governors—as was done in France by the Germans in 1870—are appointed, who unite in their persons both civil and military authority.

Of what importance fresh drafts of men are for an army, is shown by the numbers I have already quoted as being the amount of the loss suffered by a great army in sick alone. Therefore the organisation of the relay system must not merely be first improvised in war-time, but must in time of peace be worked out thoroughly, at all events on paper, in case such divisions are not actually embodied. The bad method of reinforcing armies by new unities, instead of by fresh drafts bringing the old ones up to their normal numbers, has been long since discarded in all great armies. Only the army of the Northern States of America suffered temporarily from this during the War of Secession. It was therein very clearly seen how useless and valueless too weak cadres are, which still retain their high-sounding names. The most practical course is to replenish them, and only to draft the surplus into special newly-formed bodies.

The losses caused in the ranks of the army in the field are so excessive that really quite at the commencement of the operations drafts of men might well begin to be made, not to stop again during the whole campaign. At all events, a certain definite percentage of loss, which must not be placed too high, must not be allowed to be exceeded without relays being brought up. It must

* Meckel, *Taktik*, p. 25, gives a very clear sketch of the probable organisation of the rear and railway service in the several armies.

be insisted, further, with iron severity, upon the fresh drafts being forwarded to their destination without delay. Upon the lines of communication, in the middle of a hostile and often unquiet country, the new arrivals are welcome guests, whom one there would willingly retain against their will. Only too readily are they regarded for a time as good prize by a hard-pressed commandant of train and baggage. The army, during the war, is like a never-cloying giant, who ever and perpetually requires food, and who, like Antæus, only keeps his strength so long as he is able to draw it afresh from the soil of mother earth—that is from the soil of the Fatherland. In a double sense is this simile true; the moral vigour of an army springs from the love it bears to the Fatherland; its material strength from the self-sacrifice of the Fatherland and from unbroken connection with it.

The picture I have here drawn allows us to perceive how the enhanced resources of modern days correspond to the increased demands. Armies are no longer chained to a single line, are no longer dependent upon the possession or loss of one of the sources of their strength. They are based upon the whole country lying at their back, and, as long as the telegraph and railways connect them with it, upon the whole of their country.

X.—THE ATTAINMENT OF THE ENDS OF THE WAR.

With especial suspense do we look towards a war in the future. Everyone is filled with anticipation that it will be waged with a destructive force such as has hitherto never been displayed. It is an exodus of nations, and no longer a conflict between armies. All moral energy will be collected for a life and death struggle, the whole sum of the intelligence residing in either people will be employed to destroy each other. Great as are the armies, just as great will the destruction be that follows in their wake. No doubt whatever, the wars of the future will be waged with a serious earnest that would appear to ancient chivalry exceedingly unpleasant. The more that natural motives and national enmity come to be expressed, the more lasting will the display of force be. Much as the masses, who have learnt to treasure the value of existence, may loathe war, they are yet led by the feeling that under certain circumstances it cannot be avoided. Inward consciousness makes it felt that a nation, just as an individual, has, during its time on earth, to fulfil a certain mission. In discharging their duties of civilisation, nations come into collision with each other. What was it that, in 1870, in consequence of the French provocations,

produced in the most peace-going country in the world a mighty torrent of martial enthusiasm? It was nothing but the feeling that the hour had at length come for the centuries' old dream of German unity to become realised, and that the Fatherland should, once and for all, make an end of the historical period during which it had been the cockpit for foreign armies and foreign influences. Who, on the 15th of July 1870, would have considered it possible that Germany could retire from the battle that was offered it? But darkly and dimly did even the lowest in the nation conceive of the mission of his nation to command respect by its energy, in order for the future to stand forth in its might in the heart of Europe, as the guardian of its peace.

Where such forces set great resources into motion, it would seem that wars can only end with the entire annihilation of one party or the complete exhaustion of both.

As a matter of fact, the increasing national consciousness and the political realisation of the principles of nationality have increased to a marvellous extent the powers of resistance of states. No Frenchman feared when we were on the Loire, that we should retain the land up to that point by the law of conquest; no German conceived of it. Still less was a complete subjugation possible. The national unity of states protects them from forcible dismemberment; for the victor also understands that the division of a conquered realm must needs be a source of continuous wars. Thus the anxiety respecting the loss of provinces is restricted to a certain measure. It will act as a pressure upon the firmness of an enemy, where the elements of a state are losely joined and are not based upon tribal community.

Frontier districts, in which the population is a mixed one, are also in danger. Their nationality is doubtful and can be claimed by both parties. Further apprehensions cannot go, and on the whole it has become much more difficult to coerce a great state into yielding than was formerly the case. A recognition of this principle was the animating motive in the resistance which France displayed, in spite of the loss of the imperial armies. Gambetta, after his plans had come to nought, answered in reply to the question of his judges, as to whether he believed in the possibility of a final triumph for the defence, without hesitation:—

“Certainly I believe in it. I am convinced that if the Government in Paris, which was a captive Government, had only capitulated for Paris, which was its undisputed, nay its sole right, and if it had not tied the hands of the country, by acceding to the surrender of the whole of France, the country would, with the

resources at its disposal, which might have been increased, and which did as a fact increase day by day, finally have been rid of the invaders. There is no nation in Europe that has not at one time had the enemy on its soil, and has not endured his presence there for long, but has at last driven him out."

The Roman principle meant the same, never to conclude peace in disaster. And to this the empire thanked its rise. If such obstinacy and persistence were indulged in by both sides, the end of the struggle would only be conceivable after general devastation and pauperisation had completely exhausted the physical forces, and long-suffering the moral. It is, as a matter of fact, imaginable that, in order to carry through its will, with arms in its hand, against an obstinately-resisting people led on by a great man, it may be necessary to completely flood the foreign country with troops and to put a pressure lasting for years upon the population.

But to this extreme push, matters will only but very rarely, nay, in the case of prosperous civilised nations, perhaps never, come. A time will arrive, before complete exhaustion, at which the yearning for peace will in the vanquished states be stronger than the desire for a continuation of the struggle. To enable this point of time to be determined, many circumstances besides the natural qualities of the nation will intervene. A pressure is soonest possible, and will work most rapidly, where a numerous and prosperous civilian class exists, where a widely-developed industry and a rich commercial class prevails. For here is the damage, which results from the presence of victorious masses of the enemy, comparatively the most keenly felt. And this, again, must not be lost sight of, that such popular elements best possess the means and the ways of giving effectual expression to their wishes. They control the press, and by it sway public opinion, and will soonest be able to thrust aside the elements that clamour for more war, or at all events be able to deprive them of their influence. A flourishing middle class makes every state weak; for it is soonest inclined, after a few disasters, to give up the matter for lost, and it yearns most for the return of a calm ordinary state of things, which does not afford any unwelcome interruptions to the increase of prosperity and the enjoyment of earthly goods.

But things look different where there exists in the main only a ruling aristocracy and a peasant class, and the middle class are either wanting or are without any power and influence. The aristocracy, whether it consist of a noble class or of a circle of moneyed persons, finds means of escaping the immediate pressure of an enemy. And the injury done them, which affects but a fraction of

their whole property, is not sensibly felt. The peasantry, again, which suffers most under the presence of the hostile forces, has not the means in its hands of enforcing its wishes after the end of the war. Hence it results from these conditions that, when the great strength of an individual man does not counteract the natural course of things, pressure can more readily be exercised upon countries like France, Germany, Italy and Austria, than upon Poland or Russia. Under the simple duration of a state of war, one state beyond doubt suffers comparatively more than another. That will, of course, have great influence upon its firmness.

The form of government is also of importance. A king restricted in nothing will be able to develop the highest degree of martial energy. But, in his case, the feeling of personal responsibility makes itself the more felt, in proportion as others have a less right to exercise influence upon him. Accordingly, it quite depends upon how far his character is capable of bearing easily high responsibility. A parliament may be quite as well the support of peaceful inclinations as of warlike passions; because its attitude is quite dependent upon the prevailing public opinion. A handful of determined fanatics, which knows how to quit itself from all responsibility, because it asserts that it is only carrying out the popular will, may protract a hopeless war, which an absolute sovereign would have long since ended. Such a one will comport himself more in accordance with the wishes of his subjects than will a small knot of political partisans. Most favourable for the display of martial energy is the position of a dictator at the head of affairs in the hour of danger. His powers are like those of an absolute sovereign, and the responsibility falls upon those who have instituted him, or who have acceded to his usurpation of the supreme power.

Many other circumstances also influence the persistency of war-passions; the momentary state of affairs, the feelings of the people, historical recollections and experience, confidence in leaders, faith or mistrust in existing institutions, the shipwreck of hopes which were regarded as certain. The manner in which the victor makes his power felt either paralyses or encourages resistance. The more unexpected a blow of fate is, the most powerful are its effects wont to be. The news of the rout of the army at Jena and Auerstädt stunned Prussia in 1806 so completely, because, before the war began, such a catastrophe had never been considered possible.

It will, therefore, not be necessary, as a rule, to proceed to seize the enemy's territory. Frederick the Great was right when, in 1757, he expected, from the complete defeat of the

Austrian army in Bohemia, the end of the campaign, and compared, beforehand, the expected battle with that of Pharsalus, "By such a defeat at Prague the power of Austria's resistance would not, of course, have been really and finally broken," Theodore von Bernhardt remarked *à propos* of that occasion, "but neither in the position of things in the world, nor in the spirit of the age, nor in the constitution of Austria specially, nor in the kind of interest which the peoples of this empire, or even the influential classes, took in the object for which this war was waged, lay any cause for supposing that the enemies of Prussia would display extreme heroic firmness. King Frederick was better acquainted with the moral factors of success than were his contemporaries, and could adapt them quite as well as Napoleon; he knew quite as well as he, 'ce que c'est que la terreur'—and he might expect, with the same right as Napoleon at Austerlitz, that the stunning, discouraging blow would bring about peace."

In the magnitude of the scale of which it was waged this campaign of the king, accordingly, was similar to all those that have in modern times been directed towards the annihilation of the enemy.

That *annihilation* means, in these days, something quite different to what it did in the Napoleonic times, lies in the altered state of nations, especially in the fact that the national feeling has now been aroused, which makes all *one and indivisible*.

The first thing that must be done towards the attainment of the object of the war is that the enemy must be deprived of that hope of victory, which rests upon apparent counterpoises, by the destruction of his armies in the field. Thereby an important step has been attained, and this is sufficient, perhaps, at once to wring the desired peace from a weakly nation. The next step is to deprive one's adversary of the belief in the return of the faithless fortune of war. This is best done by the capture of the capital, the occupation of those places or districts which are best suited for furnishing the means of a re-organisation of combative forces, and the capture of great strongholds which stop or impede the advance of the armies. Politics will, at this stage, be a powerful helper, by depriving the vanquished of all prospect of extraneous assistance. Last of all comes the last means, a pressure exercised upon the most prosperous and sensitive districts, or the occupation of the whole country and the cutting off of its communications with the outside world. This is the *ultima ratio* of war-waging.

With perfect right may an attempt be made to form a picture of

the martial energy to be expected of the enemy, in order thus to enable us to measure our own prospects, and to take measures accordingly. Yet the result of this investigation must never permit us to advance against a powerful state with a *part* of our forces. It is never possible to foresee what chance incidents, what personal influences or political revolutions may unexpectedly increase the enemy's tenacity. It was the chief error of the Allies in the first war of coalition, that they allowed themselves to be deceived in this particular. Even when we confidently believe that we shall attain our object with one of the first stages of the effects of war, we shall most surely, most quickly, and most completely reach this end by employing all our forces. The presence of troops which are, after all, not needed for the victory on the battle-field, increases, all the same, the moral impression of superiority. A fault in the opposite direction, a too short calculation of forces, may just tend to increase the enemy's perseverance, which was at first but small, and thus protract the war.

Thus in the future, also, where the enemy deserves in any respect to be considered our equal, we shall do well to make our preparations, under all circumstances, with the view that we may perhaps have to proceed to extremities.

CONCLUSION.

So long as earthly nations strive after earthly goods, so long as they aim at securing for future generations room for development, peace and respect, so long as they, led on by great spirits, strive beyond the narrow compass of everyday needs towards the realisation of political and civilising ideals, so long will there be war. What use is it to contend whether war has an ennobling or degrading effect upon mankind? Certainly, the frequently quoted simile, that war is like a thunderstorm, which clears the air under great convulsions, must be only conditionally applied. The Thirty Years War changed Germany into a wilderness, and brought about a demoralisation without parallel. What we have experienced for the last twelve years in our fatherland, permits us only to believe with difficulty in the cleansing effects of the last war. On the other side, we rightly call the time when Prussia, after having fallen low lifted up her head and snatched up arms to liberate itself, the time of its greatest glory. The disaster that had preceded had, in reality, like a thunderstorm, dispersed all the oppressive heat that had relaxed all life. A fresh breeze blew through the land. The moral effects of wars are different, according to the form which they

adopt, according to the issue they take, and according to the times in which they fall. We must make the best of what the Gods send. *True it is : wars are the lot of mankind ; are the inevitable destiny of nations. Eternal peace is not the lot of mortals in this world.*

To-day it is not sufficient, then, to fulfil Machiavelli's demand that the prince should know the war ; the nations themselves do not less need this knowledge. They ought to know how to forge weapons, to strengthen their arms in order to carry them, and steel their heart in order to endure the hardships which a struggle for the Fatherland entails.

It is not difficult to acquire *understanding* for war. " The waging of a war is in itself very difficult, of that there is no doubt ; but the difficulty does not lie alone in the fact that special erudition or great genius is demanded in order to perceive the true principle of conducting war ; of this every well-organised head is capable who is without prejudice, and who is not utterly ignorant of the matter. Even the application of these principles upon the map and paper entails no difficulty, and to have sketched out a good plan of operation is no great masterpiece ; the whole difficulty consists *in faithfully carrying out the principles one has proposed to himself.*"

So Clausewitz teaches us.

The simple application of simple factors, of which these pages have endeavoured to give us a picture, a knowledge of the moral levers, an insight into human nature, and the capacity of conceiving clearly a sensible aim, that is all the knowledge required. Deficient experience may, to a limited extent, be made good by an attentive study of former campaigns.

If, in spite of this, the spring to " being able " is still a great one, this is purely due to the fact that the machine—the army—needs a vigorous hand in order that it follow punctually the pressure, and that, moreover, the execution of all plans only takes place under the continuous counteracting influence of the enemy and under the impression of danger. Clausewitz compares the whole waging of war " to the working of a compound machine with enormous friction, so that what can easily be sketched out on paper can only be carried into execution with great exertion."

The movement of the masses is like the slow tread of an ox before the plough. It appears to be so easy to keep him going in his direction, and it is so for the practised hand. But let a novice lend his hand, and what looked so dragging and plodding gains apparently the speed of a storm. In spite of the best geometrical knowledge, and the clearness of the object in view, the line, which

it was intended to go straight, makes the most marvellous bends and curves.

Personal frictions, unfortunate occurrences, misunderstandings and errors, added to these the excitement of the battle, the feeling of always standing face to face with events which may bring great good fortune or unutterable disaster, these are the powers that in war test character the most, which can only be conceived of by him who has learnt to know them.

They have made many a talented man, who with the boldest hopes, and supported by the necessary perception, has endeavoured to discharge the duties of a general, despair with a broken heart, after great exertion.

When the sphere of warfare has been rightly studied, and the principles of the most famous commanders have been digested with the aid of a tried expounder, there arises involuntarily in our hearts the desire to try our own strength, and to come into the situation of Bonaparte at Marengo, or of Frederick at Rossbach, Leuthen, and Liegnitz. But if we cast our eyes back upon the instances of unfortunate captains who, with like lights, coveted the same as we, attained their hearts desire, and came to grief, only to be branded by posterity as criminals and weaklings, a man who is really in earnest shrinks back for a moment.

Is then a knowledge of war valuable to the ordinary mortal, when it may only tempt him, perhaps, to dare difficult things to his own disaster? Certainly!

What true soldierly natures would not, all the same, after a short hesitation, in spite of all scruples, dash at the opportunity, when offered, of wielding the bâton of a field-marshal? The prize is a great one; it is that which beckons to the poet and the artist on his thorny way—Immortality. An irresistible magic lies in this word. The fortunate warrior rescues his name from oblivion. The names of Frederick and Napoleon will ring so long as the world lasts.

“But is it worth the while to lay such heavy trials upon the masses, in order that a single man shall be deified? The thousands that have fallen for the glory of the great commander are not mentioned. They go empty of their reward.” This may be the opinion of short-sighted wisdom. We regard things differently. Even the greatest captain needs many clever, true, and bold assistants, and *they share in his glory*.

If the graves could open, and a Macedonian, who marched with Alexander through the Granicus, were to-day to come before us, we would believe, and were it only a simple warrior, that Alexander stood before us. Would not a Carthaginian soldier, who crossed

the Alps in Hannibal's army, appear as a part of the great Roman enemy himself? The memory of posterity allows in its mind the simplest warrior to have an immediate share in the greatness of the commander. It sinks all differences of rank, and in its reverence of great deeds awards its meed of praise to all those who participated, though they were of the lowest rank. Would we not gaze with respect and admiration upon a Grenadier who fell at Leuthen, were he to rise out of the earth, and forget that he was only a soldier like many others, who lived with him, and of whom there are many in our days. A happy destiny allowed him to play a part in a great historical deed, and this ennobles him in our eyes; we do not inquire into his personal merits. In like manner, future generations will one day envy the men who went to war with King William against Austria and against France, and laid the foundations of German unity. That even the unknown and unmentioned soldier, who would otherwise only live in order to live, to labour and to eat and drink, shares in war the fate of great heroes, of rare geniuses, and is a helper in their great work, is reward enough. Even the crudest will not lack something of the feeling that here he raises himself above the toilsomeness of everyday existence. *Whoever has a heart, feels it beat higher and becomes enthusiastic for the profession of a soldier.* To defend the Fatherland, means also to gain the thanks of the Fatherland, and to knit one's name and one's being together with the name and the fame of one's king, one's captain, and one's people.

The realms that are built up and made great by the sword last, it is true, but their time, like everything else that has ever been or will be in this world. "The destiny of nations is like that of men; they arise, they grow, they bloom, they decay, and cease to be." But it is worth more to make good use of the time, than to overlive it like dried flowers in the spring. As yet no historian has ever placed the Chinese higher than the Greeks and the Romans, because they have outlived these. The consciousness of working for transitory greatness cannot affect the pleasure of the work. If only the name lives on, and if what a nation has done for the development of the human race was great, it may one day become transformed into other forms; it has lived enough. To have a share in its achievements is sufficient in order to be recorded by history for all eternity.

We Germans to-day are in a happy position. The star of the young Empire has only just risen on the horizon; its course lies still before it. The way up to the zenith is more cheery than that down the hill. And if ever a rising State afforded a guarantee of

long existence, so is it a strong, united, and military Germany in the midst of the Great Powers of Europe. Such a position is rightly called perilous. But it is the consciousness of this danger that keeps the energy alive. Certainly were our Fatherland to rest upon the laurels it has won, and give itself up to the pleasant dream that its existence, its respect, and its security has been once and for all guaranteed, and that its neighbours are, after all, not ill-minded, then it would perforce soon become their prize. Accessible to all, in the way of all, were they minded to extend themselves, its frontiers composed of fragments of peoples who consider their centre of gravity, either from tradition, or from restlessness and love of change, to lie beyond, not closed by natural boundaries, it would have to bear the expense of every revolution in our part of the world. But so far, as far as human probability can conceive and provide, it will not come to this. A strong arm and a sharp sword will protect the heart of Europe.

But we must keep before our eyes the fact that we have yet to reach our zenith. *Excelsior!* is our watchword. Continuous labour to perfect our national offensive and defensive military system must, for a long time to come, be our highest political wisdom. Hand in hand with it must go the *increase* of our moral forces, which decide everything in war; *increase*, not maintenance; for "never are moral forces at rest; they fall as soon as they no longer strive to increase."*

First of all, then, it is necessary to make it clear to ourselves and our children growing up about us, and whom we have to educate, that a time of rest has not yet come, that the prophecy of a final struggle for the existence and greatness of Germany is not a mere fancy of ambitious fools, but that it will one day unavoidably come, with full force, with the seriousness which every struggle deciding the fate of a nation entails before a new political system has been unreservedly recognised. Then in this consciousness that must form the foundation, we must by example, by word, and by pen, continuously work towards this end, that loyalty towards the Emperor, passionate love for the Fatherland, determination not to shrink from hard trials, and self-denial and self-sacrifice may wax mightier and mightier in our hearts and in those of our children. Then will the German army, that must and shall remain the German nation in arms, be in the coming conflict also assured of victory.

* Scharnhorst in April 1806.

The Austrian Navy.

FOR some months past the present condition and future prospects of the Austrian navy have formed a fruitful theme for discussion by the press of the Empire at large, and more particularly by the naval and military journals.

Taken as a whole, the tone of the articles that have appeared on this subject has been anything but encouraging to the advocates of a spirited naval policy. So far as her maritime power is concerned, it is shown conclusively that Austria is falling rapidly back into the position in which she found herself in 1848. To a nation claiming a place among the first Powers of Europe, nothing could well be more humiliating than her helplessness in that eventful year. Her vessels were manned for the most part by Italians, who deserted *en masse* to their countrymen when war broke out. The few ships that remained at the disposal of the Imperial Government were blockaded in Trieste by an insignificant Italian fleet, and Austria paid dearly, both in blood and treasure, for the neglect of her navy during the preceding years of peace. Venice could never have held out as she did had the land forces of Austria been assisted from the first by a sea-attack. Both before and after that period the course of events contributed considerably to discredit the Austrian navy in the eyes of the public. It had never achieved any success nor rendered any service of importance, and was consequently regarded as a more or less useless drain upon the resources of the Empire. Few statesmen of that time possessed the far-sightedness of the ill-fated Archduke Ferdinand, to whom the reorganisation of the navy was entrusted on the termination of the war. Through his efforts alone Austria was able to meet Denmark and Italy on the sea some years later.

The battle of Lissa, fought against great odds both in ships and guns, seemed, at length, to have awakened the nation from its apathy in all things that concerned the welfare of the navy. The victory, occurring at a time when the army had sustained a series

of crushing defeats at the hands of the Prussians, was doubly grateful to the wounded self-esteem of the Austrian public; and it appeared likely to bear fruit in the general adoption of a spirited naval policy. Admiral Tegetthoff worked hard until the close of his life in the reorganisation of the fleet, alike in its *personnel* and *matériel*; but his untimely death shattered the ambitious plans which he had cherished. His programme has been carried out in part, but it has not been modified nor enlarged to suit the altered conditions of naval warfare, and the maritime growth of neighbouring States. Italy is now in a position to take an ample revenge for the humiliations of 1866. As is usually the case, the vanquished have learned more from defeat than the victors from victory. Lissa taught Italy the evils of the then existing system. Within a very few months she reorganised the *personnel* of her navy; and in less than twenty years after her birth as a nation, took rank as the third naval Power of the world. Austria in the meantime has steadily lost ground; and can now scarcely claim the sixth place. In any future war, therefore, unless the relative strength of the two navies undergoes a startling change, the Austrian fleet must either be blockaded in Trieste, or blown out of the water by such vessels as the *Italia* and *Lepanto*, the *Re Umberto*, *Duilio*, and *Dandolo*.

The present naval programme of Austria, so far as such a thing may be said to exist, may be gathered from the proposals of the Minister of Marine, Vice-Admiral Freiherr von Sterneck, which were laid before the Delegations in November 1884. At that period the Austrian manœuvring squadron consisted of six casemate ships of iron construction—*Tegetthoff*, *Custoza*, *Albrecht*, *Don Juan*, *Prinz Eugen*, and *Kaiser Max*, two wooden casemate ships, *Lissa* and *Kaiser*, and two wooden armoured frigates, *Habsburg* and *Ferdinand Max*. The two last named were half antiquated even at Lissa, and since 1884 the *Ferdinand Max* has been stripped of her armour and turned into an artillery training-ship. The *Habsburg* is now twenty-two years old, the *Lissa* eighteen, and the *Kaiser* sixteen years old. These three vessels, therefore, must soon be struck off the list of ships available for warfare at the present day.

In anticipation of this event the Austrian Government is now building two armourclads. The first, the *Kronprinz Erzherzog Rudolf*, was laid down in 1882. She is a steel turret ship, 90 m. in length between perpendiculars, 19 m. in beam, of 7·7 m. draught 6,870 tons displacement, 1,200 nominal and 6,500 indicated horse-power. Her armour on the belt will be 30·5 cm.,

on the turret 27·9 cm., and on the deck 6·9 cm. in thickness. She will carry three 80·5-cm. Krupp guns, six 15-cm. Krupp guns, two light and eleven machine guns. The second vessel, intended to replace the *Erzherzog Ferdinand Max*, was laid down in 1884. She is of 5,060 tons displacement, measures 85 m. in length between perpendiculars, 17 m. in beam, and draws 6·6 m. of water. Her armour will be 22·9 cm. thick in the belt, 20·3 cm. on the turret, and 2·4 cm. on the deck, and she will carry two 80·5 cm. Krupp guns, six 15-cm. Krupp guns, two light and eleven machine guns. Her speed, with a 1,200 nominal and 6,500 indicated horse-power, is estimated at 17 knots. The new *Ferdinand Max* is fitted throughout with the most recent improvements in naval construction.

When these two vessels are launched, therefore, the effective armoured fleets of Austria will consist of the *Kronprinz Erzherzog Rudolf* (6,870 tons), the *Erzherzog Ferdinand Max* (5,060 tons), the *Custoza* (7,060 tons, launched 1872), the *Don Juan* (3,550 tons, launched 1875), the *Erzherzog Albrecht* (5,940 tons, launched 1872), the *Kaiser Max* (3,550 tons, launched 1875), the *Prinz Eugen* (3,550 tons, launched 1877), and the *Tegetthoff* (7,390 tons, launched 1878). Should the Austrian Government persist in its present policy, these eight vessels of less than 5,400 tons average displacement may be called upon to meet the ten first-class armoured fleets of Italy, of 11,000, 12,000, and 13,000 tons each.

The disinclination of the Austrian public to make any considerable pecuniary sacrifices in support of its naval power has led to the adoption of the cruiser and the torpedo as a means of supplementing the weak armoured fleet squadron. Some time before Admiral Aube claimed for the torpedo the foremost place in the French navy, Vice-Admiral Freiherr von Sterneck had pledged himself to a similar programme for Austria. It is in pursuance of his plans that such vessels as the *Panther* and *Leopard*, the *Adler* and *Falke* have been built.

Of cruisers the Austrian navy at present possesses seven—the *Panther* and *Leopard*, built by Messrs. Armstrong & Co., and launched in 1885—each 69 m. in length, 10 m. in beam, 4·3 m. in draught, 1,530 tons displacement and 3,500 indicated horse-power, carrying two 12-cm. Krupp guns and ten machine guns, with a speed of 18 knots—the *Lussin*, *Sebenico*, *Spalato*, and *Zara*, of 840 tons displacement and 140 knots speed, and an unarmed vessel, of which the dimensions are not known, in course of construction. The *Panther* and *Leopard*, with the performances of

which the Austrian press and public seem extremely well satisfied, are intended to act either as fast cruisers or in concert with the torpedo flotilla. The latter consisted, at the close of last year, of thirty-eight boats, including eight of the first class, the *Falke*, *Adler*, *Habicht*, *Sperber*, and four on the stocks.

Italy, on the other hand, exclusive of her second-class armour-plated, possesses a considerable number of torpedo-rams, cruisers, and fast vessels of all descriptions. In the course of the present year she will have five torpedo-rams of over 3,500 tons displacement, all launched since 1883, eight torpedo-cruisers of about 750 tons, launched since 1886, two torpedo-catchers (one launched last year, the other in construction), and a large number of despatch vessels. Her torpedo flotilla will consist at the same time of seventy-four first-class and twenty-one second-class boats.

Austria, therefore, can no longer hope to exercise any considerable influence in the Adriatic, much less to command it, as many thought she would do after Lissa. She is now, and—unless her policy undergoes a sudden and most unexpected change—is likely to remain, one of the small naval Powers which are only to be reckoned with in combination with other nations. That this state of helplessness should be allowed to exist is the more strange when we remember the splendid sailors she can draw from her maritime provinces, and the growing importance of her mercantile marine. Since the victory at Lissa the trade of the Austrian littoral has increased with astonishing rapidity, and its insurance is thought by a large party to be worth more than the small premium at present paid by the State. It is not, as has been said, a question only of protecting the commerce of the nation; the defence of the coast-line, without the aid of an efficient fleet, would require an army which Austria, in her peculiarly exposed position, could ill afford to spare.

The people of Austria have, therefore, to choose, and choose promptly, between two alternatives. They must either be prepared to spend a vast sum in recovering the ground they have lost during the last twenty years, or abandon all hope of exercising any control in the Adriatic, much less in the Mediterranean.

The Future French Army.

By OTTO WALDAU.

THE Army Reorganisation Project submitted to the French Council of Ministers, on the 18th of May last, by General Boulanger, underwent no change in the deliberations of that body. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Goblet, tried, indeed, to carry an amendment reducing the time of service to one year in favour of students in the superior Government educational establishments, but it was lost through the energetic resistance of the General; the project was therefore sent up to Parliament in its original state, and may be expected to be the subject of long discussions.

The project is of a most comprehensive nature, consisting of 285 articles, under four heads, namely, Recruitment, Commissions, Army and Reserve Reorganisation, and Promotion.

The system of recruiting retains the universal obligation to military service, the total duration of service to 20 years, but reduces the service in the standing army from 5 years to 3 years, and abolishes altogether the so-called one-year volunteer and all former exemptions from military service; on the other hand, in order to obviate an interruption in studies, the system allows a postponement of four years in the commencement of service, but this under certain restrictions.

Besides, a reduction of service to 2 years can even now be obtained on production of proof of a preliminary military education. This last privilege is to be further defined. This preliminary instruction is so arranged that those who have obtained a postponement of service may be drilled every Sunday by active non-commissioned officers in their cantons for a few hours, in company with those who had been dispensed from military service. The necessary arms for this purpose are to be kept in charge of the local authorities. Those men who are exempted from military service are liable to a charge of 21 fr. 60 cents. for the use of the

arms during the three years which they would have had to serve in the active army if they had not been exempted.

The Colonial army is to consist of volunteers and re-engaged men. Those recruited in the Colonies are to serve in the Colonial army, and one year only. The yearly contingent for the army destined for service in France and Algiers amounts to 192,000 men.

The manner of recruiting the army deviates entirely from that hitherto practised, and follows more the German system. The men are to be enrolled in district corps; the recruits are, in time of peace, never to join regiments stationed in the sub-division of their native place; the reserve men enter, in case of mobilisation, into the military bodies of their home circuits.

On a peace-footing, the French army is to be composed as follows:—

(a) *Infantry*.—This is to embrace (1) 194 regiments, of which 154 are to be Line regiments, and 40 Rifle regiments, each of 3 battalions and 1 dépôt company; 1 regiment of Sappers and Firemen, each of 2 battalions, from Paris. (2) “African Troops”: 6 regiments of Zouaves, each 3 battalions of 4 companies and 1 dépôt company; 4 regiments Tirailleurs d’Afrique, each of 4 battalions of 4 companies and 1 dépôt company; 2 foreign regiments of the same formation; also 4 battalions of Light African Infantry, the number of companies in which the Minister of War may determine according to necessity; further, 4 companies of disciplinary Fusiliers. Hitherto there have been 144 Line regiments, 4 regiments of Zouaves, 3 regiments of Turcos, each of 4 battalions of 4 companies and 2 dépôt companies; 3 battalions of Zephyrs, 4 companies of disciplinary Fusiliers, and 4 battalions of Foreign Legions.

(b) The *Cavalry* is to be strengthened by 11 regiments, and is to consist of 12 regiments of Cuirassiers, 30 of Dragoons, 22 of Chasseurs, 14 of Huzzars, 6 of Chasseurs d’Afrique, and 4 of Spahis regiments, each of 5 squadrons and one dépôt squadron. Hitherto the Cavalry numbered 12 regiments of Cuirassiers, 26 of Dragoons, 20 of Chasseurs, 12 of Huzzars, 4 of Chasseurs d’Afrique, and 3 of Spahis.

(c) The *Artillery* is to consist of 38 regiments of Field Artillery, namely, 19 division regiments of 10 horse or mountain batteries, 2 dépôt batteries, and 2 newly-organised pioneer companies; 19 corps regiments of 6 batteries of Field Artillery, 3 mounted and 2 dépôt batteries, also 1 pontoon company; 6 (hitherto 10) companies of artificers; 4 battalions of African Artillery, each of 1 horse and 1 foot battalion, 1 mountain battery, and 1 pioneer company.

(d) The Corps of *Engineers* is to be united with the Fortress Artillery, and is to be composed of 12 regiments of 8 battalions of 4 companies; of this body 8 companies are to be dismounted artillery, 4 companies of Sappers and Miners, and 1 regiment of railway corps at 2 battalions, each of 4 companies.

(e) The *Transport Service* is to comprise 20 battalions, each of 3 sections, consisting of 1 driving and 1 marching company, and 4 African companies of the same composition.

The Colonial army will consist of 4 regiments of infantry at 9 battalions of 4 companies each, 1 regiment of Senegal Rifles, 1 of Anam Rifles, 4 regiments of Tonkin Rifles, each regiment consisting of 4 battalions of 4 companies; further, 2 companies of Indian Sepoys, and 1 Colonial disciplinary regiment, 1 regiment of Colonial Artillery, composed of six batteries of Field Artillery, 6 mountain batteries and 4 pioneer companies; 2 companies of Colonial Artificers and 1 of Conductors, as also 1 Colonial Engineer regiment of 4 battalions of 3 companies of gunners and 1 of sappers and miners.

The system of promotion is also to undergo a number of innovations. The title of Marshal is abolished, and there are to be two classes only of Generals, Brigade and Divisional Generals. The new law retains the limitation of age for each grade: 52 years for subaltern officers, 54 for captains, 56 for majors, 58 for lieutenant-colonels, 62 for generals of brigade, and 65 for generals of division. Officers who have respectively attained these maximum ages are to be superannuated. Advancement up to and inclusive of colonel goes within the respective arm, in the grades of general within the army. A certain proportion of promotions, up to and inclusive of the grade of captain, is to be effected on the principle of length of service *and selection*; the promotion of staff officers and generals on the principle of selection only.

Vacancies in the grade of first lieutenant are to be filled up to one-fourth, in the grade of captain up to one-third, by selection; the remainder by length of service; but the regulation prescribes the minimum time an officer has to remain in a grade before he can be promoted to the next grade, and also that no officer can be promoted to the rank of major, brigade or divisional general, without having held a command in his respective grade during two years uninterruptedly. By this means, selected advancement is limited to the charge of adjutant, and employment to the general staff. Promotion to captain and major is made dependent on passing certain theoretical examinations.

In summarising the important innovations of the French Army

Reorganisation Scheme it will be observed that it pays homage to the republican principle in introducing a uniform term of service for all classes of the population, and at the same time reduces it to nominally three years; that the district system in recruiting is made a rule; and that a charge for arms is introduced for each of the three years during which, on any ground, a man is dispensed from serving. The yearly contingent is much increased, thereby increasing much the total strength of the army. The number of infantry and cavalry regiments is considerably increased, although the fourth battalion in each regiment, the thirty battalions of Chasseurs, are abolished, and the number of dépôt companies is diminished.

The fortress artillery is linked to the Corps of Engineers. A further great innovation in the scheme is the system of promotion, and the guards by which it is surrounded are of not less importance.

Through the uniform three years' term of service a uniform degree of training is effected, and greater effectiveness of the whole army, including the reserve and territorial armies, is obtained.

Financial considerations have, however, been at work to further reduce the term of service by giving the Minister of War the discretionary power to call in the contingents on the 30th of November, and to release the men who are in the third year of their service, after the Autumn manœuvres; also to grant leave from the 1st October to the 31st March to the same class of men. Further, 10 per cent. of those liable to military service, who had enjoyed a preliminary military instruction, may be dismissed after two years' service, so that the three years' service term is in reality reduced to one from twenty-four to twenty-eight months.

The French, especially the military press, raise against this Reorganisation Scheme the not unreasonable objection that it is unsuited to the national character of the people. Their sense of personal independence, their want of faith in authority, it is maintained, will render so short a term of service insufficient to imbue the soldier with the necessary spirit of discipline and subordination, without which an army is only an armed rabble. Against the uniformity of length of service the objection is also raised, but this time unreasonably, that a soldier in the land transport service may be trained in a few months; that he should, therefore, not be put into the same category in respect of length of service with a cavalryman, artilleryman, or pioneer. It is also contested generally that anything useful will be obtained by the projected preliminary military training. Even the semi-official *Temps* declines to be

reconciled to the idea of the scheme ; this paper says that the project, far from satisfying it on the score of the strength and discipline of the army, fills it, on the contrary, with anxiety. "It is to be feared," it writes, "that the young men at the head-quarters of the canton will assume a false military spirit which will be the mortal enemy of the true military spirit; drill will be taken for play, and it will be most difficult to create in the young men a genuine sense of duty. Discipline will be gradually weakened, and the regiments will finally partake of the character of a militia or National Guard. It should not be disguised that it is a National Guard of young men from seventeen to twenty years old, placed under the authority of the communal councils, which this system creates. In this creation, also, the politicians will find a pretext for reducing the presence of the men with the regiments to one year, as they will say, that the men having already received half their instruction, one year will be sufficient for the other half; then there will remain nothing but the appearance of a soldier, and the appearance of an army."

The line of thought of this French paper speaks for itself, and forcibly illustrates the dangers with which the project is fraught. It remains only to point out a specially weak point likewise connected with the shortness of the term of service. Since 1872 the French army has suffered very sensibly from a want of efficient non-commissioned officers. All inducements to re-enlistment have hitherto produced but small results. At this present there are about 42,000 non-commissioned officers in the standing army: of these, about 15,000 are re-enlisted men, the remainder had to be selected from those men who had served four or five years. Under the longer service system this inconvenience may not be very great, but it is an open question as to how these men are to be obtained in future; in the end it may be necessary to draw this class of men from those who have served one year only; but what firmness can be expected of troops, the rank and file of which will consist of superficially trained men and non-commissioned officers? It is evident that it was to meet the wishes of the radicals for "Republican equality," that General Boulanger has abandoned in his scheme all those military requirements which his own experience must have taught him to be unavoidably necessary.

The objections of the French press to the local recruitment system of the project are less justified. These objections are mostly based on grounds of a purely political nature. First, fears are entertained for the safety of the State if every *arrondissement*, and every department is to recruit and increase its own troops.

Then it is alleged in favour of the old system that the transfer of recruits to distant provinces tends to approach to one another the different sections of the nation, to weld them, as it were, together. Finally, the objectors appear to desire to withdraw the soldier from family influences and commercial associations.

On this head the *Avenir Militaire* says: "Whilst the phlegmatic and the earnest mind of the German render him fit for every description of obedience, the Frenchman considers himself conforming only of his free will to ecclesiastical and civil regulations emanating from the central authority. Unendowed with the sense of reverence, the Frenchman finds no better pleasure than to pick up stones and shy them at the head of those who are appointed to lead and guide him."

The arguments of this paper may be plausible, but we are not inclined to consider them of sufficient weight to lead us to overlook the very great advantages which the local system possesses for the acceleration of mobilisation. The regiments have their reserves near, and can therefore be set in motion some days quicker than when they have to be collected from distant parts—and it is scarcely necessary to point out how, in case of mobilisation, even one day is a gain.

The bitterest contradiction is made to that part of General Boulanger's scheme which treats of promotion. The very first article is severely attacked, abolishing, as it does, the rank of Marshal, and reducing that of General to two grades. It is justly pointed out what difficulties may arise when it will become necessary to appoint a divisional general to a command which would not be covered by his title. The case may arise of a division, a corps, an army, or the whole of the forces being commanded by divisional generals, and as there is no inclination in France to regard seniority, much friction will arise when a junior man will be placed over the heads of seniors of equal rank. The accumulation of theoretical examinations also excites dissatisfaction, it being hinted that it will lead to the pen carrying the victory over the sword.

The new system introduces very little change into the composition of the body of officers. The principle of equality is rendered to a great extent nugatory by these theoretical examinations which men promoted from the ranks will be unable to pass, and therefore will never rise beyond the grade of captain.

The project of raising the yearly contingent from 156,000 to 192,000 men is of great importance. If General Boulanger's scheme should be realised, France would in the course of some

years dispose of armies which the world has never known. The army of the first line, counted at $9 \times 192,000$ men, and of the second line at $6 \times 192,000$, would give, the necessary deductions made, 1,700,000 men for the first, and 1,000,000 men for the second army, exclusive of the reserves of the territorial army and of those exempted from the peace service.

Whether the finances of France could stand the strain of the cost of such armies remains to be seen ; it should also not be forgotten that so large an army cannot be had without sacrificing quality to quantity.

Taken altogether, General Boulanger's scheme appears to have for its object the increase of the offensive strength of the army, which he effects by the formation of numerous additional regiments of infantry and cavalry which the increased yearly recruitment is to yield.



Relations of the East India Company with Ormuz.

By CHARLES RATHBONE LOW, R.N., F.R.G.S.

THE first European Power to appear in the Persian Gulf were the Portuguese. In 1508, the great admiral, Alphonso Albuquerque, after reducing Muscat and other places in Arabia, entered that inland sea with a fleet of seven ships of war, and demanded the surrender of the island of Ormuz; and, on receiving a refusal from the Persian governor, Khoja Attah, cannonaded the fortifications and sunk or burnt the Persian fleet. Khoja Attah agreed to pay an annual subsidy to the King of Portugal, and to permit the erection of a fort; but Albuquerque, owing to the weakness of his crews, was unable to assert his rights of conquest. The Portuguese admiral appeared off the island in the following year, and a third time in 1614, when, after capturing Malacca and suffering a defeat at Aden, he built a fort at Ormuz, and established the Portuguese supremacy in the Persian Gulf, where it remained uncontested for more than one hundred years.

But a greater power than Portugal appeared on the scene in 1622, and wrested from her the pride of place which she had held for two and a half centuries. Shah Abbas, the great King of Persia, grew envious of the European Power which, though retaining on the throne a nominal king, lorded it over the island of Ormuz, and caused the barren rock to attain to such a pitch of greatness as the commercial emporium of the East. The grandeur and opulence of Ormuz passed into a proverb:—

*Si, terrarum orbis, quaqua patet, annulus esset,
Illius, Ormusium gemma, decusque foret.*

*If all the world were made into a ring,
Ormuz the gem and grace should be therein.*

Lieutenant A. W. Stiffe, I.N., describes the present aspect in an interesting article which appeared, many years ago, in a long defunct magazine, to which we are indebted:—

The fort is a quadrilateral bastioned work, about 750 feet long by 620 broad. It has casemates under the ramparts, and the two southern or landward bastions are built with orillons. The entrance gate is in one of these recesses, and leads successively into two small courtyards before giving admission to the body of the place. In the enceinte is a fine large under-ground water-cistern, with a groined roof, supported by two rows of pillars. The south-west bastion and west face are

much undermined by the sea, and partly ruinous ; many of the arches and vaults inside the fort have been blocked up with stone to prevent their falling. It was separated from the island by a moat, now filled up ; the remains of a bridge across the moat are visible. Many rusty old iron guns lie about the interior of the fortress ; the mortar used was excellent, and much more durable than the stones. The only other remains of the Portuguese town are the foundations of buildings along the sea-shore, and the ruins of a sort of outwork in the landward face of the town, which has embrasures, and has been defended by a moat. The space occupied by the town is about half a mile by a quarter of a mile, as far as can be judged by the appearance of the ground. The most important ruin is a minaret about seventy feet high. It is of brick, and has been coated with glazed tiles, in the manner which renders the mosques of Bagdad such striking objects. It has two spiral staircases inside, much broken at the foot, and the whole structure is in a tottering state, the lower courses of bricks, to a height of six or eight feet, being much weathered away, thus undermining the building. Of the rest of the city nothing remains, except mounds strewn with broken pottery, and a vast number of water-cisterns, mostly choked with earth, in many of which small crops of vegetables are now raised. At about half a mile to three-quarters of a mile to the southward of the minaret, are a number of Arab tombs of some pretensions to architecture, some of which have been of two stories. They are all more or less ruinous. One other ruin of the Arab city remains to be mentioned, viz. the King's palace, or Turun-bagh, in the south-east corner. This is described as "fairest of all" ; there, upon a plain between the hills and the sea, you see a country seat of the old Kings of Ormuz, adorned with groves of palm-trees and two large cisterns of water.

Shah Abbas was aware he could not compass the downfall of this island fortress without the co-operation of some naval Power, and turned his eyes to the East India Company, whose factory at Surat was then the centre of their power and wealth in Western India. Accordingly, Imaun Kooli Khan, Governor of Fars, called in the English accounts Prince of Shiraz, was directed to undertake the military portion of the enterprise, in conjunction with the East India Company's ships, acting under the orders of the Company's agent at Surat, who agreed to assist on the terms that they were to share the plunder, and that half of the Custom dues of Gombroon, on the Persian mainland, was to be guaranteed to them, as well as exemption from payment of all duties at that port. Dr. Fryer, a quaint writer who visited India and the Persian Gulf between the years 1672-1681, says :—

Shah Abbas the Great, when he had enlarged his dominions from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea, and lastly, when he was about to wage war with the sea itself, having not one port in the Bay of Persia, sent down Imaun Cooly Caun, the famous warrior-general of his forces, against Ormuz and all the harbours the Portuguese had in possession on this side of the Gulf ; and, a ship of our nation coming in, Captain Wedal was implored to assist the Persians against his and their enemies, which, the general asking, the sea-captain consented to, first stipulating that the Persian soldiers should not meddle with the spoils before the English mariners were satisfied.

Fryer then enumerates the terms of the treaty, the Company engaging "to keep two men-of-war constantly to defend the Gulf,"

while they, in return, "should have the first seat in the Council, and their agents be looked on with equal grace to their prime nobility."

At a consultation held in Swally Roads, a commission was given by the President and Council at Surat, to Captains Blythe and Weddell, who were bound for Jask, near the entrance of the Gulf, with five good ships—the *London*, *Jonas*, *Whale*, *Dolphin*, and *Lion*—and four "pinnaces," a schooner-rigged vessel of two or three masts, propelled by oars, and carrying guns. The English factors at Jask, where the East India Company had a factory, informed the English captains that the Portuguese had erected a fort at the town of Kishm, on the island of the same name. Thither our fleet sailed, and after a brief resistance, the Portuguese Admiral, Ruy Frere de Andrada, surrendered the town and fort on the 1st February. A very noted Englishman, one famous in far other scenes, fell in this action, in the person of William Baffin, the great Arctic navigator, who acted as pilot to the fleet.

On the 4th of February the Fleet proceeded to Gombroon, whence Ruy Frere was sent to Surat, in the *Lion*, escorted by two pinnaces, so that only four ships and two pinnaces were left for the attack on Ormuz. On the 9th of February the squadron arrived at Ormuz, accompanied by about 200 Persian boats, and on the following morning disembarked the Persian army of 13,000 men, who marched to the town in "a confused manner." They penetrated without resistance to the market place, where they found further progress barred by barricades. The Portuguese, however, appeared to be afraid of being intercepted in their retreat to the castle, and also anticipated treachery on the part of the Mahomedan inhabitants, for they were quickly dislodged and retired into the castle. The Persians then sacked the town, breaking into all the shops and houses, and "wearied themselves with carrying away plunder all day"; and at night slept out without any military precaution, "so that had the Portuguese made a sally, they might have slain numbers." The Persians now threw up trenches, and the English erected batteries, and also "sconces" and other works for protecting the trenches. The Company's vessels, meantime, engaged the Portuguese fleet, and sent in fire-ships, which, on the 24th February, destroyed the *San Pedro*, formerly flagship of Admiral Andrada's fleet. On the 17th the Persians exploded a mine under one of the bastions, charged with forty barrels of powder, by which a practicable breach was made in the salient angle. They then tried to assault the works, and about 200 men made a lodgment in the bastion, but were eventually repulsed by the Portuguese, who

fought with great bravery. The Persian Army was soon reduced almost to a state of famine, and the little water found in the cisterns in the city was soon consumed, so that had our ships been driven off by a Portuguese squadron, whose arrival was expected, the situation of the besiegers would have been very critical, as they had to send daily for supplies to the mainland. They were also badly provided with arms, "having only small pieces, with bows and arrows, and swords; some of their chiefs had coats of mail." The patience of the English was much tried by the fraudulent behaviour of the Persian general, who "broke conditions with them in several things," and held conferences with the Portuguese without communicating with the English, and was guilty of other breaches of faith. On the 2nd of April, officers from the ships, acting as engineers, exploded two other mines, forming a practicable breach, but the Persians would not take advantage of it. The garrison were now getting short of provisions, and suffering from sickness. On the 14th and 17th other mines were exploded, when the besiegers assaulted with two thousand soldiers. A few Portuguese held them in check, while a flanking battery did great execution among the Persians, who clustered on the breach like a flock of sheep, until, at length, they made a rapid retreat. Another assault on the 18th was also unsuccessful; but, on the following day, the allies got possession of the entire outer wall, forcing the Portuguese to retire further within the castle. On this night a Portuguese frigate escaped the blockading ships, as was supposed, richly freighted.

On the 21st of April the Portuguese made overtures to the English, who received letters from the military Commander and the Admiral, requesting their mediation with the Persian general, and saying that, "if forced to surrender, as they soon must be, they would call upon the English for that purpose, as it were not reasonable for us to capitulate with the infidels when you are present." The English commander guaranteed that their lives should be saved, and obtained a truce for two days to draw up the conditions, when the Portuguese surrendered themselves to the English on condition of being sent to Muscat or India. This was agreed to, and English and Persian officers were stationed at the gate to pass the garrison out and see that they took nothing with them. But the Persians escorted the King of Ormuz, together with all the Mahomedans and their treasure, out of the castle by the breach, and, contrary to the stipulations, whole bales of goods, with boxes and caskets full of treasure to an unknown amount, were conveyed at the same time over the trenches. On the 24th both English and

Persians began to pillage "in a shameful manner." In the evening the Khan of Shiraz came over from Gombroon, and made a triumphal entry into the castle, in which were found 800 pieces of brass and iron ordnance. The English were employed in protecting and embarking the garrison, which, to the number of 2,500, left for Goa, on the 27th, in two ships given by the English for the purpose, being probably some of the captured vessels. Before embarking, these unfortunate men were ill-treated and stripped by the Persians.

Captain Alexander Hamilton, who served in the Company's Marine, in his *New Account of the East Indies*, says of the incidents of the siege:—

The English forces consisted of five ships, about forty guns, one with another, and well-manned. The King of Persia sent an army of 40,000 or 50,000, with trankies for transports, to land them on Ormuze. The English soon destroyed the Portuguese armada of light frigates and galleys, which were hauled dry on the beach near the castle. The castle fired briskly on them, sunk one of the English ships, whose artillery was carried ashore, and put in batteries to annoy the castle, which the shipping and batteries did so effectually, that in less than two months the Portuguese capitulated to leave Ormuze, with all their fortifications entire, and to carry nothing away but their noble selves.

The Persians evaded the promised payment of a sum of money, and also of a share of the booty, alleging counter representations of the embezzlement of plunder on the part of the English, and also the necessity of referring the matter to the King. The account continued:—"After business was ended our miseries began, occasioned by the insufferable heat of Ormuz and the disorders of our own people by drinking arrack and other excesses not less injurious." Owing to these causes the ships lost many men, and eventually left Ormuz on the 1st September, arriving at Swally Roads on the 24th. As to the famous city of Ormuz, it was given over to the Persians, by whom it was soon stripped of all that was of value, and left to a natural decay.

The remains of the Portuguese castle stand on a low sandy point, terminating a plain on the north side of the island, and near to it is a village of mat huts, containing about 200 inhabitants, who eke out a miserable existence by the export of salt, fish, and a red earth. It is almost incredible that this desolate spot should have been the site and those wretchedly poor natives the successors, of a city and race described by Milton in that noble verse:—

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind;
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Show'd on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

The Volunteers of Germany.

By WILHELM F. BRAND.

LIKE the well-known lecturer on snakes in Ireland, who commenced his lecture by stating that there were no snakes in Ireland, one is inclined to say, when speaking of the volunteers of Germany, that there are none; at least, not in the English sense of the word, although the term "Freiwillige" (volunteer) exists also in the German army. They are of two different kinds, though their "volunteering" only applies to the time and the place of their service. As everybody knows, all the sons of the Fatherland have to serve their country, according to law, for three years in actual service. However, all those—and they form the majority—who conduct themselves well, and do not prove too ignorant or backward in being initiated into the mysteries of drilling, are dismissed at the end of two—or two and a half—years.

The young men are called in at the age of twenty years, and have to serve in whatever regiment they may be considered fit for, though they are generally sent to one of the nearest garrison towns. Those, however, who come up before they are called upon, may choose their own branch of the service, and may even select what regiment they will join; but for this privilege they have to serve a year longer. As may be easily supposed, their number is very limited, and of little importance.

But there is another class of "Freiwilligen," which the title-loving Germans call more appropriately "Einjährig-Freiwillige"; that is, volunteers of one year's service. This class forms a most important part of the German army, comprising, as it does, all the educated men in the land. The privilege of having their time of service so considerably reduced is only obtained by passing a rather stiff examination; the military authorities being of opinion that an educated man is more quickly made into a good soldier than an

uneducated one. A young man having passed this examination, may suit his own convenience and enter the army at any time between his eighteenth and twenty-fourth birthday. He is allowed a still further extension of time should circumstances justify it. He may also choose his own regiment, and may even select his company, provided there be a vacancy in it. In return for all these privileges he has to defray his own expenses, and is not a direct charge upon the State. He has to pay for the coat he wears, for the horse he rides, even for the rifle with which he shoots, and has to board himself in the town at his own expense. The latter is really another privilege, as life in the barracks in close contact with men of the lower orders, would certainly be the greatest drawback to a gentleman in his military career. All this will cost him a great deal of money. However, the man who has had the means of obtaining the required education, is pretty certain of being in a position to keep himself for another year as a soldier. Besides, is it not worth some sacrifice to be able to pass in one year, that which requires two or three years for others to pass? There is, moreover, a provision made, that those "Einjährigen," who are not able to maintain themselves for a year, may live in the barracks; but I never heard of any making use of this very doubtful privilege. In every other respect, in all that appertains to the actual service, there is no difference between the "Einjährig-Freiwilligen" and the rest. They have to stand in the rank and file, not forming a division of their own, but scattered amongst the others, few and far between. They have to go through the same amount of drilling, and take their turn on sentry duty, just the same as the others.

For the first four weeks they must clean their uniform and arms themselves, and if they have chosen to serve in the cavalry, their horse, too, and the very stall it stands in. Now it is considered that this does them a great deal of good, especially those who are rather inclined to be "swells," and who have never dirtied their fingers before with anything like real work. But after a month they are supposed to know enough about it, and are then not only allowed, but even obliged, to engage a servant for that kind of work, a fellow-soldier whom they have to pay for doing it.

The "Einjährigen" are distinguished from the other privates by a tiny black-and-white cord which they wear round the "Achsel-Klappen" or shoulder-straps. This little badge, insignificant, though it may appear, is, socially, of the greatest importance. Though all soldiers are respected throughout the "Fatherland," the "Einjährigen" are so in a particular degree, wearing, as they do, not only the King's coat, but also, on their shoulders, the

official stamp, as it were, of being gentlemen, at any rate by education.

The system of "Einjährigen-Dienst" (one year's service), greatly contributes to raise the standard of education in the country in general, for the advantages of it are so apparent, that few fathers, having the means at all, would take their sons away from college before they had passed the necessary examination. Having successfully gone through this, they have acquired a certain standard, not only in their military and social—but also in their civil life. For instance, a young man applying for an appointment in some office, if in possession of his "Einjährigen-Schein" (one year's service certificate), is almost sure to be preferred to those who have not. Nor must it be supposed that these advantages are considered to be too dearly bought, in the eyes of those who obtain them.

In England people are very ready to extend their pity to Germany, for her military burden; but we must not forget that England pays, directly, more for her army and navy than Germany does. Indirectly, it is true, so many more men being taken away from their work, in the prime of their lives, generally for several years, the loss to the nation of working power is much greater in Germany, but not so great as Englishmen think. At any rate it is not felt so much as Englishmen seem to fancy.

Imbued with a high, if even a mistaken, sense of their duty to their native country, and being conscious of their inability to alter matters, the great majority of young men serve their time without a murmur, the more readily, as in most cases, whatever other drawbacks there may be, it is, perhaps, the pleasantest time of their lives; just as in England there are many thousands of volunteers who, as far as the enjoyment of the thing is concerned, would, I am sure, rather be soldiers all the year round than follow their daily occupation. It is true there are a good number of young men in Germany who very much dread their time of service, so much so, in fact, that some of them will rather leave their country than serve their time. Happily these belong to a class of men who can most easily be spared. They are mostly those idle and ignorant young good-for-nothings who have always fancied themselves gentlemen, and may even, for all one knows, have behaved as such, but who, when the time comes for them to serve, are incapable of passing the examination qualifying them for the gentleman's service; *i.e.* of the "Einjährig-Freiwilligen." Hence their outcry; hence their desertion of their country.

But granted that it is a hardship to be taken away, for a con-

siderable time, from our daily occupation, has not the military system also its advantages? The commonest labourer, the most uneducated peasant-boy—do they not, by this means, see something beyond the ordinary sphere of their lives? Do they not learn how to conduct themselves, do they not become smarter in their appearance as well as in their actions, and more fit for many kinds of work which they could not have done before? And greater still are the advantages of the “volunteer.” Medical men serve their time as army doctors. Students may continue their studies at the University, even though they have not much time for attending lectures. Men of business of all sorts will often find an hour or two to devote to their own affairs. But to all of them this soldiering is a thorough change, which generally makes a great improvement in the health of the young men.

One great prize offered to the “Einjährigen” is the chance of their becoming officers of the reserve. Having previously given proofs of their general education by passing the “Einjährigen” examination; if they conduct themselves well during their term of service, and, at the end of it, pass another examination in military matters, they are then made sergeants, and, in due course, officers also if they choose, and their social status satisfies all the necessary requirements. This would necessitate an additional annual service of some eight weeks at a time, for a good many years, and would also entail a considerable expense. Nevertheless, this honour is so greatly coveted that there are few young men who, possessing the other qualifications, would not gladly make this sacrifice, if such it be to them; for many consider that being an officer is only an additional opportunity for enjoyment. Some, however, having been made sergeants at the close of their year’s service, satisfy themselves with this rank, and have, in later years, only to serve once or twice an additional six weeks. They have then done with their soldiering as long as the country is at peace, being well aware that, in case of war, their army corps being mobilised, they will soon be raised to the rank of officers, without further trouble or expense on their part.

This system of selecting privates to be made officers of the reserve greatly helps to make the army popular. In Germany the officers have, unfortunately, so many social advantages over all other classes, that these latter might very well be jealous of them; but by admitting the better element of the other classes into their ranks, they not only obey a military necessity, but also strengthen their position from a social point of view.

A volunteer once made an officer will retain the *esprit de corps*

all his life, though he will scarcely don his uniform on any other occasion than the Emperor's birthday, the anniversary of Sedan, or perhaps on his own wedding-day.

I need scarcely say that I do not wish for one moment to set up the military system of Germany as an example for any other country to follow. I hope I have shown that, in spite of its drawbacks, there are advantages, too, especially for the educated classes, and that, on the whole, the burden of this system is not quite so difficult to bear as Englishmen in general are inclined to think.

But, after all, happy are they who are in that favoured position that they have no need to keep the whole nation under arms.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN TENTS.

ALTHOUGH Louisa Page had been very bold in words to Mrs. Whitby, yet she, above all things, feared exposure, for, with all her seeming wildness, she had a great dread of Mrs. Grundy, and had hitherto (although doing exactly as she liked) succeeded in propitiating that capricious dame. She was exceedingly angry with Eleanor. What business had *she* to interfere? How silly of Florence Rawley to complain! Why had she not the cleverness to retain the lover she had attracted? Would Eleanor let the world know that she was a married woman? If she did, Burke would infallibly cease his attentions, and, what touched her far more deeply, she would lose the devotion of Mr. Carew. Then, Louisa thought angrily of the gossip there would be in all the stations of India, where her character had often been picked to pieces, and she foresaw the triumph of Mrs. Brigadier Gubbins, and Mrs. Chief Commissioner Bloggs, who had denounced her as "bad style," and "fast," and had traduced her at Moulton, Mussorie, and elsewhere. How pleased they would be to propagate the story of her secret marriage. As to her counter-stroke of exposing Wake—she dared not do it, she was legally married to the ex-private, and preferred being tied to a rich man rather than a poor one; besides, she might have to return the trinkets he had given her, and to part with jewellery was an act hateful to her soul. Happy thought! she would go into tents, and take her admirers with her, for, in the open country, she would be far from both bitter tongues and envious eyes.

Reginald Carew flattered himself that he was successfully moulding the mind of Miss Page into conformity with his own. To please him she had adopted a slightly eccentric but highly picturesque style of dress, which made her look rustically bewitching. It consisted of a little straw hat, and flowered cotton gown, which

constituted a fascinating combination of the simplicity of the country and the elegance of the town. Thus attired, she accompanied Carew and other adorers up the towers of soaring minarets and through gloomy mosques, or made distant excursions to romantic ruins. The poetical Squire thought she looked "a fairy-like being, fitted to live in a garden entirely upon the scent of flowers." Sometimes he compared her to the lady who tended the spot where Shelley's sensitive plant grew. Still, it needed a strong contingent of the military, in addition to Carew, to enable Louisa to survive the infliction of exploring these mouldering edifices and other traces of long past civilisations. As she wandered through the deserted halls of former potentates, she sighed for the shady, well-watered Mall at Meerut, crowded with fashionables. Yet, when the Squire talked to her of art, or expatiated on the beauties of Hindoo and Mogul architecture, or gave her disquisitions on the harmony of colour, or even discussed metaphysics—for he tried to give her a taste for a little of everything—though she was not quite certain of what it all meant, still her eyes, and now and then her smile were sufficiently eloquent in reply. When he occasionally spoke of science, or touched upon topics which are usually considered too erudite for the ordinary feminine intelligence, she murmured softly, "Oh, yes," at the proper pauses, and looked at him with a thoughtful expression as much as to say, "How wise you are!" "I really think I have realised my expectations," Carew would say to himself; "six months of my training and she will be as perfect as a woman can be! My mother may not be so favourably impressed with her though, but I don't believe women can ever judge one another fairly—they are always prejudiced." The experimentalist in feminine education for the duties of a wife was profoundly convinced that he had found the help-meet for him, and, being somewhat of a *bon vivant*, did not forget to give her a little instruction in the art of cookery, in which branch of chemistry Miss Louisa took much more interest than in his prosaic lectures. It may be remarked here, that Louisa Page at this epoch fancied that she loved Carew in reality. When she wrote a little note to him during his temporary absence, she imagined she was, as she signed herself, his "most sincerely."

The cold weather had only just come to an end, the early mornings and evenings were still pleasantly cool and enjoyable for riding and driving, and Carew, who had archæological tastes, expressed a wish to explore thoroughly all the objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Delhi. Therefore, Miss Page had no difficulty in forming a party to go into tents, consisting of her father, herself,

Captain Maunders, Ensign Burke, Mr. Carew, and a young officer of artillery called Willoughby. Their first encampment was to be pitched at Budlee-ka-Serai, about six miles from Delhi.

At this place Carew, though wholly ignorant of the idiosyncrasies of Indian life, showed his master spirit. He advised how the horses were to be tethered by an improved process, in what order the tents were to be pitched, how the furniture should be arranged, and, lastly, where Louisa was to place her embroidery frame. The young lady agreed with the greatest sweetness to all his suggestions, and murmured, "Oh, thank you," while she looked at him admiringly with her puzzling grey eyes. Louisa liked being in tents, she really enjoyed the country air, the unconventional existence, and that nameless charm which nearly all people feel while living in camp. Moreover, she congratulated herself upon her timely retreat from Meerut and Delhi, because Wake could not persecute her; Florence Rawley would not be jealous of her, for, as she philosophically reasoned, "what the eye does not see the heart does not feel," and it would be supposed also that Burke had returned to his regiment, and, lastly, now as she had left Delhi, Mrs. Whitby would be less inclined to put into execution her threats of exposing her.

As Miss Page sat, like Abraham of old, at the door of the tent, in the cool of the evening, she was transfixed with astonishment on seeing that exactly opposite to her a large camp was being erected. Some people had arrived, and she discovered from the servants who were pitching the tents that the intruder was no other than Wake himself, and she feared, judging from the largeness of his establishment, that his sister, Mrs. Whitby, and Florence Rawley had pursued her to her sylvan retreat.

Louisa passed a very bad quarter of an hour in fear and perplexity, when she saw a horseman approaching, and then Wake himself rode up to her tent. After dismounting, he said:

"Louisa, it is quite by accident that I find you here; though I knew you had left Delhi, I had no idea where you were gone. Are you alone?"

"Yes," she said, rather sulkily.

"Then let me speak to you."

They entered the tent, and she asked, "Is that sister of yours with you?"

He answered: "No; Mrs. Whitby is at Delhi. Neither she nor her husband know anything about my movements."

"Have you quarrelled with them, then?"

"No; but I have had a difference of opinion."

"Oh," she laughed; "that is a nice distinction. I suppose it means you have had a jolly good row?"

"No; I have had no open dispute, but their ideas and mine do not agree about that treasure. I have brought these carts and camels to carry it away. Secro is only another long day's march from here. Will you come with me to that place and help to dispose of the spoil. You may have the greater portion of it, for without my wife I do not want riches."

Louisa's grey eyes glittered with avarice, for she dearly loved money, and all that money could buy.

"You are as foolishly unpractical as ever, I can see," she laughed. "Do you mean to say you would give me *your* money?"

"Of course. I never would have gone treasure-hunting, except in the hope of pleasing you."

"Well," she answered, deciding rapidly, "I must have half, and I shall choose which half I like."

"You shall have half. Listen to what my scheme is. I propose that you and your visitors move your camp to Secro, which will baffle investigation. A large shooting-party being at Secro will not appear singular to the natives, but a solitary man would be certain to excite suspicion. You, with the means at your disposal, can easily carry off the spoil. Your old servant, Golaub Sing, who has been so long with your father, can be trusted to do the thing secretly. I will go alone, night by night, and bring you all I find; and you have wit enough to get it conveyed to Delhi. Morgan, the banker, can put some of the valuables in his strong-room. Some of them I can take, and the rest must go to Meerut. With your co-operation we can elude prying inquirers, and it will be safer not to put all our eggs into one basket."

"It sounds very fine," said Louisa, who was vastly tempted to possess wealth.

"If we had not been so desperately poor," he said, "I think we might not have quarrelled so much; but we found, to our cost, that 'when Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window.'"

"Because I take your money, it does not follow that we are to be friends altogether," said Louisa, "though if we really get this treasure, it would make a great difference. After all, Mr. Carew is very plain and prosy, and I must say, since you have become an officer, you really look a handsome man. You were simply hideous in a private's dress."

Wake, in his usual impulsive manner, had placed his arm round

her waist, and, before she could resist, kissed her over and over again, saying, "You never would believe how much I care for you!"

She struggled herself free. "Nonsense, Harry; you crush my collar! You always were such a savage. I wish Carew would educate you instead of me—I don't require it. My father will soon be coming in, and he is at present no friend of yours, so that you had better not stay much longer. I must get him to consent to receive you. If it is all right with the Governor, I will send you a note. Maunders and Burke, of the 200th, and young Willoughby, are out shooting with Mr. Carew, who is a cousin of Burke's, you know."

At these names the legitimate lord of Louisa's charms looked black.

"Don't be a fool, and put on those jealous airs. If you are going to make yourself a nuisance, I won't be friends with you at all. You ought to be glad that men admire me. It wouldn't say very much for your taste if they didn't. The officers of the 200th are all very well, but it's only a 'grabby' regiment after all, and I like the cavalry best. The 10th Hussars were very nice, and were all men with money. I don't believe there's a fellow in the 200th who has got more than two hundred a year besides his pay. They are barely worth cultivating."

"That's all very well," said Wake, disconsolately; "but what right has Carew to talk about educating you? I told you to drop him."

"Nonsense! he is a mere book in breeches!"

And Louisa, who was a clever mimic, then began, in a pompous and pedantic manner, with a peculiar thickness of intonation, to declaim in imitation of the Squire:

"Evolutionists deduce man's descent from the ape. His physical conformation appears to be an advance upon, rather than a contrast to, the structure of the highest monkey. It is difficult to discern anything in his mental constitution which can be cited as displaying marked differences from the apparent ape-mind. Greed, cunning, and gregariousness may be predicated of both human and simial species. There is no reason for supposing that the courage, energy, and philanthropy which characterise man are not to be perceived in some degree of development amongst his tailed cousins."

Wake laughed at her absurd mimicry; but just then the distant sound of horses' feet announced the approach of some new arrivals, and put an end to their merriment.

"Go! go!" cried the girl. "It must be those men coming back from shooting. I will send and invite you to dinner if I can, provided you promise not to make a fool of me or of yourself by your stupid jealousy. Will you promise?"

"Yes," he said, "I will."

About two hours later, Henry Wake received the expected summons to dinner, and soon after entered Major Page's brightly-lighted dining-tent, which also was the general sitting-room of the party.

It was rather an awkward moment for most of the company assembled. Wake met his former officers for the first time as a social equal; and when the old Major had last seen him, there had been a stormy scene between them!

Maunders and Burke looked very smart and soldierly in white trousers and red mess-jackets. Willoughby, a pale youth, with a pensive but intellectual face, wore the blue undress of his corps. Mr. Carew's portly person was arrayed in evening dress, while the Major kept Wake in countenance by being attired in travelling costume.

His host received the new guest with a vacant air, as if he had never known him before.

"So you have joined the army," he said to Wake. "Eh?—ah!—good. Yes, all this points to the battle of Armageddon."

Then he shook his head mournfully, and went away, muttering something about "the downfall of the great beast."

They seated themselves at the table, which was prettily decorated with flowers, and, though they were "in tents," bright lights, glittering silver, a handsome dinner-service, and snowy damask exhibited that curious mixture of Asiatic and European luxury peculiar to Anglo-Indian life. The dinner was served, and they were waited upon by several stately Mahomedans costumed in snowy white, their heads swathed in the indispensable turban. The conversation soon became very lively, for they all spoke at once, although Louisa, with great tact, addressed her remarks mostly to Captain Maunders. She chaffed him about his Colonel's daughter, accusing him of being "spoony" on the fair Florence.

The elderly Captain replied:

"She has made tremendous havoc amongst the hearts of the youngsters, but, by Gad! Miss Page, I have lost mine so often, and in so many places, during the twenty-odd years I've had the honour of serving Her Majesty, and always found it again so easily, that it has grown tired of straying. Burke, there, was captivated, though, I fancy—in fact, I never quite knew whether they

were engaged or not. By-the-bye, there's no reason why they should not be so now. Here they are, in the same station, and I have seen him at the side of the Colonel's carriage in the Mall often."

"No, no," said the Ensign, blushing slightly, "Glory is the only mistress I serve now, and I have deserted the gem-bedecked shrine of Venus for the blood-red altar of Mars."

"D'ye hear him?" said the Captain. "Gad! we have got a poet among us at last. The fellow speaks like a book. By Jove, Sir!" he continued, addressing the Ensign, "I thought of glory myself once, but, by the time you have worn a red coat as long as I have, you'll regard it as vanity and vexation of spirit, not to mention large sums of money lodged at the Agent's for promotion. No, no; glory is all humbug. I'd rather be a live donkey than a dead lion."

"Have you seen much service, Captain Maunders?" asked Louisa.

"I've served Her Majesty for twenty-three years, Madam," answered the Captain, "but I've never been in action, if that's what you mean. By-the-bye, I was once in a good imitation of a battle."

"Oh, what was that?" cried Louisa. "Do tell us."

"Well, Miss Page, it happened, several years ago, that my regiment was quartered at a large sea-port and garrison in the west of England. The Commandant was Sir Thomas Overbury, a great soldier, whose proud and martial spirit chafed considerably at the long duration of the peace which the rest of the inhabitants of Europe enjoyed. Being debarred from manifesting his warlike ardour in the field, he determined to indulge it by a sham battle, and, as he only had four or five regiments of infantry and a few artillery under his command, and thought his little armies would be incomplete without cavalry, he issued a general order that such of the officers of the garrison as liked might be mounted, and act as a body of horse, for that day only.

"Accordingly, the young scamps in the various regiments, who wanted a bit of fun, and were not required to do duty with their corps, got hold of all the available horseflesh in the place, and turned out as cavalry on the appointed day—and a queer lot they looked, too, mounted as they were on every variety of unmanageable screw. However, the General inspected them with much apparent satisfaction, and proceeded to business, forming squares and deploying into line, and blazing away with blank cartridges, till nothing could be seen but the bayonets glistening through the

smoke, and the cavalry galloping about wildly in all directions like erratic comets. At last the fellows got so excited that they charged the infantry, and began to cut at them with their swords. The soldiers returned this by pricking the horses with their bayonets, which resulted in a complete rout of the cavalry, who fled in dismay, leaving several of their number on the field, upset by kicking horses.

“ ‘Charge!’ shouted the General, riding furiously at our line, and waving his plumed hat in the air enthusiastically as he saw the day was won. ‘Line will advance!’ cried our Colonel; ‘quick march, double!’ and away we went, in a cloud of smoke, right over the British public, who had assembled to witness the spectacle, and I, who had preferred to seek glory on foot, tumbled into an old woman’s apple-basket as I was gallantly leading on my company to victory, and was violently assaulted by her for destroying her property; and by the time I had recovered my feet, and my senses, the regiment was about a mile off, and I had been returned among the killed and wounded. That’s the only action I was ever in. It was called the battle of Horsleydown.”

“What fun it must have been!” said Louisa, as soon as the laughter occasioned by the dry humorous manner of the narrator had subsided.

When the meal was finished, Louisa left the tent and went into the cool balmy air outside, while an argument between the gentlemen, as to whether it was correct to light a cheroot at the large or the small end, was being carried on. Wake followed her unobserved, and they were soon lost in the darkness of the open country. The other men, on coming out, were not particularly pleased at the desertion of their hostess. Wake made good use of the time Louisa and he were alone. He informed his female accomplice that they must march to Secro with as little delay as possible, and he would go on before and await them at the new camping-ground.

“Oh, the men will come quick enough if you ask them,” said Louisa; “they have had very bad sport—only an antelope, two teal, and a brace of peafowl. Carew shot a snake and a pair of paddy-birds; he has preserved the reptile in spirits, but he wanted to eat the birds—the nasty fellow. So we can easily get them to move to Secro by assuring them of better sport there.”

“All right,” said Wake; “then I will invite them; and there is absolutely a man-eating tiger in that district. When I have made our treasure safe I should like to have a shot at the brute myself.”

"We had better have our camps a little apart, though," said Louisa. "Carew is always going about looking at everything, and no one knows what he might discover if he had the chance. I should not like to have to give him any of the spoil to keep him quiet."

"I hate the fellow," said Wake, savagely. "Why don't you get rid of him?"

"Oh! I hope to make him useful, and then I will give him his *jawab*!"

CHAPTER XIV.

TO SECRO.

A FEW days later, at sunrise, the encampment at Budlee-ka-Serai presented a very animated appearance. Miss Page and her escort had accepted the invitation given by Henry Wake, and were moving on to Secro, where they were to partake of his hospitality. The tent-poles had all been taken down, the furniture, the utensils, china, and glass, with the personal luggage of the party, had been packed upon a dozen bullock-carts, while a long string of camels were waiting to carry the tents.

It was a gloriously fresh morning, the sky above of that most cloudless blue such as is only to be seen to perfection in Italy or India. The air was deliciously cool, and the thickets and groves near at hand resounded with the early orisons of the newly awakened birds. What added to the picturesqueness of the scene was the great arched Serai close at hand. Beyond it were the once lordly and celebrated Shalimar gardens, where still are to be seen the artificial lakes and canals, with occasional pleasure-houses, all of which belonged to one of the summer-palaces of the Kings of Delhi in the days of their splendour. It was from these gardens, now silent and deserted, that Lalla Rookh had started for her world-renowned journey to Cashmere.

Louisa Page, dressed in a white linen riding-habit, Maunders, Burke, and Willoughby in breeches and riding-boots, were drinking hot coffee, preparatory to their twenty-miles ride. Carew was assisting Major Page to despatch the "*paraphameliar*," as the Major called it. The Squire was attired in a grotesque brown-holland suit, with tightly-strapped trousers, and a broad-brimmed hat with a high-peaked crown, to which was attached a green veil, while his eyes were shaded by blue goggles, his "*get-up*" eliciting the remark from an unsophisticated coolie: "There are many devils—but there is no devil like a Frank in a tall hat." Then,

pointing to the erudite Carew, the village Solon could not resist the opportunity of improving the occasion to his friends. "My brothers," he said; "if you drink wine, eat beef, and despise the gods, you will become like that!"

The horses, ready saddled, were being held by the grooms. Miss Page and her detachment of the service started, and trotted down the Kurnaul road, leaving the jabbering crowd of servants and coolies to the tender mercies of Carew, who gave polite but emphatic orders in forcible English. The misfortune was, that hardly anyone understood a word he said, and those who imagined they did, always succeeded in doing the very opposite to what he required. Philosopher as he was, theoretically, the luckless Squire became physically heated, irascible, and lastly furious.

"These niggers would try the patience of a saint," he ejaculated.

"Leave it to Golaub Sing, Carew," said the Major. "I never keep a dog and bark myself," and, in pursuance of his policy of "masterly inactivity," he stretched himself in a palankeen, and waited until Fate presented four men to carry him away. But there is an end to all things on earth, and the procession of carts, camels, and servants, started at last, led by Carew, mounted on a camel, and protecting himself from the rays of the sun with a large white umbrella.

The equestrians had the best of it. They cantered along the soft side of the road until they drew rein to rest their horses; and then Miss Page's escort began to chaff her about Secro, and inquired for what mysterious reason *she* so particularly wanted to go there.

"Why won't you believe that it's to find the man-eating tiger?" she retorted.

"Suppose that tiger appeared now, what on earth should we do?" asked Burke.

"Oh, I should expect one of you gentlemen to shoot him," returned Louisa.

"We would try to fulfil your expectation," he said, "or perish in the attempt; although we have no guns."

"I am not a bigger coward than most men," said Willoughby, "but I think it is foolhardy to track a tiger on horseback. If we mean business we shall require elephants."

"Mr. Carew is dying to kill a tiger," said Louisa.

The men laughed.

"*He* kill a tiger," said Maunders. "The worst shot I ever saw in my life; he never succeeds in firing his gun until the game has disappeared."

"If we get 'khabar' of a tiger we won't let Carew know," said Burke. "He would spoil sport. *I* should have to protect *him*—and oh!" he cried with enthusiasm, "I should die happy if I only *could* kill a tiger."

"How ill-natured you are. You men are always selfish. *I* will go with poor Carew and shoot the tiger," Louisa exclaimed gushingly.

"Oh!" exclaimed her companions, "we could never allow that."

"I cannot understand," said Burke, "why on earth that harum-scarum Wake has gone to Secro? He must find an ensign's pay more elastic than I do, if he can invite ladies and gentlemen by the half-dozen to visit him. Divil a bit could I do it," laughed the Irishman.

"His friends in England," said Louisa, "gave him five hundred pounds to join his new regiment, and he is getting rid of it as fast as he can."

"Who is Wake?" asked Willoughby.

"The other day he was only a private in my company," said Maunders, "and now he is an ensign, having bought a commission, and he has been gazetted to the Tipperary Rangers."

"He is here on sick leave," added Burke, "which will soon be complicated with disease of the chest, for five hundred pounds won't go far. He is starting not like an ensign, but as a full-blown field-marshal. To my knowledge he has bought two splendid Arabs, some country-breds, and an elephant. He'll come to grief again. He had to enlist because he had outrun the constable, I heard."

"How Mr. Wake will pay his bills, is no affair of ours," said Louisa, coldly; "but I hope he has a good cook, for I shall be frightfully hungry when we arrive at Secro."

"To say nothing of being thirsty," added Maunders. "It is to be hoped the fellow has not forgotten to get in the beer and the Soda-and-B."

"There is a dâk bungalow within reach, if the commissariat proves weak," said Louisa.

The riders left the highway and went upon a rough country road, such as are the only means of communication in India between small and scattered villages; and when the path was impracticable on account of the deep ruts made by the bullock-carts, it was very easy for them to ride across the waste uncultivated land. The country was barren, and slightly undulating, while the soil was poor and stony. Here and there, at the distance of several miles,

stood some ruinous hamlets, surrounded by crumbling walls. Occasionally, seemingly rising out of a rice-field, some magnificent relic of long past splendour would appear, such as a great domed, minareted mosque, or mausoleum, so solidly built that it stood massive and erect after five centuries of neglect. Then, by the roadside they passed grave-yard after grave-yard full of still respected tombs, where the Moslems for hundreds of years had lain their dead. The ruins, the silence, the untilled soil, the absence of sound or sight of inhabitant, might have been depressing, but little affected these light-hearted travellers. Even Captain Maunders forgot to grumble, and as for the others, they had "youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow."

"There is Wake!" they exclaimed, as a figure was seen riding to meet them across the dreary moorland. He was mounted upon a spirited white Arab, which he rode with easy grace, and as he drew near his face lighted up pleasantly on seeing Louisa.

He drew his horse to the side of hers, and placed his hand rather familiarly upon the pommel of her saddle. She drew herself up with a pettish gesture, and moved her steed away from him.

"Have you seen the tiger yet, Mr. Wake?" she asked, in a matter-of-fact manner.

"No; but a few nights ago he carried off an old man about twenty miles from here. Several hunters have been after him, but he is too wary for them, and has got away."

"Oh! but we must get hold of him somehow," said Burke. "Is there anything else here to shoot?"

"Oh, there are plenty of deer, and there are teal and snipe in a great jheel to the west of Secro. Shall I show you a short cut to my tents?"

The riders left the small semblance of pathway they had been following, and went off helter-skelter, down nullahs and up on the other side, here jumping over an irrigating channel, and there riding at a hard gallop over some dead level plain, and thus soon arrived at Wake's camp.

At the foot of the Castle of Secro there was a now utterly ruined but once fortified town, and near this mass of desolation could be seen the cheerful sight of the white tents of the encampment. On their arrival Wake invited them into his largest tent, where a substantial meal and plenty of mighty potations awaited them. The visitors ate, drank, and laughed, and were in the wildest spirits, exhilarated by their long ride.

"My father, Carew, and the baggage will turn up sooner or later," said Louisa. "It is a long march, and they will probably

not be in until sunset. We had a haunting dread that the servants would go the wrong way, which would be awkward, so father thought it better to keep an eye upon them, and Carew, whom Nature seems to have intended for a Quartermaster-General, is showing them the way by maps of the road."

"Well! that's serious," said Maunders. "If Carew is the guide, I foresee that I shall have to sleep on the hard ground under the light of the stars, and, after so many years' service, my constitution is not adapted for that sort of thing."

"We will sit round a camp-fire and tell ghost stories," said Willoughby.

Wake managed to say to Louisa unobserved, "It is all right hitherto, the treasure is untouched. I have brought away a good deal, and have concealed some of it underneath the floor of my tent; but some natives have come into the neighbourhood. They are gipsies, or affect to be so, but I cannot help fearing they may be in communication with the Thugs, for I am almost sure that I saw in their company that horrible old woman who started from Meerut with me, and I believe she is an accomplice of those murderers. I think I shall play a bold game, and order them off, as if I had authority to do so from the magistrate of Delhi. One must play the game of 'brag' sometimes. There is little doubt that these gipsies are thieves, so I am glad you have come up in full force; we have now so many guns that we should be a match for them. They might try to rob, and even murder, a single individual, but they dare not attack numbers. Still, I'll send off what spoil I have collected at once, and make sure of it."

They rested for some time during the heat of the afternoon, and towards sunset wandered out to explore the neighbourhood in which they found themselves. Louisa, still attired in her habit, led the party to the ruins; her tall and well-developed figure looked particularly well in the severe simplicity of her equestrian garb. As she held up her long skirt, and tripped over the fallen stones, she exhibited the most dainty foot, beautifully shod in neat riding-boots. Louisa was always picturesque, and by some subtlety whatever she wore always seemed to her admirers to be the dress in which she looked the most fascinating. She was not an enthusiastic admirer of the ruinous or the beautiful in architecture; had she been so, she must have appreciated the gloomy crumbling fortress of Secro, resembling a feudal castle of the Middle Ages. There still remained a bridge over what had once been a moat; there also stood the lofty arched gateway flanked by two round towers. This entrance, more correctly speaking, was the city gate

of what once was a fortified place, while the castle of Secro itself had been the inner defence or citadel. Here Mogul or Pathan had ruled as the dominant power over the subject Hindoo population for some seven hundred years. Antiquarians might know when or how this stronghold had been overthrown, but the ravages of men had exceeded those of time, as many generations had used the fine-cut stone of the place to erect other buildings. Still, the wreck that remained could not fail to excite enthusiasm for a race of architects who "planned like giants, and finished like jewellers."

It was Wake who held Louisa's hand, and assisted her over the rough places, and up the incline that led to the courtyard of the Castle. Willoughby, carefully scanning the place with a soldier's eye, remarked, "The Mahomedans must have been very much afraid of the Hindoos, to have built these strong places to coerce the people whom they had conquered."

Maunders' progression up the steep incline was hindered by the stoutness and shortness of breath of middle age, while Burke ostentatiously kept aloof, disgusted with the sudden intimacy and evident good understanding existing between Louisa and the late "ranker." In a fit of pique he now bitterly regretted that he had more than once got him off, at the orderly-room and elsewhere. He said to himself, "What a cheeky beggar Wake is. I wish the Colonel had taken him down a few pegs when he had the chance. I think he must have known Miss Page in England."

Wake did the honours of his ruins with consummate address. He conducted the party up the winding stairs of the tower, he expatiated on the beauty of the view, and gave his lady companion a confidential little sign as they passed the all important heap of stones near the well. Maunders and Burke could not help observing that Louisa was intensely excited and strangely interested in this dreary place, and that neither she nor Wake were easily persuaded to abandon their antiquarian researches when the non-admiring portion of the party wished to return to the camp. Maunders, panting from his violent exertions, said to the two subalterns, "Gad! I am tired of playing gooseberry to those young folks. Miss Page adores ruins, does she? Not human ones though. She takes care to pick out the best-looking young fellows she can. She has not addressed one word to me since we came here." Nor was Maunders better pleased when the offending couple descended from the rampart walls, and in following their lead, and while avoiding an alarming and gliding snake, the stout Captain fell into a miry bog, from whence he was extricated by Burke and Willoughby, not without difficulty.

When it became dusk the explorers returned to Wake's tents, where dinner awaited them. The viands provided were again excellent; and the iced champagne, undeniable in quality, greatly tended to soothe Maunders' ruffled temper. Everyone was very gay, but as it grew late, a sort of anxiety took possession of them. Where was Carew and the "paraphameliar"? If they did not turn up soon how on earth should they all manage to sleep? Maunders grumbled and growled, asserting that if he slept upon mother earth, it would bring on his gout. The younger men thought lightly of the predicament, and expressed no sympathy for him.

It was a splendid night, bright as an English noon-day, and under the moonbeams they wandered here and there, Miss Page distributing her amiable remarks freely and equally. In the deep azure star-lit heavens flocks of wild geese could be distinctly seen and heard, as they flew overhead northward to cooler lands. The jackals, emerging from the ruins, filled the air with their unearthly wailings: "Where, where? Here, here! A dead Hindoo! A dead Hindoo!" as generations of Anglo-Indians have parodied their hideous outcries.

The servants had made large fires both to keep themselves warm and to scare away possible wolves and leopards, who, after all, were unlikely to venture near the sound of their endless chattering tongues.

A shout of joy! Yes! Undoubtedly the tents and baggage had arrived at last; and better late than never, for it was now long past midnight. Major Page's palky was the first object to appear, he was the forerunner of the party.

"How late you are father," said Louisa. "We were getting quite nervous about you."

"Yes, and you had good cause if you knew all. Carew was more than half way to Kurnaul before he found that his much-vaunted map of the road was all wrong, and then his brute of a camel ran away. He held on like grim death, but he was out of sight and sound for some hours; but by the sagacity of his camel, who objected to solitude, he was ultimately restored to us, shaken to death, breathless and speechless. He's behind; he is coming in all right. *Peg lao!*" shouted the exhausted but strictly sober Major. "I have had nothing to drink for hours."

After several bumpers the old man began to broach his favourite topics of the White Horse and the opening of the Seventh Seal; but as no one heeded him, he soon held his peace. By this time Carew had thankfully alighted from his lofty perch. "That brute

has the action of a camp-stool " he said. " There is not an inch of my body that does not ache. Oh ! oh ! ugh ! ugh ! " he groaned, as he limped ruefully into Wake's tent ; but, after drinking a generous supply of champagne, with vast heroism, he issued forth, leaning on Burke's arm, to select the spot where Major Page's camp should be erected.

Then the tired servants nearly mutinied, because, with the object of gaining a fine view, Carew fixed upon a place within a stone's throw of the ruins of Secro ! This was too much for the mild Hindoo !

" Those ruins were well-known to be haunted ! They were full of ghosts ! Let heaven preserve them ! It was an accursed spot ! In it there were wild beats and snakes, to say nothing of robbers ! Might Providence preserve them all ! For their part, they would move as far from Secro as they could, and pitch their tents in the open plain ! "

" I am glad they *are* so superstitious," whispered Wake to Louisa. " It would have been awkward for us to have had them so near ; that inquisitive, meddling idiot Carew could watch us closely."

" Idiot ! " cried the girl. " He is a very clever man, and his inquisitiveness is only a love of information. There's more wit in his little finger than in your whole body."

It was two o'clock before all the tents were erected and all the beds ready ; but before that time many a song was sung over the camp fire, each one with the invariable chorus of " Rule Britannia ! "

CHAPTER XV.

WITCHCRAFT.

WAKE, although, unfortunately, of a jealous disposition, was so engrossed with finding, concealing, and despatching the treasure of Secro, that he was too preoccupied to observe, or be annoyed at, the lover-like attentions of the infatuated Carew ; for Louisa had renewed her terms of more than friendly intimacy with the Squire.

Miss Page and her party had been out on an expedition to examine some old buildings which were in the neighbourhood. They were returning over the desolate country back to the camp, Carew and Louisa riding side by side. They had lost sight of their companions who had gone off the road after a flight of sand-grouse.

It was a glorious evening, with a splendid sunset of gold and crimson which would have charmed the heart of a Turner.

"I am so happy," at length murmured Louisa, softly.

"Are you?" asked Carew. "Why?"

"I don't know."

"Because it is such a beautiful evening?"

"Yes; and because——" and she stopped.

"Tell me the second because."

She hesitated, and then added, deliberately: "Because I am with you!"

Carew's heart beat rapidly, and he felt greatly agitated. She had turned her face towards him. She was pale and her eyes seemed soft and love-lit; and he thought he had never seen so fair a creature. Their horses were walking at the slowest pace, their faces were in dangerous proximity: the Squire could not resist the temptation of imprinting a kiss upon her warm, red lips, and she did not appear to be angry. On a former occasion she had bid him hope, and Carew, though eccentric, was a loyal, honest gentleman. He loved this fair witch wholly and passionately; he would have died for her, or, what was possibly harder, he would have lived to do her service.

Louisa could not understand this nobility of character, but, shallow and unscrupulous as she was, still Carew had inspired a feeling she had hitherto entertained for no other man—she respected him. His multifarious information on so many subjects interested her. There was something about him utterly different from the chaffy flirting and scandal of regimental life. Then the young squire was rich, had a fine estate and good position, and Louisa was ambitious, and—more than all—she knew she could manage him, and life presented many more agreeable objects with such a cultivated and gentle companion, than that spent in the company of the reckless and violent Wake, whom she feared far more than she loved.

At this juncture it is impossible to say what the Squire would have further asked, or what she would have promised, for they suddenly drew rein to listen to some strange sounds which, all at once, broke the stillness of the country.

"Is that the cry of a wild animal?" asked Louisa.

They listened again. This time a shrill, despairing shriek was borne to them by the wind. Following this came the hoarse murmur of many voices, as of people in anger, but above the deeper roar was repeatedly heard the piercing agonising cries of a human being seemingly in extremity.

Carew, without a moment's reflection, rode off to a thick clump of trees by the side of the road—the spot from whence the clamour and screams seemed to proceed. Louisa followed more deliberately, and on arriving she saw Carew surrounded by a number of infuriated villagers.

He was speaking loudly and authoritatively in English, they equally excitedly in their own tongue. The object of dispute was a singular one. A very minute human figure, almost resembling an ape, was suspended to a high tree by a rope, which was tied round its middle. The clothing of this wretched creature consisted only of a few rags, while a quantity of long grey hair hung from its head. The rope had been thrown over the topmost branch of the tall tree, and a powerful peasant was pulling the suspended form up and down. To add to the tortures of this miserable being, every time the body reached the ground some inhuman wretches attacked it with sticks and stones, and elicited those terrible cries and groans which had been heard by Carew and Louisa.

Miss Page spoke Hindostani well, and Carew knew this.

"They do not understand me," he said; "find out what they are doing."

Miss Page calmly asked:

"Who is the headman of this village?"

The "lumbadar" appeared.

"What are you doing?" Louisa asked, angrily. "Would you commit murder? I shall report you to the Government, and everyone of you will be hanged."

The headman, with many "your honour's" and "your grace's," answered that they were performing a good action, for they were taking vengeance on a malignant witch, the "Witch of Megara," who, by her diabolical arts, had caused a man-eating tiger to infest their neighbourhood, and carry off and devour their people.

Carew, comprehending by this time that an old woman was being tortured, dismounted, and, throwing the reins of his horse to Miss Page, rushed at the rustic who held the rope. The man started back in dismay, and, letting go his hold of the rope, the wretched old creature fell on the ground at Carew's feet. He stood over her prostrate form in a defiant manner, and his flashing eyes and angry countenance made the mob retreat a little. They had been ready enough to try issues with a feeble old woman, but stood terror-stricken before the angry glances of the furious Sahib—one of the master race.

"Go back to your homes," said Louisa, commandingly.

The cowed villagers slunk sullenly away, with much muttered indignation.

Carew, who had a fair knowledge of surgery, placed his finger on the withered black wrist of the old woman.

"She is still alive," he said. "What on earth shall we do with her?"

"The villagers will finish her, probably," answered Louisa, "or she may fall a prey to a hyena, who, according to the natives, always eat old women."

"Oh!" said Carew, "she is small and light enough, poor thing. I will take her on my horse."

Louisa shuddered.

"But she is so dirty—a disgusting native!"

"She is a human being," answered Carew. "I could not reconcile it to my conscience to abandon a woman in such distress."

He placed her before him on his horse.

Miss Page thought this quite in keeping with Carew's Quixotic character, therefore she said no more, but she carefully rode at a little distance from the Good Samaritan and his unsavoury burden.

It was quite dark when they neared their camp. The country being wholly deserted, they had hitherto escaped human observation, but now Miss Page began to remember "les convenances."

"You had better drop the Witch of Megara outside our camp," she said, "and send the sweeper to pick her up. Our servants will think you have gone mad."

But Carew rode boldly up to his own tent, and, having obtained a native camp-bed, called a "charpoy," he caused the witch to be laid upon it, and had her placed in a tent. There Miss Page, not wholly lost to the helpful instincts of her sex, with the assistance of her ayah and some of her other servants, applied remedies to the deplorable-looking creature until she recovered consciousness. But Louisa did not awake the superstitious fears of the Asiatics by telling them of the suspicious character of the new arrival. Wake looked at the extraordinary visitor, and he whispered to Louisa:

"I thought as much. I wish to goodness Carew had not brought her here. She is the old wretch who was in league with those murdering Thugs."

"Don't say anything to awake suspicion," she answered; "pretend to know nothing about her."

On recovering her mental faculties, the old woman announced that she was one of the "Faithful." This smoothed matters very much, many of the servants being also followers of the Prophet, therefore it was comparatively easy to excite their interest in an

unfortunate co-religionist. In consequence, the old woman was well treated and well fed, and in a few days sufficiently recovered to join in the daily life of the camp, of which she soon became, if not the most prominent, certainly the most strikingly picturesque feature. Carew had purchased for her a warm shawl of brilliant red, with which she covered her head. Her thin and withered legs were tightly encased in bright green trousers, while the upper part of her person was covered with a wadded jacket of flowered chintz, and her tiny feet were shod with gold-embroidered shoes. A few blankets, a few brass utensils, an unlimited supply of simple food, and the old woman considered that she had found a terrestrial Paradise, which she exhibited no intention of leaving.

"Go to my home!" she said, with a shrill cackling laugh, "I have no home! I have had sons, and grandsons, but all are dead. It is my fate!"

Louisa, though naturally selfish, would laugh and talk with the wonderful old woman, if she met her, and, moreover, she acted as interpreter for Carew, who was always inquiring into her supernatural pretensions. The old woman would say of Carew that he in no respects resembled an infidel, but was like those good Mahomedans, not such as are found now, but of whom people read in books.

The old woman was an object of fear to Wake.

"Horrid old creature!" he would say; "I would not have her in my camp. Look out that she does not tell dacoits to come and rob us."

So rooted was his dread of her, that he made a practice of sending off day by day, under some cleverly contrived pretext or other, all the treasure he had collected the previous night; not that he ever met the Witch of Megara, for the two camps were some little distance apart.

Carew always travelled with a cash-box well furnished with rupees, and a silver tea-service. The subject of thieves having been mooted, Major Page (an experienced old Indian) informed him that the district in which they were encamped was inhabited by a tribe of robbers called Googars; but even if this were not so, attacks upon tents by armed thieves were not uncommon in any part of India, as it was easy to make a slit with a sharp knife in the canvas wall of the tent, and get in that way. But Major Page had, of course, retained the services of a private watchman—one of the Googar tribe—for their camp. This was generally considered protection enough, but nevertheless, for fear of accidents, the Major advised Carew to chain the trunks and boxes contain-

ing things of value to the pole of the tent, and that this expedient would effectually circumvent the robbers, although they were marvels of dexterity in their nefarious trade.

Willoughby and Captain Maunders' leave had expired, and they now somewhat reluctantly returned to their respective stations, but the remainder of the party showed no intention of quitting their quarters for the present.

Burke and Carew shared the same tent, which, according to Indian custom, was dimly lighted by a small oil lamp, placed upon the floor, and kept burning all night. One night after retiring as usual, Burke was suddenly awakened by the sound of stealthy movements in the tent. In his confused, half-awake state, he did not at first realise whether he was dreaming or not; but by the faint light he saw a tall, dark figure, almost like a shadow, noiselessly flitting about. Without a moment's reflection, the athletic young man sprang from his bed, and threw himself upon the intruder, seizing him by the arm, only to find that he could not hold him, for the marauder was naked, and his dark skin was profusely oiled, so that he slipped, snake-like, from the grasp of Burke's detaining hand. Then the Irishman felt a sudden sharp pain in his side; he had been stabbed by a knife or dagger, which the thief wore fastened to his elbow.

Burke's angry exclamations, and the noise of the struggle, awoke Carew, who, seeing at a glance that Burke was getting the worst of the encounter, rushed to his assistance; but, before he could reach the combatants, the robber had escaped through a slit which he had made in the tent wall. To pursue him was Carew's first thought, and he at once gave chase. Burke, although bleeding profusely, joined in the pursuit. A cry of "Thieves! thieves!" was raised, and the whole camp was soon in an uproar. The man ran fleetly across the open plain, evidently making for the shelter of the ruins of Secro; for among its subterranean passages and gloomy irregular buildings, if he could only reach them, he hoped to find a safe refuge. Carew was a trained runner, and followed close at his heels. The chase became exciting. The marauder was nearing the moat of the ancient castle, and had reached the outskirts of Wake's camp. Another minute, and he would have got away; but, in trying to make a short cut, the dacoit's foot caught in one of the far-extending tent-ropes, and he was thrown headlong to the ground. The Squire was so close to him that he actually fell over his prostrate form. The robber, who was terrified, and knowing resistance was useless, began to raise a tremendous outcry. Burke now came up, and the two

Englishmen secured the thief, who was both out of breath and trembling with fear.

"Wake! Wake!" they shouted, as they recognised, by the gleams of the moonlight, that they were close to his large double-poled tent, an ostentatiously magnificent abode for an Ensign. But, no answer coming to their call for help, they, dragging their captive by main force, unceremoniously entered the tent, in order to obtain assistance either from Wake or his servants.

Some of the tent-pitchers and grooms of Major Page's camp were now on the scene, and Wake's own servants had also appeared, roused by the noise and alarm.

It was now between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, and Carew and Burke were surprised at the spectacle which greeted their eyes upon their abrupt entrance into Wake's well-lighted bed-room. The tent was in great disorder, a quantity of property lay scattered about it on all sides, and over this had been hastily thrown blankets, sheets, and the coverings of the bed.

Carew and Burke at first hardly noticed the confusion, for there, in the tent, seated opposite to Henry Wake, was—Louisa Page! Their amazement at finding her, at the dead of the night, alone with the ex-private, cannot be described. She, with woman's wit, grasped the situation at once, and addressed them calmly, although she was pale with fear.

"Why have you come here?" she asked.

Carew answered: "This scoundrel broke into our tent to steal. We followed him here; but we little expected to see *you*, Miss Page, in Mr. Wake's camp."

"I came to Mr. Wake for protection, finding there were thieves in our camp," she answered.

Carew was too polite to say anything, but he vaguely wondered at Louisa's statement, and speculated on the speed with which she must have travelled from one camp to the other.

"Look at Desmond Burke," Louisa exclaimed; "he is covered with blood!"

"Oh, don't trouble about me, Miss Page," said the Ensign icily; "I am not much hurt."

The excitement of chasing the robber had kept him up hitherto, but now he turned ghastly pale, and fell fainting on the floor. The criminal was dragged away by the servants, howling dismally, and everyone's attention was directed to Burke, who lay senseless on the ground with a crimson stream flowing from his side.

Wake, who had a sincere liking for the officer who had formerly so often good-naturedly befriended him, cried out: "My

God! he is dying! If we only had a doctor! Mr. Carew, I will leave him in your charge, and I will ride off at once to Delhi for a surgeon," and a few minutes later Wake was galloping away on the road to the city as if he were riding for his life.

"Miss Page," said Carew coldly, "this is no place for you; let me advise your returning to your own tent. I believe I know enough of surgery to be able to staunch Burke's wound"; but as he leaned over the prostrate form he added, "I fear the hurt is serious, that villain struck him a backward blow." Carew's eyes filled with tears. "If Burke dies, I will have that fellow hanged as sure as I live!"

Louisa left the tent with a haughty air and flashing eyes, despite her sympathy and pity for the wounded man. There was a cool insolence in Carew's manner which expressed what he dared not put into words—that he was disgusted at discovering her in so compromising a situation, and that she had forfeited his esteem and respect for ever.

As Carew, with almost womanly gentleness, attended to his wounded companion, his reflections were very bitter. He knew that Louisa must have been closeted with Wake a considerable time before the alarm of thieves had been given; but up to that moment he had thought her an honourable and truthful, though a somewhat unconventional woman. But now he could not doubt the evidence of his own senses. "She is a thorough 'garrison hack,'" he thought. "What a precious fool I have made of myself! How Burke, poor fellow! will laugh at the way in which my work has turned out of the mould, if he recovers, and we can talk this matter over together." To the Squire's loyal nature treachery was incomprehensible. Louisa Page had been deceiving him from the outset with her pretty blandishments and caresses. He felt himself suddenly grown old and stupid, and thought that never again could he trust either man or woman.

(To be continued.)

The Remount Question.

By LIEUT.-COL. J. GRAHAM, 4th Brigade, Welsh Division, R.A.

THE deficiency of our horse-supply is one of the most pressing questions of the day. It comes home to us all the more keenly because we are a nation of horsemen, breeding the best horses in the world, and managing them in an intelligent and sympathetic manner which none can rival.

Armies are dependent on their mounted services for their safety, intelligence, mobility, and general success; and when we find that our small force is wanting in that essential which is pre-eminently our speciality, feelings of astonishment and alarm naturally pervade the country, and are shared alike by soldier and citizen.

Last year, Colonel Ravenhill, Inspector and Purchaser of Horses, Royal Artillery, stated that, exclusive of officers' horses, 1,100 additional horses were required for one army corps, and 12,600 for two army corps; that to maintain lines of communication, 2,773 horses would be requisite for each army corps, making a total deficiency of 18,100; and that there ought to be a reserve of some 9,000 to feed the waste of a campaign. Now it is a melancholy fact that not only have we no reserve of horses, but we have no means available for completing our establishments. So far as men are concerned we have reserve forces, and so far as material is concerned we have manufacturing departments, magazines, and depôts, but in the matter of horses there is no organised provision; and this state of affairs assumes a very serious aspect when we hear on all hands that the breed of horses is deteriorating in the country, and that horses of the military stamp cannot be obtained in sufficient numbers to supply the wants of the army even in times of peace.

There is a general concurrence of opinion as to the prevailing inferiority and scarcity of British horses when compared with what they were some years ago. It will not mend matters to look to foreign countries to supplement our failing resources, because,

as we have often been warned, and as is now the fact, these countries are closed against the outside purchaser at the very time when our need is the most urgent. But even if there were no obstacles in the way, it is not always safe to rely on representations that reach us from abroad, of the facility with which an unlimited supply of excellent horses can be obtained. In corroboration of this the following sentences, uttered by a very distinguished Cavalry General, may be quoted :—

“ I think officers who have been abroad and have heard what is said at the ports and other places, form a very erroneous idea as to the number of animals which any country can supply. Here we had a Hungarian Committee coming over and saying they could supply 10,000 animals. The Government sent a Committee over to purchase ; they remained in Hungary six weeks with an order to buy 700 horses, but they came over with something less than 400, of which a considerable proportion were not more than 15.1, some as low as 14.3, and a great many of them four-year olds. That was the result of the statement made in London by the Hungarian Committee that they would supply 10,000 horses, all guaranteed to be 15.2, between five and six years old. I expect a great many other places you hear of would give much the same result.”

There can be no doubt that most of the places we hear of would give, when tested, “ much the same result,” and that if we are to maintain the superiority of our cavalry, as it ought to be maintained, we must remember the words of the poet,

That is best which lieth nearest.

Colonel F. S. Russell, in a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution in 1885, said :—“ In 1873 the greatest difficulty was found in obtaining 2,028 transport horses for autumn manœuvres ; and, according to the evidence of the purchaser, Sir Henry Storks, no fewer than 1,500 had to be bought in France. In 1878, by dint of the *greatest* exertion 2,250 horses were purchased in four weeks, by which time the market was entirely exhausted ; but in 1882 only 1,700 horses could be bought in seventeen weeks.”

Colonel Russell remarks a little further on : “ However much we may shrink from realising the fact, it is nevertheless undoubtedly true that horse-breeding is decreasing in England, and that there are now far fewer good horses among us than in former years.” Referring to the occasion on which Colonel Russell's lecture was delivered, Colonel Ravenhill nearly a year afterwards said : “ I can bear testimony to the fact that the difficulties of procuring a supply of suitable horses for the service as urged then are very

great, and, in place of diminishing, are annually increasing. There is the gravest difficulty surrounding the subject as it at present stands; our whole military operations, as I have already pointed out, would be delayed, crippled, and paralysed in case of war for the want of efficient horses."

Now, to what causes is this increasing dearth of riding and light draught horses to be attributed? It is partly due to the fact that in recent years farmers have found it more profitable to produce corn and cattle than horses, and it is also, to some extent, accounted for by the ubiquity of the railway, which has enabled some four-fifths probably of our farmers to dispense with nags as a means of locomotion. In this way interest in the better class of horses, and attention to their breeding, have been allowed to languish. But there are other and deeper causes for this retrogression. In the edition of *Stonehenge* for 1867, now lying before the writer of this paper, the following passages occur:—

The laws regulating growth and decay are immutable, and it may almost always be pronounced, that in proportion to the quickness of the growth will be the early decay of the animal or vegetable being.

While the breeder has his attention drawn to the production of colts which shall at two years of age be formed like old horses, and be fit to compete with them for short distances, it will always result that he attains his end at a considerable sacrifice of durability, as evidenced in the diminished strength of constitution, and the feeble and yielding nature of the organs of locomotion.

The grand desideratum in these days is the production of a set of thorough-bred horses calculated to get good sound roadsters and hunters. Now this is quite incompatible with the present system of breeding for the two-year-old market, and yet while prizes, often amounting to some thousands, are within the probable reach of our best two-year-olds, it is scarcely to be expected that they shall be kept from grasping them. As, therefore, it is unlikely that the public will individually produce these much-needed horses, it is incumbent upon the Government either to establish a breeding establishment for their manufacture, or else to offer prizes of some kind which may tempt the breeder to produce them.

These words of wisdom have been before the public for at least twenty years, and yet no measures, of any extent, have been adopted for remedying the evils which they expose. It is true that the Royal Agricultural Society has shown a good example by devoting a certain amount of money to prize stallions, the services of which will be available at a cheap rate, but it is an example which must be largely followed by other societies before any appreciable result can be obtained.

There certainly are ways and means by which both the quantity and the quality of our horse supply can be improved. When the Prussians determined that their army should be independent of foreign horses, we learn from Colonel Russell's lecture already referred to, that the imports declined from 1,000 in 1821 to 144 in

1827, and finally, in 1828, it was found possible to rely entirely on home sources. In Prussia, Government stallions are systematically distributed throughout the country, prizes are given to private stallions, and permanent dépôts are established to receive young horses. The young horses are purchased by commissions composed of officers who make tours in every district for the purpose, and the permanent dépôts, of which there are fifteen, are Government establishments.

This shows what can be done, although it is not necessary or desirable that we should do it in the same way. In this country it is, perhaps, enough for Government to indicate what is wanted, and to encourage its production, rather than to take the business so completely into its own hands as is the case in Prussia. Such a matter as horse-supply seems likely to be better managed among us by private enterprise, capital, and competition, than by a State bureau.

There are proposals in connection with army remounts, which would involve vast expense and necessitate extremely careful supervision. They resemble the plans which, some years ago, were recommended for the instruction and discipline of militia candidates for commissions in the regular service, according to which, additions were to be built to Sandhurst on a costly scale, and a new staff of officers and professors was to be established.

The tax-payer may congratulate himself that these suggestions were not adopted; and that now a large number of well-qualified retired officers give private instruction in military subjects to subalterns of militia, and others, in all parts of the country. Thus competition is keen, and among the instructors the knowledge of their subjects is wide and accurate—circumstances which prove to be of great advantage to all branches of the service.

In a similar manner the army might be well supplied with horses without saddling the country with the expense of Government remount dépôts.

It should, however, be first of all made known what sorts of horses are in demand. Breeders and farmers generally are in profound ignorance of that important point. There is now before the writer a private letter of recent date from a retired officer of the Royal Artillery, saying: "Horse-breeders about here have had several conversations with me on the subject of breeding remounts, and they one and all deplore not being able to find out what class of animal to breed with a fair prospect of getting them purchased by the service." Mr. Wilson and Mr. Gilbey, in the discussion which followed Colonel Ravenhill's lecture at the Royal

United Service Institution, in June last, described a class of light oart-mare, with plenty of bone, good shoulders, and good action, such a mare, in fact, as many farmers possess, which, if mated with a sound thorough-bred horse, would probably produce the kind of animal wanted in the army. Blood is absolutely necessary, but there must be bone as well. To pull or carry weight, a horse must have weight in himself. Let us look for a moment a little more closely at what the military authorities require. The field-artillery horse, at five years of age, should stand 15.8, weigh 10 cwt., and be eighty inches in girth round the chest. The heavy-dragoon horse regularly carries a weight of some twenty stone. It is therefore evident that the military horse should be, like Longfellow's ship,

Built for freight, and yet for speed.

If any reader who is not versed in the subject will look at the plate in the *Handbook for Field-Service*, representing an artillery-horse, and will compare with it Stonehenge's picture of a thorough-bred two-year-old, or his portrait of Kingston, the required combination of blood with substance and carrying power will be apparent.

The troop-horse must be a weight-carrier, active, sound, a straight and true mover, and free from glaring defects. What he ought not to be, as well as what he ought to be, will be further shown by the following particulars, which are derived from authoritative sources.

He is not to have a big, coarse, or badly set on head, a slack or a hollow back, scraggy hips, flat sides, a slack or a light loin, a bad girth, a short or a thick neck, a narrow chest, a straight shoulder, fore-legs that are not straight or that are too close together, long or short pasterns, toes turned in or out, hocks too straight or too much bent, feet too large, too small, or flat; and so on.

The "Rules of Form," by the late Mr. Stockley, as given in the *Hand-Book for Field Service* and in *The Artillerist's Manual*, are extremely good and concise. They are as follows:—

Depth from withers to brisket should equal that from brisket to coronet; ribs should arch from the spine, and descend, circular, to nearly line of brisket, inclining backwards so as to leave but a small space between the back rib and stifle-joint. This is called being well ribbed up. *Loins* broad, somewhat convex; shoulder-blade long and inclining; *breast* light at the points, but broad between the fore-legs; *fore-arm* long and muscular, with the elbow clear of the chest, the shank flat and sinewy, filling well the grasp of the hand; the *fetlocks* without inclining inwards or outwards, neither weak nor long; the *feet* circular and somewhat concave on the soles, the frogs full and elastic; the quarters should be long from the hip-bones to

the buttock-points, full of muscle, descending far down the thigh; the back wide and well-defined, the remainder of the limb having the same qualities as those described before, standing straight and appearing firm on the ground. The head should be somewhat lean, intelligent, with neck gradually diminishing in size from the shoulders to the head. These latter parts, and the quarters, with tail well set on, more or less denote the breeding of the animal. As a general rule, bones of progression and extension, such as the scapula, radius, femur, tibia, should be long; bones of flexion, such as the humerus and canon, or shank bones, short.

There are other guides by which a buyer might be assisted, connected with the eye, ear, nostril, action, and disposition of a horse, but, without going further, it will be sufficiently difficult to supply, at the regulation prices, animals in which the above-named faults are absent, and Mr. Stockley's good points present; and it is certain that a liberal amount of discretionary power in the matter of purchase must be vested in commanding officers, otherwise there would be little room, in contemplating this subject, for any feeling but that of despair.

With strenuous and sustained effort all will be right in time, but it is well known that British horses for the Artillery cannot be had for £45 each, nor can Light Cavalry four-year-olds, standing 15.0½ to 15.1½, be obtained for £40 each, in the desired quantity. Even with the assistance of Canada and other Colonies, it would be impossible, in the present state of the market, to provide the number of horses which so high an authority as Colonel Ravenhill deems necessary.

Since the above was written a condensed report has been received of a lecture delivered, before the Hunters' Improvement Society, by that officer, at the Agricultural Hall, on the 2nd of March, in which the following appears:—

Colonel Ravenhill commenced by referring to the importance of arousing breeders and agriculturists to the desirability of recovering for their own pockets the third of a million of money going out of the country annually for the purchase of 17,000 foreign horses imported for work, all of which could be far better reared in this country. He then gave minute details of what constituted a military horse. They were of two kinds. The first, most important and most difficult now to procure, were riding-horses with lengthy rein, good shoulders and fore-hands, good back and loins, and as well-bred as they could be got. They must walk well and freely, and at five years old should not stand less than 15.2 hands high, and about 1,500 were, in peace time, annually required. The second, or draught-horse, was a compact, short-legged, quick-walking, good-going van-horse, between 15.2 and 16 hands high, for Royal Artillery draught and for Royal Engineer and Transport purposes. Such horses could only be produced by the continuous and more general use of thorough-bred sires all over the country, and putting them within reach of farmers in breeding districts. He would apply the money now given for Queen's Plates, which could be used much more beneficially in the shape of subsidies apportioned only to Agricultural Societies and to the Hunters' Improvement Society.

The United Kingdom is undoubtedly the best breeding-ground for horses, but, until our stock has very largely increased, it must

be supplemented by importation, and our interest, not less than our duty, points us to the Colonies. Even after our present difficulties have been surmounted, some portion of that "third of a million" is still likely to leave our shores, and, if such a thing should happen, we can only hope that it will find its way into the coffers of our kinsmen across the seas.

An interesting lecture was given on the 4th of March, at the Royal United Service Institution, on a Future Horse-Supply in Jamaica, by Lieutenant-Colonel R. G. Haliburton, Canadian Militia. As, however, "most of the horses are about 14 hands high," they are not likely to be serviceable, except, perhaps, to carry mounted infantry. In advocating the formation of a militia cavalry in Jamaica, Colonel Haliburton remarks:—"Lord Wolseley knows how useful the Canadian Militia Cavalry were during the Fenian raid, and all the cavalry officers of Europe are aware that the Emperor of Russia's prize for the best essay on 'Modern Cavalry and its Organization,' was carried off by a Canadian Militia Cavalry Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Dennison. . . . Five-sixths at least of our campaigns are in tropical and semi-tropical countries, where the hot sun, bad water, and the deadly night-air are more fatal than the arms of the enemy. With these dangers both the men and horses of Jamaica are admirably adapted to cope."

It must be at once conceded that there are peculiar qualities pertaining to men and horses in different and distant parts of the Empire, and it is confidently anticipated that these will be better known, and more frequently utilised, as the common interests of the Mother Country and Colonies become recognised, and the ties of relationship draw them more closely together. At the same time, the main body of our army, both in men and horses, must be bred within the United Kingdom, and it is the aim of these paragraphs to emphasise the facts that good horses are sorely needed in the service, and that they can best be reared at home; that the troop-horse, like the soldier, must be sound, free from defect, and come up to a certain standard; and that by the adoption of proper measures such horses can be multiplied in this country until we become as independent of extraneous aid as the German Empire.

To this end remount farms should be organised in the most suitable parts of England, Wales, and Ireland, and each farm should receive from 100 to 300 young horses. These farms should be taken by private individuals or companies, who would be satisfied with a reasonable interest on the money invested; and there are many who would be willing to take up the business if it were only

placed before them in a clear light. The horses should be bought at two and three years of age, before the demand has raised their value. They should be well fed in winter, kept for one or two years respectively, and, after being handled and slightly broken, sold into the service. No hard and fast lines as to the location of remount farms can be laid down. They should be situated in the best horse-rearing districts, such as Pembrokeshire, Yorkshire, and various parts of Ireland, where the climate, soil, grass, configuration of the land, and cheapness of oats and hay are all in favour of the colt, and where he is likely to thrive well at the smallest cost. What is wanted is the systematic treatment of the colt before being taken into the service. Instead of letting him run wild and almost starve, so that he barely attains the regulated standard at four years of age, buying him in a fair and sending him at once to a regiment, he should be bought not later than at three years old, and made the most of for at least a year. In some cases he ought to be bought at two years old. A careful selection of two-year-olds and three-year-olds should be made for the remount farms by a good buyer and a veterinary surgeon, and if the management of the colts be judicious while they remain on the farms, a much better class of horse will be furnished to the army than is offered at present, at the same price.

Allowing that three-year-olds can be bought at an average price of £28, a year on a remount farm would add £12 to the price of each, making a total of £35, and leaving a balance of £5 on each light cavalry horse, and £10 on each draught horse. Purchased younger and kept longer, they would cost less in the first instance, but that advantage would be probably more than counterbalanced by the expense of keep. A very good profit, however, would still remain. It may be objected that a proportion of the horses turned out by the remount farms would not fetch the regulation price, in answer to which it may safely be said that a larger proportion would be sold to the general public at from £60 to £100, or even more; for unless these establishments were largely subsidised, or guaranteed in some way, they could not exclude private individuals as purchasers. The average expense of keep, &c. for each horse at the Prussian Remount Depôts, including all incidental expenses, is £12 10s. per annum; and in this country, with proper management, it need not be more. In some localities it may be considerably less.

The expense will vary with the season; but in the good horse-rearing districts, which ought to be selected for the purpose, more than £12 per horse will very rarely be required.

Let us take, for instance, the item of hay. The sum of £3 expended in hay at £8 per ton would allow 14 lbs. a day to a colt for nearly half the year. At the present moment, in some parts of South Wales, good hay is selling at £2 10s. per ton, and oats, of 89 lbs. to the bushel, at about 1s. 10d. per bushel. In the same districts furze is much used for feeding horses. It is an excellent forage, and in a large establishment would figure distinctly in reducing expense. The winters there are generally short and open, and the surroundings altogether most favourable to the economical rearing of a good class of horse.

Now let us suppose that remount farms were established in the most advantageous parts of England, Wales, and Ireland, and 1,000 good promising horses placed on them, the capital represented would be over £30,000, and the individual or association investing it would have to wait a full year for returns, which, however, when they began to come in, would be very satisfactory. In these circumstances good thorough-bred stallions should be attached to each remount farm, and travel the surrounding country, at a cheap rate, so that in a few years each of these establishments would be the centre of a prolific horse-breeding country. If the stallions were directly or indirectly supplied by Government, it might, perhaps, be stipulated that, in the event of an emergency, which would, of course, require to be defined, all the horses on the farms might become the property of the Government on the payment of a certain percentage over and above outlay. It is probably to some such measures that we must look for the sound, gradual, and economical solution of this question.

Although horses before leaving the remount establishments should be partly broken, it is only right to let the training be done regimentally as at present, so that each branch of the service may make its horses what it requires them to be. Too much attention cannot be paid to the riding-school training of men and horses. It fosters skill, courage, and temper among the men, and nothing tends more to smarten both men and horses. One occasionally hears a hunting farmer decry the manège and the military seat, and even soldiers sometimes say that after a few days' hard work in the field all the horses are docile enough, and that so much school work is useless. To the farmer it may be replied that for crossing country, and so long as he has two hands on his bridle, his mode of riding is correct; but when a horse has to be suddenly turned, halted, or changed from one pace to another, and while his rider has only one hand with which to manage him, he must be more collected, and the rider must be upright for attack and

defence, and in order to be true with the horse. The answer to the soldiers is this, that in the face of an enemy the life of an untrained rider on an untrained horse is discounted, that if a horse disobeys the aids in certain circumstances all is over, and that good service has been done and valuable lives have been saved by "the motions and proper application of the bridle-hand and legs." It is in the regimental riding-school and not at the remount depôt that the horse must learn his lessons.

Before leaving the subject, there is one remark that may be made by way of suggestion. No very startling innovation has been proposed, and even the prices at present paid for horses are considered sufficient, if only their breeding and rearing were duly encouraged, but it would be a wise economy to pay more for the horses and to buy them later. If horses were sent into the army at five years old they would be serviceable from the beginning, and would last at least three years longer. The remount farms here advocated could be made use of for keeping them, inexpensively, until they attained that age.

They would also be centres of information for farmers and breeders on the kind of mares to be used for breeding, and on all matters connected with the improvement of the horse-supply, especially for military purposes.

Various estimates have been formed of the annual average cost of keeping colts in this way. In some places, and by some methods, it would certainly be more than the sum named above, but it can be done, and done well at that price, including rent, wintering, supervision and attendance, insurance, veterinary services, transport and contingencies. Probably it could not be done by our Government at that rate, although it is understood that some of the older Prussian remount establishments are managed at a lower figure even than that.

These are the views of not a few who, while they admit and deplore the extent and seriousness of the evil, deprecate the employment of expensive machinery by the State in order to counteract it, and who believe that the desired end can best be attained by private enterprise, which, under certain conditions, could be directed and assisted by Government.

A Private Soldier's Reminiscences of the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns.

By E. E. C.

WHERE the great chalk range of the Purbeck downs, seven hundred feet high, and broken with stone, quarry, and tumulus, dip into the Channel at the Old Harry Rocks, the counterpart of the Needles, thirteen miles away over the sea, lies the picturesque village of Studland, at the bottom of a sheltered bay. The thatched cottages nestle in deep shady lanes, beneath lofty elms. Behind rises the green rampart of the downs, and north and east stretches a far spreading view of wild purple moor blotted with dark pine woods as with shadow, of winding estuary and creek, and blue sea, which might be in Scotland. But the glory of Studland is its tiny Norman church, as early as and quite equal to those of Stukely or Iffley, but lost among the Purbeck hills. And here, under the elms and cypresses, among "the harvest of the sea," and the simple peasants of the soil, rests, after a long, adventurous life, and sixteen years of the hardest fighting that ever British soldiers saw, one of our Peninsular and Waterloo heroes, Sergeant William Lawrence, of the 40th Foot, "that invincible regiment," as Napier calls them. And he brought something back to his remote Dorsetshire home besides his fourteen clasps and the old wound from the forlorn hope of Badajoz, for the French girl he wooed and married that winter when the Allied Armies occupied Paris, sleeps beside him.

The Bankes family have owned miles of heather country south and west of Poole Harbour ever since the days when their brave ancestors defended Corfe Castle, whose grim ruins still rise proudly in a nick in the downs, a few miles west of Studland. A painted window in Studland Church, in memory of another of the family looks on to Lawrence's grave, though a grander memorial are the ruins of Bankes' bungalow and Bankes' bastion in the gardens of the Residency at Lucknow. A younger scion of the race, Mr. G. N. Bankes, author of *A Day of My Life at Eton*, has submitted, twenty years after the veteran's death, Lawrence's autobiography to the public.

The preface tells us that the work is launched entirely on its

own merits, and in thus deprecating criticism by an appeal to our pity, the Editor really gives us all the more cause to wonder at one of its greatest charms. This charm consists in an almost epic simplicity; but it is a simplicity and naturalness born, not of any inability to feel or to see, but of a manly straightforwardness and self-forgetfulness, as pleasant as rare. As the book proceeds, and the quaint camp jokes are told, always in the right place, and the incidents, now terrible, now touching, are related, one marvels more and more as one remembers the Editor's warning, that Sergeant Lawrence could neither read nor write, and that the autobiography was dictated to one scarcely less illiterate, by the veteran, fifty years after many of the events which he narrates so lucidly and well.

How different these untutored yokels, drawn from the rustic population of remote country neighbourhoods where the horn of the stage-coach never resounded, and enlisted, often almost by force, and generally in their cups, from the Tommy Atkins of the present day, nurtured on board-schools and the polished possessor of first-class certificates! But with such men, Wellington conquered at Waterloo.

The old soldier studiously avoids making a hero of himself. In this attempt Thackeray himself could not have been more successful. His personal adventures are, as often as not, such as to raise a laugh at his own expense. His officers are alluded to loyally, and he shows an appreciation, most unusual for a private soldier, of the different scenes of the great war-drama in which he moved so long. Indeed, at times, his criticism is really penetrating, as, for instance, in his description of Wellington's foresight in the construction of the famous lines of Torres Vedras, and again in his account of the general tactics of Napoleon to break the British line at Waterloo, by alternate hail of artillery, rush of infantry, and charge of cavalry.

But in a book like this, confessedly unambitious of literary claims, and depending for its interest mainly on the simply-told incidents of a soldier's career on active service, perhaps a few of these incidents will do more to show up its merits than any abstract analysis could ever do.

Lawrence's father was a labourer in a remote Dorsetshire village on the Trent, separated by wild, roadless heaths from Poole, then a thriving sea-port, the head-quarters of the Newfoundland cod-fishery, and quite off the great high road from Salisbury and Blandford, by which the mail coaches and George III. and his court were wont to pass, *viâ* Dorchester, to his favourite watering-

place of Weymouth. At fourteen, Lawrence was bound apprentice to a builder at Studland, from whom he ran away within the year, but who caught him again at Poole, taking service in one of the Newfoundland boats, and shipped him home by water down Poole Harbour in a stone-boat. But just outside Studland, on the heath, he again made his escape in the darkness, and hid for the night in a fox's earth under the Agglestone Rock, a gigantic solitary boulder surmounting a hillock on the moor. Thence he wandered rather aimlessly on to Dorchester, where he was enlisted in the artillery with five guineas' bounty. The air was full of wars and rumours of wars, recruiting sergeants were parading the streets of every country town, and the press-gang was infecting every seaport. But his parents suddenly turned up in Dorchester, and the runaway apprentice, trapesing the streets in an old soldier's coat and with three or four yards of ribbon dangling from his cap, was packed off back to his master. At a wayside inn he fell in with a soldier of the 40th Regiment on furlough, and the lad, bitten with soldiering and dazzled by the sixteen guineas' bounty that corps was offering, managed to evade the law successfully, and was finally enlisted at Taunton. Shortly afterwards the regiment embarked at Portsmouth for the South American expedition under Sir Samuel Auchmuty. After a few weeks' pleasant voyage, the boy found himself in the midst of the bloody assault and capture of Monte Video, and, for the first and last time, seems to have regretted the step he had taken, and to doubt if—in his major's words, on learning he was a builder's apprentice—"he preferred knocking down houses in an enemy's country to putting them up in his own." So he took an early opportunity of sending a letter home.

Sir Samuel would seem, from Lawrence's account, to have had views with regard to service kit decidedly in advance of his time, for he did away with the wearing of powder, which, till then, had been to the smart soldier what pipe-clay is now-a-days, and to have allowed beards.

While lying at Monte Video the English lad had a munificent offer made him by a mounted Spanish gentleman bestriding a saddle with stirrups of gold, of his daughter and a fortune, if he would desert and remain in the country.

After an expedition up country, and a halt of some length at Colonia at the mouth of the Plate River, during which, from some bloodthirsty incidents, it is apparent that Lawrence was taking *con amore* to his new trade, he was present at the attack on Buenos Ayres under General Whitelock, and adds some trenchant criticisms on the affair, which show the view taken of the subsequent

surrender and evacuation, and of Whitelock's conduct at the time, even in the ranks.

The regiment was then kept in Ireland for six months, and when on the eve of starting for England, found itself under orders for Portugal, as part of the force under Sir Arthur Wellesley, to assist the very Spaniards they had been fighting in Brazil. Lawrence's first engagement with the French was the battle of Vimeira, in the lively description of which little humorous personal adventures are intermixed, as usual, with a clear idea of the main features and facts of the affair.

But though Lawrence was evidently a lad of the right stuff, where hard work was concerned, he was somewhat mischievous when unemployed. His regiment now fell on a period of sickness and idleness, of tedious marchings, and halts at Lisbon and Seville. At the latter place, as a punishment for being absent from guard without leave, he was ordered four hundred lashes, and received, in fact, a hundred and seventy-five, and this for the first offence of a mere lad! No wonder he is inclined to cavil at it, even fifty years after.

It is, perhaps, not surprising when we consider the wretched state of the commissariat of our armies in Spain, that Sergeant Lawrence's little peccadilloes (not to call them by a harder name) in quest of food should occupy an important place in his memory. No doubt the men never had quite enough to eat, and were often almost starving. He mentions that the rations were hardly ever more than two pounds of meat a day, with sometimes, but rarely, a little flour, and the cooking appears to have been of the most elementary description. Short-commons, this, for a lad six feet two in his stockings! And there were no ubiquitous war-correspondents to sniff out the private soldiers' grievances, while the authorities at home were too much engaged in hampering their General's action, by their political dissensions, to condescend to details. The marches of the troops were delayed and altered for lack of provisions, and their clothes were almost falling off their backs.

After the battle of Talavera has been described, Lawrence, remembering his South American experiences, cannot refrain from having a sneer or two at Cuesta and the Spaniards. Falling sick, he is sent to hospital at one of the convents of Elvas, and gives a ghastly description of the ambulance arrangements of the period.

Through the spite of an unpopular officer whom Lawrence had annoyed by plain speaking, with reference to a present of rum, which the Colonel had sent from Elvas to be divided among the

men, our hero passed a grim night on sentry in a corn-field before Badajoz. The officer never came near him to relieve him, all night, and Lawrence, finding himself perpetually potted at by the enemy, stuck up his foraging cap, ornamented with a brass star which shone in the starlight, on his loading-rod, and sat down at a little distance. By daylight the cap had had two bullets through it.

The description of the storming of Badajoz might have been taken from one of Lever's novels, so de the humorous and the terrible intermingle. Lawrence was one of the forlorn hope who found the deadly *chevaux de frise* planted in the breach on the ramparts. He was wounded in the leg and the side by the fatal fire which the French hurled at the assailants from behind their entrenchments. Still he stuck to his ladder, and got into the breach. Then weakness forced him to retire; a matter of some difficulty, so choked were the ladders with dead and dying. On his way to the rear, Lawrence fell in with Lord Wellington and his staff, to whom he was able to give valuable, though scarcely encouraging, information as to the progress of the assault, and one of the officers bound up his leg temporarily. In spite of his four wounds, however, he managed to hobble into the town next morning, and was an eye-witness of the fearful scenes of drunkenness and robbery which followed the capture. He himself, had planned with an Irish comrade, Pig Harding, to meet during the three hours' plunder, at a silversmith's shop they knew of, and his comrade went so far as to provide himself with a piece of candle for the work. But by the morrow, poor Pig had fallen in the breach, and Lawrence was so severely wounded that he says he made up his mind never again to make such an engagement.

A long spell in hospital ended in Lawrence's following his regiment to Salamanca at his own risk, where he fell ill with fever, probably brought on by successful attempts at evading the doctor's prohibition of spirits and wine at Estremoz, and which made a welcome diversion in the monotony of hospital life. He finally rejoined the regiment at Ciudad Rodrigo (finding himself promoted corporal for Badajoz), where they lay in cantonments for some weeks. One of the officers took advantage of this lull to elope with a Portuguese lady, which seems to have caused quite an excitement.

The battle of Vittoria is marked as a red-letter day in Lawrence's memory, by the fact that in the rout that ensued he fell in with a French shoe-waggon, and was able to equip himself with a much-needed pair of boots. He, also, after the battle, caught one of the many thousands of sheep abandoned by the enemy, killing it with

his bayonet, and sharing it, without skinning, with one of his lieutenants, who seemed scarcely less famished than the men. The story that ensues of the foraging soldier, who returned with his shirt full of lime instead of flour, is probably one of the *ben trovato* class of camp yarns.

The inevitable callousness to suffering and horrors shown by men in time of war, is well illustrated by the brutal jokes which Lawrence now and then quotes, notably in the case of poor Halfhead's head being blown off at Casal Nova, and in that of the captain killed by his side under the colours at Waterloo, who had been so severe on the dirty soldier.

There is a ring of hardly-earned triumph in the veteran's reminiscences of the first battle of Sanrosen, when the 40th repelled, at the bayonet's point, four charges of the French up the heights of Villebar. Wellington called it "bludgeon work"; and Lawrence says, "We went at them again with our bayonets like enraged bull-dogs."

Very modestly does our hero relate the smart, plucky bit of work which won him his promotion to sergeant. In one of the skirmishes in the Pyrenean valleys the enemy had mounted three cannon on the top of a steep mountain, probably dragging them up by ropes. As the 40th entered the valley, accompanied by Lord Wellington, a round shot from one of them carried off the latter's cocked hat; whereupon he expressed a wish to have the annoyance stopped, if possible. "Our Colonel immediately said he would send up some of the grenadiers for that purpose; so I, being a corporal and right-hand man of the company, volunteered with a section to undertake the job. Six men were accordingly chosen besides myself, rather a small storming-party for the object in hand, as they numbered twenty-one artillery-men and an officer, according to my own counting.

"I led my little band along the valley and approached the mountain whence they were tormenting us. We slowly scaled the hill zig-zag fashion to baffle their aim, until we got so close that the cannon would not possibly touch us, owing to a slight mound on the hill. We lay there on the ground for a least ten minutes, contemplating which would be the best mode of attack. At last, when ready, I said, 'Now, my men, examine your flints and your priming, that all may go right.' They did so, saying: 'All right, Corporal, we'll follow you!' So I sang out, too, 'Now for a gold chain or a wooden leg!' We jumped up, and, giving them a volley, charged them before they had time to take aim at us, and succeeded in gaining the cannon and driving the men down

the mountain. I immediately made a signal with my cap for the brigade to come up; but we found the enemy's infantry likewise on the move for our height. Fortunately, our brigade was the first to arrive. By great good luck not one of my men was injured, whilst our volley killed or badly wounded five artillerymen. After the enemy's retreat, the Colonel came up to me and said, 'Well done, Lawrence; I did not think you were half so brave, but no man could have managed it better.' A short time afterwards Lord Wellington himself came up and asked me my name, and on my telling him, said: 'I shall think of you another day.'

After this it is only human nature that Lawrence should make rather severe strictures on the conduct of some of the sergeants of his regiment who skulked in the rear as door-keepers and ward-masters in hospital, getting a little extra pay, leaving others, very short-handed, to do their work, and only turning up again at the conclusion of the war.

After getting new uniforms at St. Jean de Luz (the red of the old one was black) and a somewhat improved diet, the regiment started off again, cruising about in the Pyrenees. Lawrence mentions that when, after six years' fighting in Spain, it crossed the frontier into France, it was but seven hundred strong, though fifty-one hundred men had joined it from the dépôt.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the pathos of the following story after the battle of Toulouse.

"Night having drawn in, all firing ceased, and the men set about examining the ground they had gained, chiefly to find fire-wood. I came across a Frenchman badly wounded, who had crawled under a bank. I asked him if I could do anything for him. I gave him some water out of my canteen. But the most astonishing thing was that he pointed out to me his father's house, about half a mile off, and said he had not seen his parents for six years. He begged me to take him, so that he might die in the presence of his parents; but I told him I could not do that, as there were a quantity of French near. However, I got an old blanket and wrapped it round him, making him as comfortable as I could under the circumstances, and then I left him much better resigned to his fearful fate."

But when Lawrence awoke early in the morning, and, creeping out of his blanket, went to look for the poor Frenchman, he found him stiff and cold.

One hardly knows whether to smile at or to pity most the sergeant's description of the luxurious quarters at a French château in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, where he himself and a

private were hospitably entertained when the war was over, prior to embarkation.

"We retired to rest in a fine feather-bed, which, being a luxury we had not seen for years, was consequently too soft for our hard bones. My comrade soon jumped out of bed, saying: 'I'll be bothered, Sergeant; I can't sleep here!' 'No,' said I, 'no more can I.' So we prepared our usual bed by wrapping ourselves into a blanket, and then, with a knapsack as a pillow, we lay on the floor, and soon sank into a profound slumber."

After a spell of Ireland, and a little service in the West Indies, and at New Orleans against the Americans, the regiment sailed into Portsmouth harbour just in time to proceed to Flanders to confront Napoleon on his escape from Elba.

Probably of all the chapters in the book, that on Waterloo is the best. The grimness of the struggle seems to have come home to the spirits and minds of all engaged on that fateful day. As the terrible afternoon wore on, and Wellington (as tradition says) was praying for "night or Blucher," so, too, the men in these ever-thinning, ever-shrinking, but ever wall-like British squares, "were beginning to despair, but the officers cheered them on continually throughout the day with the cry of 'Keep your ground, my men!' It is a mystery to me how it was accomplished, for at last so few were left that there were scarcely enough to form square."

"About four o'clock I was ordered to the colours. There had been before me, that day, fourteen sergeants already killed and wounded while in charge of those colours, with officers in proportion, and the staff and colours were almost cut to pieces. This job will never be blotted from my memory; although I am now an old man, I remember it as if it were yesterday. I had not been there more than a quarter of an hour when a cannon-shot took the captain's head off, and I was splattered all over with his blood. One of his company, close by at the time, cried out: 'Hullo! there goes my best friend!' which caused a lieutenant, who quickly stepped forward to take his place, to say to the man, 'Never mind, I'll be as good a friend to you as the captain.' The man replied, 'I hope not, Sir'; the officer having misunderstood his meaning, for the late captain had been particularly hard upon him for his dirtiness."

The soldier's simple story is appropriately embellished by his very simple tale of how he wooed and won his wife, during that winter, so pleasantly described by Mercer in his *Journal of the Waterloo campaign*, when the Allies lay in the environs of Paris and fraternised with their late foes. She was the daughter of a gardener at S. Germain-en-laye, where the 40th were quartered,

and kept a fruit-stall at the barrack-gate. Her name had been Marie Louise, but owing to a freak of Buonaparte's, decreeing that no one should bear that name in France but the Empress, she had changed it to Clotilde. The gallant little Frenchwoman appears to have proved a fit companion for the stalwart grenadier sergeant, leaving kith and kin as she did, after a very short courtship, to follow her British husband, often on foot, as in their memorable walk from Bristol to Glasgow, during which we are incidentally told that Mrs. Lawrence got rather badly frost-bitten!

The return of the soldier to his home, after sixteen years of hard fighting throughout the world, is one of those bits of unconscious pathos which charm so in the book. After a tedious journey from London, on foot and in a road-waggon (an admiring fellow-traveller once insisting on paying the Waterloo hero's fare in an hackney coach through town), they arrived home on a Sunday morning.

"As may well be imagined in a country place like that, we two strangers, one of us dressed like a soldier, set the place all of a stir to know who we were. Before I could get to my own door my sister was upon me, and tried to kiss me. But I had not shaved since I left Scotland, and had now a long thick beard and moustache, so the attempt was almost a fruitless one. I found my father and mother had stopped to take the Sacrament; but when it was over, I suddenly saw the old lady, who had got scent of the matter, coming along like a spread-eagle in the same red cloak and black bonnet she had on when I left her. I went to meet her, but she was so overcome with emotion that I had to lean her up against the house to prevent her falling. Then I proceeded to meet the old man, who was quite infirm and hobbling behind on two sticks. He behaved worse than any of them at my strange and sudden appearance. I led him in, and got him with difficulty to a chair. None of us spoke for a long time, but, at last, the old man gave utterance to, 'My child, I did not expect to see you again.'"

As a climax to all comes the veteran's short summary of his declining years, how, when the French wife had been laid to rest in that beautiful Studland church-yard, "I began to feel rather unwell, too, and thought it better to give up working . . . so I wrote to the authorities at Chelsea, and obtained, through the influence of a kind gentleman, an addition of threepence a day to my pension, making a shilling in all, and with that I am now living in a house that was bequeathed to me for as long as I live by my late master, as comfortably as these circumstances, and the interposition of a few friends, can make me."

Sir William Andrew.

By CHARLES MARVIN.

LAST month it was my melancholy duty to review the career of the foremost figure in the military agitation for the adequate defence of India—General Sir Charles MacGregor. This month I have, with sorrow, to review the career of the foremost advocate of the defence of India by railways—Sir William Andrew. The death of this veteran of the pen took place the very day (March 11th) the Skobeleff of India was being buried among the ashes of his ancestors in the graveyard of the Macgregors on the banks of Loch Katrine. Himself a Scotchman also, the remains of Sir William Andrew, who had practically passed the whole of his life in the Metropolis, were appropriately laid at rest in the cemetery of Kensal Green; the final home of so many who, by their pen, have contributed to the welfare of the Empire.

Sir William Andrew's name is inseparably associated with the agitation for constructing the Euphrates Valley Railway; yet his chief claim to consideration rests rather upon what he did within the sphere of India itself than outside it. It was he who first agitated and fought for the introduction of railways into India at all; and, although this may not seem a very remarkable work in these commonplace times of railway progress, he had to issue a number of pamphlets and pen innumerable letters to the press before he could dissipate official apathy, overcome official stupidity, and convince the shortsighted public of England that his proposals were of a sound and substantial character. Speaking at the meeting of the Chambers of Commerce on the 9th of February last, Viscount Cross said that "in India he was happy to say that, owing to the successful development of the country by railways, we had almost reached a financial equilibrium." On the 17th of March the *Times* observed, "We are accustomed to speak with no little pride of what has been done in the way of railway construction in India." Throughout the continuance of the Colonial and Indian

Exhibition last year public men vied with the Press in extolling the benefits India had derived from railways. Throughout the Jubilee festivities this year the same chorus of praise has risen to the skies, and the Government points with pride to the agreeable fact that the "average return for Indian railways is £5 12s. 6d. per cent." Bearing all this in mind, it is opportune to remember that Sir William Andrew, by his book *Indian Railways* in 1846, and his successful onslaughts on the crude and unsatisfactory projects of the authorities of the time, laid the basis of this happy development of the railway system, and with it also the present commercial and financial prosperity of the country.

After a start had been made with railways in India, Sir William Andrew devoted himself to the advocacy of the Euphrates scheme and strategical lines from the sea to the Bolan and Khyber passes, so as to provide England with rapid means of communication between Portsmouth and the Afghan frontier, and enable her, in good time, to consolidate her position in North-West India. In its simplest form, the scheme provided for the construction of two railways—one from a point opposite Cyprus to the Persian Gulf, the other from the Indian coast to the two passes through which invaders in previous ages had poured through from Persia and Central Asia to invade India. A latent section of the project intimated that in the future an attempt might be made to join the two railways through Persia, thereby establishing railway communication from opposite Cyprus to Calcutta. This junction, however, involved the construction of the line through a poor and unprofitable country, and was very properly left to posterity to deal with; Sir William Andrew, who was always a practical, far-seeing, shrewd man of business, confining his advocacy to the line along the rich and fertile valley of the Euphrates, and the line from the sea to Lahore that would tap the resources of North-West India. Both these lines, he declared, could be rendered in a very few years most profitable undertakings if aided at the outset by a Government guarantee, and, after long and persistent agitation, he succeeded in persuading the authorities to sanction and support a part of his plans. In this manner came into existence what is now known as the Scinde and Punjaub Railway, stretching from Kurratchee to Pishin and Peshawur; and the fact that it has become already a financial success, and more than vindicated the accuracy of his careful and conscientious calculations, warrants the inference that if the first portion of his scheme had been supported as well as the second the Euphrates Valley Railway would have been a paying enterprise to-day, and an aid to British commerce and British influence in the

East. As the founder of the Scinde and Punjaub railway system, and its Chairman from the time it was started until it was handed over a year ago to the Indian Government in order to form part of the military defence of India, Sir William Andrew is again entitled to the gratitude of the country.

But for the opposition of the late Emperor Napoleon, there is very little doubt that the Euphrates Valley Railway would have also been supported by the British Government. On a memorable occasion, indeed, Lord Palmerston actually went down to the House to bless the project, and the numerous influential and eminent supporters of the scheme assembled in the gallery to hear a debate which was to result in the grant of the guarantee to the company. At the last moment, however, to the horror of those assembled, Lord Palmerston got up and cursed the scheme; a change of front due to some very strong representations that had been conveyed to that statesman by Napoleon himself, and upon which the private papers of Sir William Andrew will, no doubt, shed an interesting light, if ever published. Should this not take place, it would be a public service to deposit them where they will be accessible to the future historian of the relations between England and France at that period.

This may be regarded as the climax of the Euphrates Valley Railway agitation. Repeatedly since there have been gusty controversies, and powerful committees have been formed, but there has never been that whole-hearted support of the scheme observable in Lord Palmerston's days. Had the Earl of Beaconsfield retained office another five years, and been spared the fanatic antagonism of Mr. Gladstone, something definite, no doubt, would have been done; for the Earl attached a true value to the Asia Minor Protectorate, and Lord Salisbury was in favour of a railway to the Persian Gulf, as an alternative to the Suez Canal. But it was not to be. The Liberal manufacturers and merchants opposed the best friend they ever had, and the Conservative manufacturers and merchants gave him very lukewarm support. Adversity has taught everybody but a few aged bigots, like Bright and Baxter, who are too thickly hid with obstinacy to learn that Empire extension and Empire consolidation are essential to the progress and prosperity of trade. German competition has knocked some of the nonsense out of the Manchester school of politicians, and many who opposed the opening-up of new markets years ago as implying "lust of territory" and "Jingoistic greed" would be very glad if England to-day controlled those markets, to send their goods to. When the Earl of Beaconsfield was once

approached to ask him to support an East African Trading Company he refused, because he was "afraid of the Radical tail." The Germans have now occupied the proposed territory, and are establishing in East Africa trading posts that promise in time to develop into a most valuable colonial possession. What the Germans are doing we could have done just as well, and fewer merchants would have been at home idling and more factory hands would have been at work. Sir William Andrew, while insisting on the strategic importance of the Euphrates Valley railway, always kept steadily in view the benefit to British trade that would result from the opening up of one of the oldest and best trade routes between East and West.

The most hostile critic of the scheme never called him a visionary. His writings* were always of the most practical character, and from sheer honesty he never baited his arguments in order to attract public support. How far-seeing were his views, and how sure his calculations, may be gathered from the circumstance that, from the beginning to the end of his career, his name was never associated with any failure. Had his views prevailed earlier, the railways to the Bolan and Khyber passes would have been completed long before the last Afghan war, and instead of the miserable operations far ahead of our communications, and the ignominious scuttling afterwards, the railways would have been, as a matter of course, extended to Candahar and Cabul, and the Afghan Question would have been definitely settled. If it is a subject for congratulation that the Indian frontier railways are so well developed, after all, common justice demands that the credit for that development should be given to him to whom it is mainly due—Sir William Andrew.

His clear vision enabled him to see throughout life that a sound foreign policy acts as a powerful stimulus to trade; but he differed from the mass of commercial believers in a sound foreign policy in considering it to be his duty to support it, not in a negative fashion by cheap conversational chatter, nor by loafing about the smoking-rooms of political clubs, but by writing and distributing thousands of pamphlets to back up the statesmen of the day. If a few more wealthy persons interested in Eastern trade had worked as hard as he did during the Earl of Beaconsfield's administration and afterwards, to secure a "scientific frontier" for India, there

* An excellent account of his career, with a list of his various books and pamphlets on India, the Euphrates, and the Russian advance, will be found in Colonel Laurie's recently-issued work, *Sketches of Some Distinguished Anglo-Indians*. London: Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

would have been no evacuation of Candahar. The total amount of the English capital invested in India exceeds £250,000,000. Sir William Andrew had a share in that holding, and he is the only one I ever came in contact with who was prepared to defend his share himself by putting his hands in his pockets to promote the defence of India. The masses are often accused of indifference to Imperial interests, but my own experience is that the commercial classes generally would sooner see the Empire go to pieces than spend a shilling or two to save it. In this respect Sir William Andrew set a very good example to those rich people who talk largely and loudly about the necessity for an Imperial policy, but do nothing in the cash line to promote it. Sir William Andrew's patriotism was of that rare description that manifests itself in pounds, shillings, and pence.

Even though the Euphrates scheme was not realised in his lifetime, I believe the day is not far distant when the policy he so long and so ably advocated will be forced by events upon this country, and an alternative route to the Suez Canal adopted, more in harmony with modern progress than the antiquated one *viâ* the Cape. The Russians have now perfected their railway communication to such an extent, that in three months, if they were to declare war to-morrow, their locomotives could penetrate to Herat; and from the great basin of the Caspian, where half a million men can be concentrated and supplied with ample provisions in a few weeks from the time of giving the signal in Middle Russia, it would be possible then to deposit troops in a little more than a day. Now, when English generals talk of blocking the Russian advance at Candahar, they mean that the troops would be posted along the fighting-line of the Helmund, some 70 or 80 miles beyond; that is to say, over 150 miles from our present outposts, and less than 300 miles from Herat. For reinforcements to reach Quetta from England, at least twenty-five days are required, and nearly another ten to reach the Helmund. Even now, when the Russian railway system extends only to Merv, it would be quite easy for Russia to march a force from Merv, and seize the Helmund in advance of ourselves. If they achieved this with a small force, sufficiently strong to hold the position until further succour arrived, the defence of India at Candahar would be caved in, and the first card of the game won. Yet, in spite of the hourly increasing menace of Russian railway extension, English statesmen still prattle about reverting to the Cape in time of war, as though falling back upon a route taking 37 days for the despatch of troops from Portsmouth to Pishin is an adequate counterpoise to Russia's ability, within three

months from a declaration of hostilities, to pour her Caspian masses into the Herat district in as many hours, and place them in sight of Candahar in a little more than 20 days.

No one appreciated this danger more keenly than Sir William Andrew, and although he was over eighty, his active patriotism led him, only a few months ago, to issue a fresh pamphlet on the serious character of the Russian advance. It is true that the Euphrates railway would be open to an attack from Russia, in the event of war; but if our War Office contains a plan, as competent authorities declare it does, for bearding Russia at Batoum, Kars, and Tiflis, with Turkish allies, could it not improvise a defence for the railway sufficiently lasting to allow of the early English reinforcements slipping through to India and reinforcing the fighting-line at Candahar? If the greater task of attacking Kars be possible, why not the lesser task of defending the Euphrates railway? Is Asia Minor to be allowed to drift under Russian influence, and the Cossack to plant his foot on the Mediterranean coast opposite Cyprus? If we do not attempt to organise the country through the influence of railways, Russia most assuredly will. The Euphrates railway, therefore, would provide the means of arresting the disintegration of Turkish rule in that region, and providing elements of opposition to Russia in time of peace, as well as in time of war.

These are points that were ever present in Sir William Andrew's mind, and they will in time force themselves upon the minds of English statesmen as inevitably as his views upon the Bolan and Khyber railways in Lord Palmerston's time forced themselves upon the minds of Beaconsfield and Gladstone—whether the latter liked it or not—a quarter of a century later. If, eight years ago, anybody had prophesied that in the year 1887 there would be through railway communication between St. Petersburg and Samarcand, he would have been looked upon as a madman. Even three years later the Marquis of Hartington angrily invoked the ridicule of the House against a stupid M.P. who asked the Government of the day whether the Russians intended making a railway to Merv. Now, Russians travel comfortably in two-storied “railway barracks” (ominous term!) from the Caspian to Merv and Bokhara, provided with three-course shilling dinners in a dining-saloon *en route*; and that Rip Van Winkle of a Sir Charles Dilke, writing on Russia in the March number of the *Fortnightly*, still imagines this 5-foot gauge railway, 700 miles long, to be only a “steam tramway.”*

* It is amazing such a blunder should have been made by a statesman, even though retired from political life, after so much had been written upon it. A

Notwithstanding England's persistent efforts to remain indifferent to the Russian railway advance, she is bound, at no distant date, to have to look the position of affairs on the Indian frontier sternly in the face. When this time arrives—and, under any circumstances, it cannot be later than a year or two—she will be compelled to ask herself the question, If Russia has a railway to India for *offence*, ought not England also to have one for *defence*? As a free-trade country, the continuance of the Russian advance will force her to demand, Can nothing be done to keep Russia from moving down to the Persian Gulf, and splitting in twain the continents of Europe and Asia, *thereby giving the most protectionist Power in the world the absolute control of all the land routes between East and West, between Europe and India*? When this time arrives, the books and pamphlets of Sir William Andrew will be sought after, and the public will appreciate how useful and patriotic a man has just left us.

Who will watch this great question of railway communication with India now he is gone remains to be seen. Those who once so loudly proclaimed it their duty have dropped off one by one, and practically Sir William Andrew was the sole survivor of the agitation that appeared so promising of results thirty years ago. He did his best for it, both on behalf of British trade and British political supremacy in the East, and the future historian will accord him an honourable place among our Indian worthies. The work he did was solid and enduring, and for many a generation will keep his memory green.

detailed account of Russia's ability to concentrate a great army on the Caspian, and march upon Candahar in advance of English reinforcements, will be found in the writer's threepenny pamphlet for the masses, "*Russia's Power of attacking India.*" London: W. H. Allen & Co.

Akbar Khan; or, How Col. Castairs scored Honours.

By YEORAH.

"I SAY, Castairs, who is your villainous-looking black friend at 'The Colonies'?"

Jack Castairs, who had just entered the smoking-room of "The Junior," only smiled at the above greeting from Nevill, of his old regiment, who had run up against him that afternoon at the Colonial Exhibition, as he was engaged in an earnest conversation with a wild-miened Biluch Mussulman. Then he replied:

"Well, he is scarcely a *friend*, seeing that I was the means of having had his brother hanged; however, he certainly bears no malice. I fancy he's about as amiable a ruffian as ever cut a throat; but he is an angel of light compared to his defunct 'bhai.' It's a queerish story, my connection with the family; but as it helped to gain me a brevet and honours, I have no cause to quarrel with Mr. Akbar Khan."

"Tell us all about it, Jack," said someone who was standing near and who knew Castairs. "I suppose, now you have out the service, you're no longer tied down to diplomatic secrecy; and, without offence, old fellow, I confess we all wondered for what special service you scored the C.S.I."

"Yes, let us hear the story," echoed Nevill and one or two others who had joined the group.

"Very well, if you fellows can keep from whist or billiards for half-an-hour or so, I don't mind. There's just that time before dinner, and I will try to make it as short as possible.

"You remember, Nevill, that on my way up to the Afghan Frontier before the war, I stayed some time in Upper Sind. I put up with Colonel N——, who commanded one of the Biluch regiments there, as fine a body of men as you ever clapped eyes on; but who wanted a thorough soldier, like N——, to keep them in order. I was particularly struck with his orderly, one Mahomed Khan. He was a typical Biluch. Tall, broad-shouldered, supple-limbed,

his long, jet-ringlets hanging round and down his neck, and framing a remarkably handsome, finely-out featured face, which was lit up by a pair of piercing bright eyes that looked straight into yours without flinching—a subject for a painter. I made a pen-and-ink sketch of him one day, intending to dab it in with colour at leisure; but, like many similar attempts, bundled it into my portfolio and forgot all about it.

“Soon afterwards the war broke out, as of course I knew it would. I was sent here, there, everywhere, after the manner of frontier politicals, and I think it was in the Kuram that I came across N—— again, and asked after his stalwart orderly. ‘The d——d scoundrel! I only wish I had him here,’ was his reply. It turned out that, like many Hill Mussulmen, he was a reckless swashbuckler at heart. Athletic, brave, sober enough if engaged in sport or war, when it came to the comparative idleness of station life, in and about that native Capua, the Bazar, he gave way to ‘bang’ eating, and dissipation generally. You, Nevill, know what a confirmed ‘ganjawallah’ means, and how the hemp-seed leaves those inevitable traces which so rapidly transform the picturesque Oriental into the dull-eyed, sullen, sodden loungeur about the bazars. The poison is more fatal than drink, more rapid in its ravages. I’ve had to ‘bear-lead’ Rajahs, Europeanise sucking Nawabs *et hoc*; and my experience is, that once they take the bit between their teeth—they nearly always do when freed from supervision—and give way to opium and vice, it is invariably a case of all down hill and no drag on. They are everyone alike, rajahs and ryots, in this respect. But to stick to Mahomed Khan. His irregularities naturally brought him to frequent grief (for N—— dealt out his punishments with impartial severity) and he conceived a bitter hatred against the Subadar-Major of his regiment, whom he fancied—rightly or wrongly—was the prime mover in having him reported and brought before the C.O. Then, of course, there was the proverbial woman in the case; one of those ‘leopard-waisted houris,’ as they call them, on whom he lavished all his pay and every ‘pie’ he could borrow from the ‘bunnias,’ or bazar money-lenders. One day the Subadar-Major put him in the guard-room for cheek of some sort, and while a prisoner there he overheard some of the men of the guard saying that it was a scandal that a man in the Subadar-Major’s position should spend so much of his time with Lallbee, or whatever the courtesan’s name was. Now, discipline is no more born in a Biluchi than in an Irishman; he only recognises it on compulsion. No one knew this better than N——, but when Mahomed Khan

had been 'told off,' and released, he had, to all appearance, turned over a new leaf. He kept steady, was always most respectful to the Subadar-Major, and behaved so well generally that even N—— began to have some hopes for the man, in spite of his experience to the contrary in like cases. Things went on smoothly with Mahomed Khan for some time, until one night when he was on sentry at a fort gate near the Bazar. He then managed to secure and hide his ball-ammunition without detection, and, leaving his post after the rounds had passed, strolled off to the Bazar. As he had anticipated, he found the Subadar-Major with Lallbee, and, almost before either of them could utter a sound, shot them both through the heart, afterwards cutting their throats to make sure. Then he ran 'amok,' polished off a couple of policemen who had been aroused from their peaceful slumbers, and, firing one or two more shots at random among the sleepy crowd which the noise had collected, fled for the jungle. Here his sporting and athletic training stood to him, and, although the country was scoured for miles round, and rewards freely offered, he managed to escape across the frontier, and had never since been heard of. Hence N——'s indignation. Well, to make a long story short, I was up to the front again after poor Cavagnari's murder. It doesn't matter where; but, anyhow, it was all-important that the tribes around a certain line of country, through which troops and convoys would have to march, should be kept friendly. During the first phase of the war a small tribe, or gathering, had given constant trouble there, cutting up stragglers, firing into camps at night, obstructing the roads, &c. &c., and this was headed by one Mahomed Yesuf Khan, who appeared to possess enormous influence over his followers, extending even to the neighbouring tribes. He was described to me as being particularly cruel, bloodthirsty, and avaricious, even for a Biluchi. Now, there are only two courses open to the 'Political': to 'square' your enemy, or else catch and kill him, the first being far easier than the last. So I tried it on. Mahomed Yesuf Khan rose like a trout, and we arranged an interview near one of those smoke-grimed caves you so often come across in dried-up river gorges in Afghanistan and Biluchistan. It was rather ticklish work, as his followers looked with greedy eyes at my arms and those of my solitary sowar escort; but all went well. Yesuf Khan and I retired into the cave, leaving the sowar to do sentry at its mouth, and the clever 'budmarsh' then explained to me that if I would promise to give him half a lakh of rupees in *private*, and afterwards present him with a similar sum in open durbar before his followers, he would engage to keep the pass quiet. All's

fair in war, you know, so I gave a qualified assent to this arrangement, stipulating that upon a certain date he should come into camp to receive his subsidy; and we parted friends. From the moment we met, I thought I had seen Mr. Yesuf Khan before, and as I rode back the recollection of his face flashed vividly across me. He was no other than Colonel N——'s handsome orderly, Mahomed Khan, whose likeness I still had in my portfolio. The question was whether the recognition had been mutual, for you can judge nothing from an Oriental's impassive countenance. As luck would have it, however, he evidently did not recognise me in my war paint and campaign beard, or, if he did, chanced his memory against mine. He came in to Durbar, and I then and there had him arrested and sent down country to be tried, where he was eventually identified and hanged, chiefly on my evidence. Of course, I had to square his followers, who were furious when they heard of their chieftain's treachery towards them, and were only too delighted to get the subsidy evenly distributed among the tribe, instead of Mahomed Yesuf grabbing half for himself. It appeared that he had tried the same game on before during the first phase of the war, and had hoodwinked both the Political Agent, with whom he was then dealing, and his men, having sworn to them on the Khoran that he had divided the spoil into equal shares.

"Well, the Pass was kept as quiet as a doveoot, which proved of immense service as it afterwards turned out; and this, added to one or two other little matters on the frontier for which I got some '*kudos*,' and for which I hope you fellows will also give me credit, no doubt helped to gain me the C.S.I."

After a pause, Castairs continued: "Now to come to my friend Akbar Khan at the 'Colonies.' What *he* was so anxious about, was to ascertain what had become of his brother's ivory-handled knife or rather dagger; whether I had it, and, if not, whether I could remember if the cavity in the hilt was empty or waxed up? It seems his brother had robbed him of this silver-mounted heirloom, and he considered it therefore a good 'bundobust' he had been hanged; but it was not altogether the loss of the intrinsic value of the knife he bewailed. His father, according to the custom of his race, had written the name of the man against whom and whose family his son Akbar was to perpetuate a blood feud, upon a piece of skin, and sealed it up in the hilt. Reverence for paternal wishes is great among these people, puts *our* observance of the Fifth Commandment to shame, I can tell you; so the dutiful son hopes to kill his enemy yet some future day.

"When I told him that not only had I this identical knife in my

possession, and would return it to him if he called at my diggings, but also that the name of his foe was still intact, and his brother had not robbed him of his prey, whatever British bullets might have done since, his gratitude was unbounded. He was expressing this to me when you interrupted us, Nevill. But, by Jove! it's time to dress for dinner."

"If you please, Sir," said a waiter, coming into the room, and addressing Colonel Castairs. "If you please, Sir, there's a—ar—black—ar—*person* in a cab outside asking to see you, Sir."

"All right; tell him I'll be out directly." Then turning to his late audience with a smile, Castairs added, "You see, Mr. Akbar Khan has not been long calling for his knife, has he? *Cælum non animum*, you know," and left the room.



“On Leave.”

THE Jubilee review is to be held at Aldershot, and the Volunteer forces are to take part in it. The Easter manœuvres should qualify the men to perform the duties of a field-day on so auspicious an occasion in a smart, soldier-like manner, so that foreign visitors and colonials should carry away with them the impression that our citizen soldiers must be reckoned as an integral part of our army should war at any time break out.

Field-days will be held at Dover, Portsmouth, Eastbourne and Aldershot; marching columns being formed for the three first-named places, to an extent depending, as far as numbers are concerned, on the amount of the Government allowance. It is anticipated that the total forces out on Easter Monday will be over 50,000.

It is satisfactory to be able to announce that the great gun trials at Woolwich have been completely successful. When it was announced that 1,000 lb. of gunpowder would be discharged at one round, behind a projectile weighing 1,800 lbs., serious doubts were expressed of the gun surviving the ordeal. The loading of the gun, which will be performed on board ship by hydraulics, had to be carried out by hand, and was a difficult and tedious process, but at length the proof shot was driven forward of the powder chamber, and eight octagonal cartridges were packed in behind it, each weighing 125 lb., or an aggregate of exactly 1,000 lbs. The powder was of a slow-burning description, technically known as “SBL,” and the grain or segments were prisms of about one-inch diameter. The gun, it may be said, is guaranteed to bear a strain of 25 tons and more upon the square inch. The gun was fired by electricity transmitted from the instrument-room, and, with a tremendous sound, recoiled at an easy rate up the railed incline on which it stood. The gun was apparently none the worse for shock; but a second round of precisely the same character deemed necessary to show that it was uninjured, and this was

accomplished with precisely similar results. Such an engine of war is necessarily costly, and every time it is fired in action it will involve an outlay for ammunition alone of fully £100.

At the Druids' dinner at Tonbridge the other day the chairman, Mr. Fagg, said a neat thing when proposing the toast of the army and navy. He remarked they would soon have to alter the words of the old song, "The soldier leant upon his sword, and wiped away a tear," for if he did, and it happened to be one manufactured by our German friends, he was afraid that it would bend under him.

Lieutenant Zalinsky's dynamite gun and sub-marine torpedo-boat, a contract for the construction of which was signed recently by the Navy Department, will be 280 feet in length, 26 feet in breadth, and of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet depth. It is already building in Philadelphia, and it is expected that it will be completed in five months. The model shows remarkably fine lines, with a tier of three-eighths inch pneumatic bow guns, whose projectiles will be shells containing 400 pounds of dynamite each. A speed of twenty knots an hour is guaranteed by the contractors. Lieutenant Zalinsky states that he is making experiments that indicate that iron cooled while a strong current of electricity is passing through it is increased fully one-half in tensile strength and ductility.

A new national song, with chorus, entitled "Awake, O happy nation!" which has been composed in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, was sung at the Children's Orchestra Concert, and loudly applauded. Both words and metre, being simple, vigorous and effective, are sure to render it exceedingly popular with all classes, and with none more than with our soldiers and sailors, at home and abroad. The words are by Henry Rose, and the music by J. Munro Coward, author of a scena from the "Golden Legend," "Christi Elison," &c. It is published by Metzler & Co., Great Marlborough Street, who are going to bring out a series of cheap editions which will place this national song within the reach of all classes of Her Majesty's subjects.

Tax-payers will be glad to learn that a pamphlet has been published entitled *Suggestions for the better Control and Management of the War Office Manufacturing Departments*, by Major W. J. Elliott, the editor of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, who served for many years in the Royal Gun Factory and Royal Small Arms Department. As the pamphlet will be fully reviewed elsewhere, I will only say that it contains matter for reflection and suggestions that could without much difficulty be carried out, hence the probability of the result being *nil*. Members of Parliament who desire reform in the Manufacturing Department of

the War Office will find this pamphlet very valuable. Whether the gallant author will receive from the authorities substantial recognition for services so explicitly and cheerfully rendered is, to say the least, problematical. The "form of evidence" the Committee may possibly take exception to. The truth is not always palatable.

Mr. Charles Wyndham continues to delight crowded audiences by his admirable impersonation of David Garrick; no point is lost by him, and the drunken scene is rendered in a manner that fully satisfies the most *exigeant* of his critics and admirers. Mr. Wyndham has that advantage which was the missing link in the otherwise admirable impersonation of the late Mr. Sothern—a sympathetic voice. All sorts of rumours as to Mr. Wyndham's future plans are current. One that he is going to build a new and larger theatre, another that he is in treaty for one. Since Mr. Wyndham has left farce for the higher walks of comedy, and shown himself to be a thorough master of his art, why should he not soar higher and play Hamlet? With the evidence he has now given of his abilities, the leap from David Garrick to Hamlet is less perilous than that from Digby Grant to Macbeth. For the character Mr. Wyndham has all in his favour, height, manner, bearing, mobile features, capable of any expression, and a voice both sympathetic and under perfect command. *Nous verrons.*

Mr. Charles Wyndham took the chair at the thirty-first annual festival of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund, and in proposing the toast of the evening said: "The object is charity; charity pure and simple—(cheers)—help and comfort to the helpless and suffering, help to keep that unmerciful devil, hunger, from the door of those who in happier days have found their sphere of activity within the walls of the theatre. Within these limits, its aim is all-embracing. From the actor who has played his Hamlet, to the carpenter who has plied his gimlet, all are open to its aid. With one hand it extends its help to the maimed or suffering artizan, whilst with the other it pours forth the balm of good feeling and brotherly help to soothe the miseries of the disillusioned and crushed tragedian. (Hear, hear.) . . . I know it is often urged against such purely charitable organisations that they help only the improvident, but I think we can afford to leave such considerations to the political economist and the parish beadle. (Cheers.) Occasionally our efforts may be misapplied, but I do not think on that account that we need relax our efforts. *A higher humanity teaches us, in rescuing a drowning man, not to encumber our grapnels with a code of morality.* (Cheers.) Misery should need no passport at the gates of mercy; and if there is not in the heart of

the succoured one some gentler feeling for mankind, some elevating sense of gratitude—well, then his poverty is all the greater."

Mr. Toole continues to delight his friends and the public generally by his eccentric and comic impersonation of the Butler. This dramatic comedy is admirably acted by Mr. Toole's company, which includes all the old favourites, and has been strengthened by the addition of that intelligent actress Miss Kate Phillips, and by the first appearance of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, whose graceful bearing and air of good breeding at once created a most favourable impression. There is not much in the character she plays, but what she has to do is done with finished grace; her voice is clear and melodious, and she has very expressive features, not to say pretty. Why, therefore, should they be set off to disadvantage by an excess of powder? I regret to notice that this habit of disfiguring the face with pigments is still carried to excess. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is, I should say, destined to make her mark in high comedy.

The pantomime at Drury Lane goes on as merrily as ever, and will be continued up to Easter, when it will be succeeded by high-class Italian operas.

Miss Kate Vaughan and her excellent comedy company are well patronised. The revivals have all been well put upon the stage, while the acting, with one or two slight exceptions, could hardly be improved. The parts sustained by Miss Vaughan herself evidence a distinct advance in her art, and the manner in which she personated Lydia Languish and Miss Hardcastle has met with the unqualified approval of the critics and her friends. The part of Peg Woffington will shortly be undertaken by Miss Vaughan, and will certainly be one of the theatrical events of the season. It may be regarded as her boldest flight, in that she places herself in competition with some of the leading actresses of the day. Miss Kate Vaughan's thorough training, and the possession of so many gifts that will materially assist her portrayal of Peg Woffington, will make us await the verdict with interest and confidence.

Those who did not see Mr. Lionel Brough play Tony Lumpkin lost a treat. This admirable comedian simply played the part to perfection.

The Liverpool Jubilee Exhibition should be supported by the Services, especially that part devoted to the illustrations of Peace and War. In the large gallery devoted to this latter purpose it is proposed to collect trophies from each campaign of the Queen's fifty years' reign. Mr. Egmont Hake, General Gordon's cousin and biographer, is the commissioner in whose able hands this depart-

ment rests. There must be an embarrassing wealth of material suitable for this purpose, and it is to be hoped that owners will hasten to contribute to the War Trophies Court. I sincerely hope that all those who possess armour, arms, uniforms, flags, medals, and orders, portraits or pictures, or indeed anything that will serve to illustrate countries and people against which our armies have been engaged, will not fail to communicate with Mr. Hake at Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster. Articles will be insured with the greatest care and returned in perfect safety.

Those who remember the Ceylon Court at the Exhibition last year will be glad to learn that Mr. Hayward, the officer in charge of the gems there, has taken premises at 2 Argyll Street, Regent Street, for the sale and display of the gems peculiar to Ceylon, which include pearls, sapphires, Oriental rubies, catseyes, moonstones, and many others.

The specialities introduced by Mr. Hayward are very artistic, and include a number of designs for bracelets, rings, &c. entirely new. Mr. Hayward receives regular consignments of gems from his Pits in Ceylon, thereby affording unusual advantages to collectors and mineralogists to pick up rare and unique specimens. The well-known Historical "Sancy" diamond, which originally belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, will, I hear, be shortly on view. This magnificent stone weighs fifty-three and a half carats, and is to be sold for twenty thousand pounds.

At Brighton a new Club is about to be started, to be called the Constitutional Club. From all I learn, the success of the Club is assured. Eligible premises have been secured near the sea. Over sixty bed-rooms will be at the disposal of the members, some ranging at the modest cost of half-a-guinea a week; while members desiring to be *en pension* will be received at the uniform price of ten shillings a day inclusive. The present Committee includes four military names well known in society and club circles, besides others, good men and true. Many features of attraction will be imported into the management of the Club, which cannot fail to render it an additional inducement to visit this delightful watering-place; and the Proprietor, who knows and values the Primrose League, will lose no opportunity of gaining the suffrages of the Grand Dames.

FURLOUGH.

Reviews.

THE COMING FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. By Lieut.-Colonel KOETTSCHAU. London: Messrs. Ward & Downey.

A book to be immediately added to every military library is Mr. Hall's admirable translation of Koettschau's military-political study of the coming Franco-German war. The volume commences with an account of French *revanche* literature; then passes on to describe the French soldier, the officer, the recruiting, the instruction, the armaments, and a variety of other topics connected with the army. The second section deals with the necessity for another Franco-German war, the third the effect of the last war on Germany, the fourth the political relations with Russia, and the fifth the locality of the future war. Unquestionably, Koettschau's masterly work is the book of the hour, and we trust it will be carefully studied by military men. As for his remarks regarding England, the attitude of Germany towards her for the last five years has cooled the old belief in the saving virtues of an Anglo-German alliance, and we can watch the coming conflict as calmly as Germany watched our diplomatic struggle with Russia in 1885.

THE CAMPAIGN OF FREDERICKSBURG. By A LINE OFFICER. London: Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co.

A valuable "study for volunteers," but which will be found useful by officers on active service as well. In an excellent preface the author dwells on the importance of studying war in time of peace, citing the maxims of Napoleon that "it is indispensable and imperatively necessary that those should possess knowledge who aspire to command others," and "read and meditate on the wars of the greatest captains, for this is the only means of rightly learning the science of war." The campaign of Fredericksburg has been selected for the study, as having been fought by two armies very largely composed of unprofessional men. The lessons it teaches are, therefore, of exceptional interest to volunteers, and provided, as the volume is, with a number of first-rate maps, they should be readily comprehended by the most obtuse reader. Books of this kind are so rarely published by English military men that we trust the volume will meet with the success it deserves.

PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY. By Professor W. E. AYRTON. London: Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Now-a-days military men have to know a little of everything, and some of them a good deal of electricity, towards the practical study of which Professor W. E. Ayrton, himself one of the best authorities on the subject, has contributed a solid little volume of 516 pages, accompanied by numerous illustrations. Its special aim is to assist students in acquiring experimentally an exact working knowledge of electric current, difference of potentials, resistance, electromotive force, quantity, capacity and power. As a laboratory and lecture course for first-year students of electrical engineering, we can confidently recommend this excellent manual.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK FOR 1887. London: Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

This indispensable publication, which has reached its twenty-fourth year, contains numerous additions devoted to the smaller British colonies, the colonial developments of Germany and France, the land tenure of India, &c. The letterpress throughout bears the mark of careful revision; but we regret to note that nothing has been done to revise the lists of books cited at the end of the different countries. Many of these might just as well be omitted, since they appear to have undergone no revision since Mr. Martin died, and are composed of obsolete books. Under Russia, for instance, Mr. Marvin's numerous standard works on the Russo-Indian question are represented only by a forgotten pamphlet on Baku, while Malleson and Vambery are not mentioned at all. The whole of the lists need immediate revision.

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